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NORTH AMERICAN GROUSE.



A FAMILY GATHERING.

WHERE is the hill-side climber whose heart has not leaped at the burst of the ruffed grouse?

Autumn leaves are golden; the woodland carpet is sodden, and damp with dew and frost; the dank odors of decay and the aromatic balsam bring reveries to the mind; the patch of sunshine through the opening glade warms the body; a listless thought of some by-gone face is fixing your eye; your hand lingers on the polished trunk of the white-birch tree by which you are steadying yourself to swing over the lichened boulder that bars your way, when whir, whir-r, whir-r-r, whir-r-r-r from your

very feet bursts out the cock-bird. The bright leaves fly in spangles, the sharp twigs crackle, and the leafy boughs spatter to his beating wings, as, swerving to the right and left, he dashes away through bush and open glade, and over the ravine, and out of sight, leaving the spectator with a flush on his brow and a prickle in his back, with his mouth half open, looking the way he went. No lady's bird is he. His retreat is the roughest hill-side, where rock and ravine make walking difficult and noisy, or swamps, where fallen trees and moss cover the ground knee-deep, and hemlock and spruce afford covert and buds for food. Some-

times, in pairs, they are found wandering away through the open woods in search of insects or beech-nuts; and again they will travel along the edges of grain-fields that adjoin swamp-land, to glean the wheat. When snows are deep, they visit old orchards and pick the ungleaned apples; and if the winter is severe, they can live on spruce-buds or laurel-berries,—thus making the taste of their winter flesh bitter, or even poisonous.

The ruffed grouse lives abundantly from New Brunswick to the prairies of the West,

from Canada to the southern states,—keeping in the South to the high or mountainous lands. It is the most noble and alert of all the grouse family. The shape of its body and the pose of its head indicate robustness, both in walking and flying, and wonderful quickness in observation. Its small, crested head turns with constant vigilance, and its full brown eye is expressive of great power of vision, and seems to reflect the landscape immediately after death. Its wings are short and curved, beating the air with great rapidity and giving it an exceedingly rapid flight. Once, break-

fasting above Newburgh, on the Hudson, at a country house where heavy plate glass windows extended to the floor, we heard a heavy blow on the window. Running out we found a cock grouse lying dead on the lawn. A glance at the window revealed the cause; the room was dark within and the window reflected all the landscape, and the bird crossing over to its covert flew into the mirrored copse with such speed as to kill it instantly.

The length of the bird is about eighteen inches,—its full weight twenty-two ounces. Its color is light brown, mottled with darker brown or black. It wears a slight crest, which it can elevate at pleasure. Its tail is short and rounded, with a nearly continuous black bar crossing it near the tip. Its legs are feathered with a hairy feather, and are well proportioned, so that the bird stands high, and runs with speed and endurance. It wears a ruff on its neck, made by the elongation of a half dozen glossy black feathers on each side of the neck, which it can elevate or depress at pleasure, and from which it takes its name of ruffed grouse. These feathers, as well as its other exterior feathers, are dark brown or chestnut, or ashy gray, varying much with individuals in different localities, those in countries farthest north and east being the darkest and most ashy. In the western birds, the color is more rufous. These differences of color have induced some writers to note three varieties of ruffed grouse; but it would seem as if these differences of color are produced by local causes, for we often find the same bird on the Pacific coast having a marked variety of color. Authors have named one variety as the Sabines grouse of Oregon, and another as the Arctic ruffed grouse of the Arctic regions. In that beautiful monograph of the "*Tetraonidæ*," by Elliott, we find illustrations of both these so-called varieties. Without intending to dispute their existence, a reference to the description of the Arctic grouse will



show from what slight variations a new variety is named. That author specifies the marks that distinguish it as a different variety from the ruffed grouse, and mentions as the *principal* mark its size, it being one-third smaller, claiming also that the black band on the end of the tail is not continuous, but skips the three middle feathers. After reading this description, the writer looked over a game-bag of ruffed grouse killed in the northern part of the state of New York, containing twenty rufous-colored and ashen

ceeds in finding a dry log, perfectly hollow and well placed, his tattoo of welcome can be heard a mile, and is one of the pleasantest of woodland sounds. It has the same accelerated pace, and is about the same duration as the call of the raccoon, and is only heard in the day-time, as the raccoon's is only heard at night. When its mate hears the drumming, she slowly approaches, and, coquettishly picking at seeds she does not want, comes within sight of the drumming-log. No maiden is seemingly more



THE DRUMMING-LOG.

grouse of many shades; in two instances the band was scarcely visible in the middle feathers, and in three instances it did not exist. The diminished size in the Arctic region would be an effect of nature generally recognized.

In the breeding season, the cocks select some hollow fallen tree, and strutting up and down, beat it with their wings, making a muffled, drumming sound, that can be heard for half a mile. The beat is at irregular intervals, beginning slowly and measuredly, and gradually increasing in quickness, until it ends in a roll. If the bird suc-

unconscious of the man she desires to attract than is this russet dame of her gallant musician. A snail is on the May-apple plant right before her; she pecks at it three times before hitting it, and then scratches negligently at imaginary seeds. The cock raises his ruff till it looks like Queen Elizabeth's; the yellow skin beneath flushes with pride; he spreads his tail like a fan; he thrums his guitar, clucks an introductory welcome or two, and launches himself out and flies to his bride. If, however, another cock hears the drumming, he feels insulted at the sound on what he considers his own

domain. He flies to the drumming-log and dashes at the brave drummer, and the one who is inferior in courage and strength yields his place to the bolder, and retires discomfited.



his place to the bolder, and retires discomfited.

ration. With a warning cluck which the young understand perfectly, she flies away, and they run under the brown and scattered leaves, lying so still and so matched in color that no one can detect them, and when hidden they will not move unless

APRIL-FOOL.

After the two birds have come together, the hen builds a hasty nest on the ground with twigs and grasses, laying in it from ten to twelve eggs, of a yellow-brown color, which are hatched in June, the young birds attaining their growth by the first of October, unless, as it often happens, floods or late snows retard the nesting, when the young come to maturity proportionately later.

The habits of the mother-bird when running with her young are conspicuous. Her ceaseless activity, her boldness in danger, her sagacity in finding food, her ability in controlling the dimity little chicks confided to her charge, perpetually challenge admi-

they are touched.

Or if the passer comes suddenly upon the brood, the mother's distressed cluck, her fluttered wings, and her tumbling on the ground, irresistibly draw you to her. She gradually flutters along, uttering lamentable cries, and when you are about to place your hand on her back, she skates away through the forest glade, uttering a note which we can easily translate into "April-fool."

This bird is the friend of the country boy. It has many a time made him jump as it burst out of the way-side bushes, and bird and boy perpetually match their wits against each other,—the one in trapping and the other in avoiding being trapped. Master Barefoot finds a drumming-log, and at once whips out his jack-knife, and bending down a neighboring hickory sapling, sets a twitch-up, with a slip-noose at the end, made of a string pulled out of one of his capacious pockets. The twitch-up being well watched, is sure to catch the bird or drive it away. As Barefoot grows older, he learns to set running snares of horse-hair or silk in the paths in the woods, and he will walk miles to attend them when he is too sick to go half a mile to school. At length, he grows to be a young man, "some farmer, some poacher," making a precarious living by selling game he has trapped or shot in season and out, and killing more birds than all the minks, owls, and foxes in the country side.

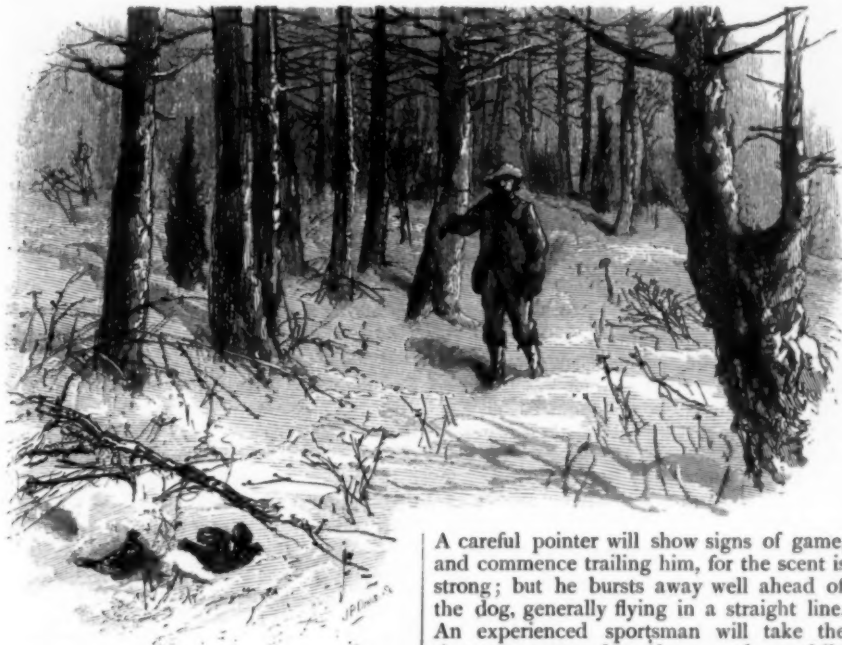


THE TWITCH-UP.

There is a curious habit in the ruffed grouse of taking to the trees when pursued by a small dog, and when a number of them flit into one tree, they will sit and be shot at until they are all successively killed, providing, always, that the lowest is killed first, and the dog keeps up his barking. For this chase a little red dog is preferred, and doubtless the birds are accustomed thus to save themselves when pursued by foxes, and

blanket till the tempest ceased. Sometimes he dashes out before the plodding woodman, all covered with snow-flakes, leaving his little shelter plainly visible in the drift.

The true shooting season of this bird begins in the brisk and golden autumn. The sportsman following him needs an active step and a wondrous quick eye and hand to secure him. No bird that flies is oftener missed. He rarely lies to a dog.



SOMETIMES HE DASHES OUT BEFORE THE FLODDING WOODMAN.

they see no difference in their canine pursuer, and are more in fear of him than of the gun, whose character they do not know so well.

The ruffed grouse partakes of the sturdy nature of the woods he frequents. He is a real Northerner, and gleaned his living with the Puritan among the rocks and scaurs of New England. Too proud to migrate, he battled with the storms of the "stern and rock-bound coast," and when winter snows fell heavily, and the searching wind penetrated even the tangle of the spruce-swamp, he would find a lee on the ground, and suffer himself to be snowed under, and quietly wait under his white

A careful pointer will show signs of game, and commence trailing him, for the scent is strong; but he bursts away well ahead of the dog, generally flying in a straight line. An experienced sportsman will take the shot, no matter how long, and carefully noting the line of flight, will flush him again, and again fire at him. After a few salutes of this kind, he seeks to avoid the exposure by hiding. Then the sportsman, following close after his dog, keeping always ready for a shot, may see the dog halt sharp, pointing to a thicket of briars and cut brush, then recalling the runs which he had made before the previous points, will step forward slowly,—slowly,—with his head high in air and eyes intent; a pause,—his foot is up for another step, when the bird rushes out again, scattering the brush with his quick wings, and whirling off the saffron leaves from the white birch. Never mind the aim,—the gun comes up to the line of flight, the sharp report awakens the echoes of the hills, and the pride of the woodland falls to



SPRUCE GROUSE MAKING THEMSELVES AT HOME.

the ground. Brave old bird, he died in the prime of life! No base snare shall choke him; no horned owl or stealthy mink shall pick his bones; but, roasted before a hickory fire, he will be served hot as the second course to a gentle meal, and have his virtues told by hunters who honor his name and worth, as they tell stories of the chase, or carol snatches of Thoreau's songs in the autumn night.

"Shot of the wood from thy ambush low,
Bolt off the dry leaves flying;
With a whirling spring like an Indian bow,
Thou speedest when the year is dying;
And thy neat gray form darts whirling past,
So silent all as thou fliest fast,
Snapping a leaf from the copses red,—
Our native bird on the woodland bred.

"And thy whirling wings I hear,
When the colored ice is warming
The twigs of the forest sere;
When the northern wind, a-storming,
Draws cold as death round the Irish hut,
That lifts its blue smoke in the railway cut,
And the hardy chopper sits dreaming at home,
And thou and I are alone in the storm."

The spruce grouse or Canada grouse is smaller than the ruffed grouse, its length being about sixteen inches, and its full weight sixteen ounces. Its range seems to be north of the latitude of the Mohawk River, in the state of New York, and extending through all of Canada and to Baffin's Bay.

The color of the cock is dark brown or gray interspersed with black, each feather having three cross-bars of a still darker gray. On its breast is a large angular or crescent patch of black, the point of the angle coming up the neck. Its throat is black directly under the bill, and is mottled further down by little white feathers, and still larger white feathers patch its breast. Its legs are feathered, but its toes are bare, as are all of this genus. The hen is quieter in color, mottled all over in red and brown. It has the habit of its race of making a drumming noise with its wings, but seems to do it by repeated blows on its own body, and sometimes makes this noise when in the air. Some authors note another bird called Franklin grouse, which is a variety of this one. The tail feathers being carried out wide to the ends, and the upper and under tail coverts being tipped with white. These variations, when unaccompanied by any difference of structure or habits, seem to be of no importance to the ordinary reader, or to the sportsman.

The spruce grouse makes its nest on the ground, generally sheltered by some low evergreen bush, and lays fifteen to twenty buff or fawn-colored eggs, spotted with brown. Often, when one is fishing from a canoe in some of the narrow brooks in Maine or Canada, a brood of these birds will be seen threading their way among the bushes, or,

if the weather is hot, coming to the water to drink, so gentle in their remoteness from man that they scarcely notice the passing boat. At times like these, they make use of a little piping cluck that is most gentle and familiar, by which the old bird calls the young ones of the flock to her whenever she finds any attractive food in the rotten wood or among the fallen mast. Again they may be seen among the upper branches of the tallest spruce, picking the winter buds, and at their great elevation looking as small as snow-birds. When pursued, they take quickly to the trees, and seem to feel secure in their elevation, and are then easily shot. In the coldest winter, when the caribou-hunter is making his camp in the evening forest, when the deep snow creaks under his snow-shoe, and the thermometer sinks to thirty degrees below zero in the still air, some of these graceful birds will come running over the snow, familiar in the desolation, and contented and secure in their winter home, proving how apt for their position in life God's creatures are everywhere made. Once returning to our log hut after an absence of several days on an exploring tour, we peered through the opening that was left for the window, and saw a brood of these glossy birds pecking about the floor and foraging on the remains of our feast. They crept into the empty flour-barrel, and pried into the tin meat-cans, and one old cock flitted upon the table and perched on the edge of a tin pan. His weight upset the dish, which clattered upon the floor, when the gay foragers, scared by the din, whirled out of the open door like "a swarm of golden bees," taking refuge in the neighboring hemlocks. They were not disturbed by us, for such gentle spirits bring good luck to the hunter's camp. Like the little gray wood-mouse that comes out of the logs and gathers the evening crumbs, they lend a certain domestic charm to the lonely hut that makes the solitary woodsman feel he is not alone.

The pinnated grouse, or prairie-fowl, is in numbers and use the most conspicuous of the American grouse. Its range is over all the open prairie-land of the North American continent, extending even to the Pacific, although the change of the climate there has produced some changes of plumage, which cause its identity to be doubted. It is a larger bird than the ruffed grouse, its flesh being dark, while that is of a white or pink color. Its color is light brown, nearly uniformly barred on the breast, and spotted on the back with a darker brown. Formerly it existed on the plains of Long Island, New Jersey, and Maryland, but ceaseless hunting has destroyed it in all states east of Indiana.

It makes a nest of grass in the open prairie, laying ten or twelve eggs of a light color, spotted with irregular brown spots, and hatches in June; and generally the young are seven-eighths grown by the fifteenth of August, when the laws of most of the western states permit the shooting of them. In Illinois, Iowa, and Wisconsin it is not unusual for a sportsman to kill sixty in a day, at the opening of the season. In winter, when the snows compel them to come near the woods and the wheat-stacks for food, they are trapped in great numbers, packed in barrels, and sent to the cities of the eastern states, and even to London. It is not unusual for shippers to send a hundred barrels of this game in a single consignment to New York. It is this wholesale trapping and exportation which is exterminating the species. When the bird is young, it remains in its original covey, and when disturbed, scatters in the tall prairie-grass, and can then be flushed over the dog one at a time, so that the sportsman is thus often able to secure the whole covey. Later, several coveys unite in a pack, and by frosty weather several small packs unite, forming a pack of fifty to a hundred birds. Then they keep on the wide range of the open prairie, and become wary and watchful, and



FLUSHING A COVEY OF PINNATED GROUSE.

cannot be approached. The hunter must be content to take an occasional long shot, as the pack is flying over him, from one point to another. In these flights, the fowl sometimes continue in the air ten miles, and distance all pursuit. Still, there are now and then some late autumn days when the warm sunshine recalls the summer, and when, in the sheltered sloughs of the prairie, protected by low hills and rank grass, a covey will lie close, too indolent to fly away, and will rouse themselves one by one before the pointer. These are halcyon moments. The sportsman's nerves, braced by weeks of autumn shooting, are strong and steady, and every grouse that springs into the air falls with a thud to the ground, after the ringing shot. Every bird is a full-grown one, and the gillie-boy staggers under his load.

The true manner of shooting prairie-fowl is to drive over the prairie in a light wagon, letting the dogs range far and wide on either side. A well trained dog will range at times a half mile from the wagon, his bright colors and rapid motion rendering him conspicuous on the prairie. When he

The wagon drives near him, the other dogs coming up and backing him. The sportsmen then alight and take their shots. Rarely the whole covey is flushed together, and frequently the old birds lie until the last, and while the sportsman is loading his gun, will dash away, uttering their quick repeated cry of "cluk-cluk-cluk-cluk," and looking back over their wings at the sportsman, who watches their flight and marks them down half a mile away. As one goes to retrieve the dead birds still another and another will rise, and it is only until one has been carefully over the field that he feels secure that all the birds are up. The driver in the meantime, from his wagon, has marked the several birds down. The game that is secured is placed in the wagon and with renewed hearts the sportsmen push on after the fugitives.

A pointer dog is considered the best dog for this pursuit, as his endurance and speed are great and he stands the heat without needing water better than setters. And no one who has not tramped all day with game through the prairie-grass, can appreciate



GROUSE ON NEST. (AFTER PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE.)

scents the birds he will come to a point so suddenly that at times his inertia when attempting to halt will swing him half around. He stands as if he saw a ghost.

the relief it is to have the wagon always at hand to carry the game and luncheon, and also at times the weary sportsman.

Often prairie-fowl meet their fate by

coming in contact with the telegraph wires, and the trackmen on the railroads constantly find them with broken necks lying along the track.

As the coyote or prairie-wolf has disappeared prairie-fowl have greatly increased in numbers. This restless and hungry marauder destroys innumerable nests and

sportsman shoots only as much as he can use, and takes a pride in the existence and security and abundance of the bird he admires.

The pinnated grouse has the power of inflating the two yellow sacks which he carries on the sides of his neck, and during the mating season the cocks are often seen



THE GILLIE-BOY.

sitting birds. The writer was once watching a coyote from behind a prairie-knoll and saw him creep to windward cautiously and then jump on some prey. On my going to the spot the wolf fled leaving the feathers of a prairie-hen and her broken eggs to mark his wastefulness.

If the public would only enforce the laws against trapping the birds in winter they would greatly increase. But it requires the extinction of a valuable bird to teach the average American the importance of its preservation. The trapper and dealer care nothing for the sport. They look only at the present money profit and leave future generations to take care of themselves. The true

strutting and swelling in mimic grandeur with expanded wings and tail and making a thrumming noise with their wings, striving to please by their grandiose ways. At these times they are pugnacious, and two cocks never meet without a battle. They flit up in the air several feet striking at each other with wings and feet until one yields the place of honor to the other and departs—a disappointed bird, to lead the life of a celibate.

One autumn day, watching for ducks while ensconced on a musk-rat house in the great Mendocino marsh, which extends back many miles from the Mississippi River opposite Clinton, I noticed some



THE FIFTEENTH OF AUGUST ON THE PRAIRIE.

objects moving on the summit of a knoll. By careful watching I discovered they were prairie-fowl, and, moved by curiosity, carefully approached them. As I drew near I discovered fifteen prairie-fowl apparently dancing a minuet. They were scattered about on the short turf, twenty yards apart, nodding their heads at one another, and presently two would run out and perform the figure which in a country dance is known as "cross over and back to places," all the while uttering a soft note of "coo-cooe,"—the last syllable being much elongated. Then would follow "salute your partners" and "*dos à dos*." This scene of merriment was sustained for half an hour and until a shot from a neighboring gun caused the birds to run into the tall cover of the reeds. The bright sunshine of autumn and the conspicuous group of native birds impressed the scene

vividly on the spectator's mind. A neighboring farmer to whom the circumstance was mentioned, said:

"Yes, them same birds skye around there mostly every day."

The other varieties of prairie grouse indulge in the same kind of amusement.

The pin-tail or sharp-tail grouse is a close connection of the prairie-fowl, but without the gular sac; and, like that bird, it inhabits the open prairie-land, nesting in the same manner, feeding on the same food, and often found associating with him. Its size is the same, but its color much lighter, and, instead of the dark-brown bars on its breast, it carries little spots of a V-shape, of a light, ashy brown. Its name is derived from the two middle feathers in its tail extending beyond the others, thus forming a long, pointed tail.



THE COYOTE HUNTING.

It is claimed that there are two varieties of the sharp-tail grouse—one in the Arctic north, and one in the central territories of the continent, each with a slight variation,—the northern one having a black instead of a brown-colored back. If this is so, I have never seen the Arctic variety. The beautifully marked one with which I am familiar is common in Kansas and on the Platte River, and I have seen it rise, with its whirring flight and lighter and ashier hue, from among a pack of pinnated grouse, on the Des Moines River, in Iowa. Its flesh is lighter in color than that of the prairie-fowl, and more delicate in flavor.

There is a curious habit of this bird, but whether connected with its mating instincts, or only with its love for social amusement, it is difficult to answer. It has a little ball-

golden aster. The hunters call such a spot, as they pass it, "chickens' stamping-ground." We have already noted the same habit in the prairie-fowl. The only difference between the two birds in this amusement seems to be that the prairie-fowl runs over a larger area of ground, usually selecting some bare knoll covered with scant, short grass.

The sharp-tail grouse is feathered, not only to the toes, but to the first joint of the toes, as is the Rocky Mountain grouse; while the ruffed grouse is slightly feathered to the toes, and the pinnated grouse is scarcely feathered to the toes. The true ptarmigan wears abundant feathers down to his toe-nails.

As the miner rides over the bare plains that form the approaches to the Rocky



A PRAIRIE MINUT.

room all of its own, and, like the country girls' of Italy, it is under the open sky. A circle of ground on the prairie is adopted, and by beating of wings and tramping it is cleared of grass for twenty feet around; and there, morning and evening, the party assembles, and pirouettes and courtesies as in the olden time. By twos and fours they advance, and bow their heads, and drop their wings; then recede and advance again, and turn on their toes, swelling their feathers and clucking with gentle hilarity. Many cocks join in the dance, but there is no attempt at unseemly battle. It is gentleness all, and the hall is surrounded by rustling grass and

Mountains, with the vivid sunshine reflected from barren earth and red hills, with the glare of noon blinking the eye, and the dust of the dry sage-bush, pulverized by the horse's tread, smarting the nostril, there suddenly flits out from the bush a large bird, looking at first glance like a bustard. It stands as high as a turkey-hen, and after a short flight will light on the stony ground, and turn to watch the passer-by. This is the cock-of-the-plains, or sage-hen. Some learned folk have given it a curious Latin title; but as most sportsmen prefer shooting to studying Latin, they will best recognize the homely name the bird is known

by in its own country. The color is a light ashy gray, marked by the overlapping feathers of a darker gray. It is the largest of the American grouse, being thirty inches in length, and is distinguishable in plumage by

end. How its nest escapes the ravages of the coyote, that jackal of the plains, is a wonder. Our only answer is, that if it were not for the coyote, the number of this grouse would be ten times what it is now.



SAGE-HEN AND JACKASS-RABBIT.

its pheasant-shaped tail of long, pointed feathers. These feathers are spiny and hard in texture, having the appearance of being worn off, and leaving the quill part projecting. This is noticeably so with the tail, the quill of the feather extending beyond the web. If the stranger follows the bird after lighting for the first time, it rises again and takes a free flight beyond some sheltering knoll. If it is not pursued, it squats upon the ground or under some bush until the danger is past, its predominating color corresponding so much with the ground that it often escapes notice. When walking, it has a slow and hesitating march. Its location is over the whole of the great plains lying east of the Rocky Mountains, wherever the sage-bush or artemisia grows. This is its favorite, if not its exclusive, food, and it gives a pungency to its white flesh which renders it distasteful even to the hungry trapper. It has the saffron-colored side-pouches on the neck, similar to the ruffed grouse, and its habits of swelling these glands and strutting and thrumming with its wings are similar to those of the prairie-hen. It builds its nest on the ground of the desert, giving but little care to its preparation, and lays from twelve to sixteen eggs, dark brown in color, and spotted with irregular chocolate spots, more abundant at the larger than the smaller

Its flight is that of all its family,—a succession of quick, short beats, which at rising makes the rushing sound that so bothers the nervous sportsman, and then a long sail with extended wings, to be followed again by the five or six short beats of the wing. As it rises, it gives forth its note of "cluck-cluck-cluck!" repeated very rapidly, like the common hen. No disappointment is greater to the inexperienced and hungry hunter than to bring down one of these noble birds, and after spending an hour in its cooking, to find that it tastes like tansy biters, with the bitters left out. We once had a "poetical cuss," as the teamsters called him, in a hunting party in Wyoming Territory. He quoted with great emphasis, on first meeting this bird, Hogg's lines:

"Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Gay be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest be thy dwelling-place,—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!"

We had sage-hen for supper that night. The next morning, when one rose before his horse while on the march, he was heard to call out, "Git out, you quinine brute! You're only fit for a prescription!"

Yet, for all his astringency, we love to see the sage-hen on the sultry march, bursting out

from the bracken, starting the jackass-rabbit from its form, and awakening the landscape with his free flight.

The dusky grouse is found in the Rocky Mountains, and the various spurs of highlands that are connected therewith.

It is a marvelously graceful bird, often quite black, or blue-black, and flecked here and there with little pencilings of white feathers, looking as though crystals of new snow had fallen upon it. These seem to be

annual fires, this bird would flit out of the young shoots and sit on the low branches of the neighboring trees. Its little head would turn from side to side as it examined the strangers, a movement accompanied by the nod of the pigeon, rendering it very difficult to shoot off its head with a pistol, though sometimes it allowed several shots to be taken before flying.

Its proper colors, its most graceful shape, and its apparent tameness rendered it exceedingly attractive. Its flesh was con-



MISSED.

the tips of white feathers just coming to the surface of the black. Sometimes the bird is dusky, or of a dark slate color, marked with white, and always bearing that distinguishing mark of the grouse family,—the bright-colored streak over the eye,—which, in this bird, is scarlet. Its tail is rounded, and ornamented with the band of a darker hue that most of the grouse family possess. It has the gular sac on the side of the neck, and its cry in the spring-time is like the blowing several times suddenly into an empty bottle.

When we were pursuing game over the ridges of the Rocky Mountains and among the dead timber that the Indians kill by their

stantly in camp, and every hunter, as he came in at night, would have one or two slung to his saddle, as its white flesh was greatly preferred to the continued diet of elk's meat and venison. It has the peculiarity noted in that of the black game of Scotland, of having two colors of flesh on its breast, one being darker than the other. The habit it had of flitting to the lower branches of the trees on the slightest noise being heard, is explained by the presence of the ever-prowling coyote.

This bird inhabits all the mountain-lands to the Pacific Ocean. In the Cascade Mountains they are abundant, under the name of the blue grouse, and frequent the

heavy pine or redwood timber. Another variety is spoken of as the Richardson grouse, varying only in a tail-marking. In the fall of the year, the blue grouse leaves the lower strata of vegetation, where it is



PTARMIGAN EGGS.

liable to be buried in the snows, and where it has to dispute its occupancy with many stronger neighbors, and betakes itself to the upper plane of the pine-tree tops. There, two hundred feet or more from ground, it finds ample shelter in the dense perpetual verdure, and unlimited supply of buds for food, and safety even from the eyes of man. No retreat could be so absolutely secure,—nothing but the lightning and the tempest can reach it, and its morning crow heralds the day while yet the trunk of the tree and the humbler birds that live near it are wrapped in darkness. When winter is passed, and little sprouts come forth out of the ground, the grouse descends to its old resorts and builds its nest, and shuffles in the sandy bank as it did the summer before. This is a true bird of the mountain, and has the resinous odor of the woods in its flesh. It reminds one of its noble congener of Scotland,—the black cock,—and of all his wild ways and glossy plumage, and the long days on the heather, and of the moorlands at Dumfries, and of the old song:

"And if up a bonnie black cock should spring,
To whistle him down wi' a slug in his wing,
And strap him on to my lunsie string,
Right seldom would I fail."

May his mountain fastnesses protect him from extermination for future ages, so that other explorers may be charmed as we have, amid sterility, weariness, and hunger, by his beauty of form and delicacy of flesh!

We have thus told our tale of the North American grouse. The distinctive features of the genus are the bare and bright-colored patch over the eye, a short, curved bill, with the nostril covered with feathers, and a hairy leg, with bare toes. Our story is not a book-story, or a compilation,—it is out of the head, it may be somewhat out of the heart. It does not claim to be learned, and its writer will not dispute about a feather; but all of the birds named are old friends, and he dare not caricature them.

There is another genus of this same *Tetraonidae* family,—the genus *Lagopus*, or hair-foot. These have the toes as well as the legs covered with feathers. This genus includes in North America, the ptarmigan, the white-tail ptarmigan, and an Arctic ptarmigan, called the rock ptarmigan. Their habitat seems to be the whole Arctic zone. They form the chief delicacy of the Arctic explorer, and hang plentifully in the larders of the posts of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company. When the winter is severe, they come down into the Canadas, and one winter a hunting friend on the Saguenay—good luck to him!—sent us a barrelful. Such friends are above all price.

The white ptarmigan is all white save the outer feather on each side of the tail, which outer feather is black. The white-tailed ptarmigan is as immaculate as snow, including all the tail-feathers. The remarkable feature of these birds is, that they change the colors of their dress to suit the varying year, as does a fashionable lady, only the birds vary the style by dressing white in winter and brown in summer. This is one of those prudent plans of Dame Nature to preserve a race. On the spotless plains of winter a brown bird would be a conspicuous object to every fox and snowy owl; so he is draped in snowy white, and squats unnoticed on the drift. In the summer foliage his whiteness would allure each passing hawk, but the brown, mottled color of his summer dress matches well the bracken and the lichen, and he thus escapes observation. This same care nature bestows on the snow-bird and the great northern hare, both of which frequent the snowy plains.

But a summer evening is not long enough to write the story of their lives. To obtain

a technical knowledge of the varieties of grouse or ptarmigan, one may study that comprehensive work on ornithology now in course of publication, entitled "North American Birds, by Baird, Brewer, and Ridgway," which will add new luster to natural history.

To appreciate the beauty and learn the ways and manners of the birds of which we are writing, one must love them, and with Agassiz, "wander away and away with

Nature, the dear old nurse who sang to him night and day the rhymes of the universe." One must watch these birds in their own homes,—among the roughness of primeval nature and amid the aroma of the balsam and the keen air of the frosty October, hear them beat their muffled drums and challenge all comers to their tournaments; and it's a dull, cold heart that will not throb in unison with their defiance, and love the hill-side the better for their music.



SUMMER THOUGHTS.

UPON a mossy knoll in the forest, I
 Lay looking upward at the eternal blue
 Of the infinite and quiet heavens, through
 The oak-leaf and the hemlock's canopy.
 And now and then a cloud went drifting by,
 Listless and slow and changing to the view.
 How like my fleeting summer thoughts to you,
 Calm, peaceful clouds! And now the evening sky
 A deeper, darker, lovelier azure hath,
 The birds have ceased their singing, and the breeze
 Is filled with hum of insects; darkness saith—
 With the first few stars twinkling through the trees—
 That night has come. A little while, and death,
 Like night, will end life's summer reveries.

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.



"LIE LOW!" SAID CAPTAIN ELYOT SHARPLY.

CHAPTER I.

BLOSSOM.

It is November of 185—, and Blossom is going back across the plains to her home. Seventeen years before, a baby had been born within a rude fort upon the Arkansas River to the post-sutler Stubbs and his wife; and this baby was Blossom.

It is but just to say that earlier in life this man Stubbs had borne another name, which had been lost beyond finding again somewhere in the western wilderness. Or, to be exact, his odd, stunted figure had won for him this sobriquet, before which his rightful cognomen burnt dimly for a while, and finally went out altogether. He resigned his name without much of an effort to retain it,—thereby showing little of pride or spirit. But rights of any kind were held here only at the muzzle of a revolver, and had

been gradually narrowed down until they involved little more than life and liberty; to contend for anything less was hardly worth the powder; and then one name was as good as another, or even better, if it carried an idea,—which Stubbs certainly did. The early trappers and traders of the far West were not given to much speaking. Each brief word was suggestive, and the names bestowed in praise or derision were mostly biographies in miniature. Sometimes they were but personally descriptive,—as in this case,—or they were made to serve as a perpetual exclamation-point after a man.

But however expressive such titles might be when applied to one individual, they become incongruous, not to say absurd, when made to include a family. What could be more appropriate, more sharply descriptive of the broad-shouldered, serene-

faced, stumpy little man who bore it than the name of Stubbs? But it was a grim sarcasm upon the woman who had shared his quarters for a dozen years before the baby's eyes opened upon them.

She was tall, she was gaunt as a gray wolf in winter. She was strong of arm and stout of nerve, with a talent for devising and a will for executing almost any work. She could serve a dinner to a tolerably straitened garrison that would tempt a king, or she could steady a rifle and drop a red-skin, if need be, at three hundred yards. There was even a rough kind of femininity about the woman, who was by no means disagreeable to look at, with her bright black eyes and her brown cheeks showing a subdued flame. She had been known more than once to nurse a wounded man back to life when the surgeons had given him up,—with just scolding enough, it must be owned, to spur him on to convalescence. Add to these the aggressive qualities of thrift and neatness, and we shall have a perfect character, you will say. Oh no; do you fancy that all the natural graces as well as the Christian virtues are to be found in one individual? She was envious. (But that is not so rare a fault that it need be dwelt upon.) She was crafty and unscrupulous. But the first she concealed by the second; and the third, in tending upon the other two, kept in the background. And then she was comely to look at,—and that is a better cloak than charity, even,—with her sleek black hair and the fresh color just deadened by the tan on her cheeks. Comely to look at, if one could forget the embers in her eyes, which a gust of passion might blow into a blaze. After all, it was a kind of beauty which a man might like to look upon, but would hardly covet for his own.

As for her thrift and neatness, the sutler's quarters showed the effect of these good qualities, which were a kind of stockade about the real woman. Her home was tidy and inviting, or would have been, but that the tidiness became tyrannical at times. Gradually a kind of cabaret of a most respectable pattern was established here, where the officers dropped in of an evening to order a bit of supper, which the mistress of the house was not above cooking with her own hands. A well-thumbed pack of cards was brought into requisition while waiting for this to be served, and rumor did say that many a pile of government gold changed hands over the table here. But rumor is always malicious, and this may or

may not have been true. Drinking there certainly was, but no brawling over the cards or wine, or the friendly pipe with Stubbs himself, who was a quiet, shrewd man, an excellent listener at all times—and what could be more desirable in a companion? He could even tell a story of his own when Mrs. Stubbs was not by. For the post-sutler stood somewhat in awe of his energetic help-meet. There was not her equal this side the Rocky Mountains, he often declared; and as this assertion included not only the plains, but that mystical region, "the states," it was a rare compliment, indeed. Still, it must be owned that she was a kind of moral car of Juggernaut to the man. And not to Stubbs alone, but to all the frequenters of the house, not one of whom would have dared offer anything but the most exaggerated respect to its mistress. In her own domain she ruled a queen. She served, it is true, but by favor, and woe to any man who forgot what was due from a guest to his hostess. For a warm corner in the little family-room was not to be despised of a winter night, when the snow covered them in, and the wind howled a dismal chorus outside, while the rusty stove at the officers' quarters gave out smoke without heat.

Here the fire was always bright, with an apple or two puffing and spitting steam before it, or the red-hot poker innocently but significantly blinking among the coals. The rough plastered walls were covered with prints, which Stubbs had found in trading expeditions to the states, or Mrs. Stubbs had scissored thriftily from illustrated journals, and were volumes in themselves of history, biography, and travel. But since the titles had been mostly sacrificed to space, there was a tantalizing indefiniteness about the whole, which possibly enhanced its interest. A Mexican blanket covered the center of the floor upon extraordinary occasions, with rude skins spread here and there for softer comfort. Scant curtains of red moreen hid the tiny windows, and gave color to the place, while the furniture was made up of odd pieces brought by the sutler at various times from Independence,—that outpost of civilization at this time. It had been chosen with an eye for but one quality,—durability,—and even this had required an eye of faith. But its "exceeding lastingness," like that in Kalandar's house, had almost made it appear by this time exceeding beautiful. Comfortable it was, at-least.

And this was the home into which, after

a dozen childless years spent in as many rough, rude places, the baby came to the post-sutler Stubbs and his wife.

It was an event to stir the foundations of their world; but it brought little change. Sergeant Duckling improvised a cradle from the half of an old flour-barrel, which Mrs. Stubbs covered with gay flowered chintz, ferreted from Stubbs's stock of unsalable wares, and set up in a corner seemingly devised expressly for it. To be sure, the pipes were banished now to the adjoining store, but the baby more than made up for any such deficiency. It was passed from hand to hand, and tossed and dandled in air in a way that would have agonized a less courageous mother. But Mrs. Stubbs bore it all with the equanimity of pride and ignorance. And the child laughed and crowed its delight at the involuntary gymnastics it was made to perform in the arms of its rough friends. A pale, delicate little flower this was which had blossomed upon Mrs. Stubbs's bosom. The ways of Providence are indeed past finding out. A wolf's cub, a young coyote would have been more akin to the woman. But no; wolf-cubs are born into sheep-folds, and lambs lie down by lions, and no one knows the reason why. Still, something of softening did come to her with motherhood, as well as a deeper craft and a more grasping ambition. The one growing purpose of her life had been to push Stubbs on in the world,—where, or toward what end, she hardly knew. They had schemed, and worked, and hoarded,—the man, at least, honestly enough,—until they had become rich,—rich even for "the settlements,"—where Mrs. Stubbs's eyes and desires were wont to turn. But now, what would she not do for the child! There was no limit to her desires, or to the vague dreams over that rude cradle.

But no ambitious dreams disturbed the father. There is a vein of poetry in the nature of every man, and the coming of the baby was like sinking a shaft into Stubbs's soul, though very little of the precious ore ever came to the surface—a few trifling specimens only—to show the richness of the lode. He was by no means a godly man, but cradling the child in his arms, he would croon over her hour after hour,—not the rollicking songs of a camp, but quaint, awful hymns, enough to strike terror to the heart of an ordinary man, and picked up no one knew where.

"Great spoils I shall win,
From death, hell, and sin,"

sang the father, in a hoarse, broken voice, and with many a twist and turn to the weird air.

The child looked up into his face, and smiled her contentment. What were death, hell, and sin to her happy babyhood! It was he who first called her Blossom; and a frail little blossom she was, with her white face, her solemn, brown eyes, and her hair like the fluff on the dandelions in summertime. And Blossom she came to be to all the garrison,—from the stern colonel in command down to little Bob White, who made the last in the line on dress parade. Not that this was her baptismal name. For christened she was one Sabbath afternoon in summer, in the presence of the whole garrison,—through the zeal of the new chaplain, it must be owned, rather than from any desire of her parents. The poor man had but scant opportunity for wearing his bands or performing the rites of his church here, and could not allow such an one as this to go by unimproved. The child looked gravely, but without fear, upon the assembled company, until she caught sight of Sergeant Duckling's good-natured face, when she broke into an irreverent, gurgling laugh, ending in a most unpromising crow, greatly to the embarrassment of the chaplain, who was young and unmarried. The colonel tried to frown down the smile awakened by this undignified conduct of the candidate, but there was a twinkle in his own eye. Dear me! Had he not dandled the child in his own arms by the hour, when his wife had borrowed her for the afternoon?

"Name this child," said the chaplain, hastily.

He was alarmed for his own dignity and the solemnity of the service he had inaugurated.

Mrs. Stubbs stood like a drum-major by her husband's side, gorgeous in a new pink bonnet, fashioned directly after that of the colonel's wife. She gave him a nudge with her elbow, to remind him to speak up promptly, which only served to rout every idea from poor Stubbs's mind. It was only when this domestic spur had been applied the second time that he succeeded in stammering out a name which nobody could understand. The chaplain, however, took it up, and repeated it in a sonorous voice. To tell the truth, he had it upon a bit of paper in his hand all the time. The asking was but a form.

It was his mother's name over which

Stubbs had stammered. It had not been uttered for many a long year, nor was it embarrassment alone that brought the quaver to his voice as he pronounced it. The water dropped upon the child's wondering face, the last prayer was uttered, the last amen pronounced, the band struck up, the company dispersed, and little Blossom was made a Christian.

Not that she had been so great a sinner before. She was a gentle child from her birth, and the "old Adam" whom the chaplain had prayed that her heart might be rid of, seemed hardly to have taken a lodgment there. Her pretty ways had made her the pet of the garrison. Never a week passed that Orderly Sims did not appear with the compliments of the colonel's lady, and begging the loan of Miss Blossom for the day. From these visits she returned decked out like a queen barbaric, and laden with spoils. Even the Indians hanging about the post awakened to something like interest at sight of the white papoose. Their tawny faces had no terror for the child, and when she arrived at the dignity of standing upon her feet, the gentle young tyrant refused any covering for those dimpled members but the softest of deer-skin moccasins, braided, and fringed, and beaded after the pattern of the ones worn by her dusky friends. But if these were her friends, Bob White was her slave. He it was who carved a misshapen piece of anatomy—which he called a doll—for Blossom's delight, and which became her greatest treasure.

And so the years slipped by; but not without seasons of bitter pain. More than once were her friends ordered away, not to return, and Blossom's tender heart was broken in the parting. Even Bob White's turn came at last, and he marched out of the gate with his company, his boyish heart heavier than the knapsack on his shoulders. He had sat up half the night to cut out a rude figure of a horse as a parting present for Blossom. It was a pitiful creature, if the truth be told. Endowed with life, it would have found locomotion impossible from the difference in the length of its legs, if nothing more, and would have been shot, in mercy, no doubt. But Blossom wept fond, bitter tears over it (Bob had baptized it already with his own), and hid it under her pillow at night, refusing to be comforted for the loss of her friend.

"Why did he go away?" she asked of her mother.

"Because he had to," was the not very satisfactory response.

"Why did he had to?"

"He must go with the rest. Somebody else'll come," Mrs. Stubbs added, with a clumsy attempt at comforting. "Somebody you'll like a deal better."

The child regarded her with grave eyes. All language, beyond the simplest, was a foreign tongue to her as yet. She did not take in its meaning readily. Then, all at once, she broke into an astonished burst of tears.

"But I want Bob White!" she said.

She had not yet learned the hard lesson to take what one can get and be thankful and quiet, so she sobbed herself to sleep,—poor little Blossom!

As she grew older, the ladies at the post taught her to read and to sew, in neither of which not uncommon accomplishments Madam Stubbs excelled. Blossom conquered her letters without much difficulty, and pricked her way along the path of needlework hardly less slowly. There was a natural refinement about the child which these gentle associations nourished, and it was not book-learning or fine sewing alone the little maiden was gaining day after day, the mother saw, with uneasy pride and a twinge of jealousy. Were they not drawing the child away from her? And yet she looked with admiration upon the growing accomplishments of the girl, and the gentle ways which came to her as by right of birth, while between Blossom and her father there was neither misgiving nor fear, but a sympathy which needed not the expression of words; though they talked together often by the hour, cheek to cheek, under the stars or in the dim fire-light.

"Father, what are the stars?" she asked one night, when, held in his arms, she had pulled aside the little red curtain before the window.

"Them's worlds, Blossom, as big or bigger'n this, I reckon."

"Oh no, father!" the child replied, with a grave shake of the head. "They're too little. And you shouldn't tell such stories to Blossom,"—she added, reprovingly, quoting a caution she had overheard from the lips of the colonel's lady the day before,—"because she might believe 'em."

"Then they're eyes," said Stubbs, who would have named them anything to please the child. He took the reproof as gravely as it was given. "That's what they are, Blossom. They're good folks's eyes,—up in heaven."

"Yes," said the child, entirely satisfied. "They're eyes. And they always look at Blossom."

He taught her something of arithmetic, and even ferreted a geography from his stores, over which he was hardly less mystified than she. To crown all, he was discovered one day poring over an old grammar, his sleeves rolled up, and his shirt-collar unbuttoned.

"It's for the little un," he said, shutting the book up in confusion. "I thought as how she might come to it by an' by."

It was told as a great joke that Stubbs had begun the study of grammar, and many were the thrusts at him in consequence, which he turned off good-naturedly; but a great trouble was beginning to gather in his heart. He had learned something, if not grammar, from the volume he could not master,—and this was, that Blossom must go away. The wife of the commanding officer had spoken to him about it before now. Her own daughters were in the states at school, and Blossom must go. He could not teach her. He acknowledged it to himself at last; and the gentle, pretty little creature, with her refined ways and her warm heart, must not be left to grow up in ignorance. The colonel's wife put it to him in this way. But he knew it before she spoke. It had been growing upon him day by day, like a heavy burden. It was very kind in the wife of the commanding officer to take such an interest in a child who was, after all, only the post-sutler's daughter. She did not, indeed, suggest the fashionable establishment where her own daughters were fitting themselves for an elegant and rather mild struggle with life; but she did what was better for the child. She recommended an old school-mate of her own, now in straitened circumstances, who would perhaps, for a consideration, take charge of Blossom and superintend her education for a term of years. She even wrote and arranged the whole matter, with Stubbs's sanction. And so it came about that Blossom left home. Though how it came about, and through what agony of parting, we need say nothing here. Hearts bleed and heal again, or learn to cover their wounds, and the world goes on. And people who are neither cultured, nor hardly civilized,—as we reckon such things,—forget themselves in the good of others, and give up their own out of their arms, if by so doing a blessing may but come to them.

Already a dream of making a lady of her

daughter had taken possession of Mrs. Stubbs. It reconciled her, in a measure, to parting with Blossom. But no such vision consoled the father. In some way which he scarcely understood, it was to be a gain to the child. That was all. So he made the long journey over the trail to Independence with her, and from there to the town where she was to be left. Something in the face of the woman to whom she was to be intrusted pleased the father when they had found her at last, and he left the child with a sense of security which did much to comfort him, though with ill-concealed grief over the parting. "Bring her up to be a straight kind of a gal," he said. Then he kissed Blossom good-bye, and turned his face back toward the wilderness, indeed!

Once a year, from this time, he visited her; affecting to examine into the progress she had made in her studies, with an inward wonderment, but an outward composure, which quite deceived the girl, who believed that he knew it all. Even when she learned otherwise, she kept that knowledge to herself, for love of him. But after these visits,—which his wife seldom shared,—a strange restlessness took possession of the man for a time. "I reckon by another year we shall sell out and shift to the states,—by spring, most likely," he would say,—until it came to be a proverb at the post (where Blossom had grown to be a myth, as her old friends were ordered away and replaced by men who had never known her), so that when anything was particularly uncertain, its time was fixed at the day "when Stubbs sells out and shifts to the states."

And now, to return to the beginning of the chapter, Blossom—aged seventeen, her education at last completed—was going back to her home.

CHAPTER II.

TOWARD THE SETTING SUN.

A LONG train of covered wagons is slowly dragging itself westward across the plains, along the valley of the Arkansas River, winding in and out among the hillocks which mark the surface, and hugging the ground as it crawls on like some huge white serpent upon the scorched grass.

It lacks hardly an hour of sunset, and they have been upon the move since daylight, with but a short halt at noon; yet the drivers whip on the weary creatures that pull the laden wagons. They have left the river at a point where the trail divides to form a

bow. The arc follows the windings of the stream, while the string which they pursue leads through a more barren region,—a valley where, at this season, the middle of November, nothing meets the eye but the lowering sky overhead and the rolling land beneath it, covered with blackened, scrubby buffalo-grass. Through all the long day they have been shut into this valley of desolation, urging on the exhausted animals, and choosing this route, though it leads away from wood and water, in order, if possible, to shorten the distance to Fort Atchison. Rumors reached them, before setting out from Independence, that the Santa Fé trail was infested by hostile Indians; but, so far, they have been unmolested. Last night, however, the smoke of numerous camp-fires off in the south-west excited their alarm. A false one, perhaps, since they may have risen from some camp peaceably disposed, moving south to winter quarters. If they had been well guarded or unhampered by these heavy wagons, the dozen irresponsible men of the party might have pushed on at a faster pace to the fort. But with a force of scarce thirty men, picked up by chance at the last moment, discretion was better than fool-hardy haste. Another day will bring them to the river again, if no ill chance befall them, and the setting of another sun to Fort Atchison,—the destination of the larger part of the train. As for the remainder of the wagons, which are to go on,—to Santa Fé, even,—an additional force can be procured at the fort to guard their passage, if necessary.

The wagons creak on heavily as the sun slowly moves down toward its setting and the cold of a November night begins to settle down upon the weary company. Everything like song or story has long since died among them. A muttered oath at the oxen or mules, a muttered complaint disguised in a curse, are the only expressions left, and these grow stronger by condensation as the miles stretch out under their heavy feet. Suddenly, as they gaze with dull eyes upon the distance which tempts with no change from the monotonous landscape about them, a faint puff of dust rises, grows, spreads, rolls into a cloud against the reddening horizon,—a revolving yellow cloud,—from which are presently projected two mounted figures tearing down the trail to meet them. The wagons are hastily drawn into a double line, with the cavalry on either side; but scarcely is this accomplished, when, the cloud having

cleared behind the advancing riders, they discover that their foes—if foes they are—number but these two men. And in a moment more they recognize the black, flying locks, and even the gaudily fringed buckskins of Tony Baird, the half-breed scout, who, with a companion of his own profession, has been out since daylight.

The strain of anxious expectation and the preparations for defense give place to the most heedless curiosity. For only in moments of actual danger is there anything like discipline in the loose-bound company. Every man rushes to the front to hear the news,—the teamsters abandoning their wagons, and even pressing before stout, purple-faced Captain Luttrell, who commands the escort. One of these, whose face shows the delicate coloring, and suggests the texture, of an ox-hide, is the first to address the new-comers. But Dan Cogger is the wagon-master of the train, and has therefore some right to a front place and the first word.

His shoulders, with which he pushes himself through the little crowd gathered about the horsemen, are those of a bison, hidden under a coarse flannel shirt. His long nether limbs are covered by a pair of old buckskins, tanned, one might say, with dust and ashes, and half concealed by long cavalry boots. Drawn down over his stiff, red hair, and almost hiding his sharp, gray eyes, is a cavalry hat, from which all grace of outline departed long since, with full half its rim.

"We're uncommon glad to see ye," says the wagon-master, with a grim smile, as the scouts bring up their ponies with a jerk, throwing each upon its haunches; "but 'pears to me it's hardly wuth while t' kill the beasts an' come tearin' down on us 's though a thousan' devils were arter ye."

The wagon-master is somewhat ashamed of the warlike preparations made to receive the two scouts.

"A thousand devils?" gasps one, out of breath with the race. "Ye may say that. An' if ye put it at two, ye wont be far out o' the way. We followed their trail for a mile or two, till it struck off toward the river, where they're camped most likely by this time, not half a dozen miles from here."

"And the tracks were fresh?" Captain Luttrell takes up the question.

"Not three hours old."

"Some camp, perhaps, moving south," the captain says carelessly, taking his cigar from his lips.

"I'll be — if it was," replies the scout, whose professional acuteness seems called into question by this remark. "We followed 'em up sharp for a mile or two, and there wasn't the scratch of a lodge-pole among 'em."

"How many, did you say?" Captain Luttrell throws away his cigar. It has lost its flavor.

"Five hundred,—a thousand,—ten thousand,—as many as you'll want to see, I reckon; we forgot to count 'em."

And without waiting to be questioned farther, the scout drew the bridle across the neck of his mustang, and rode off among the men.

They were a feeble force of fighting men,—a small company of cavalry, a couple of officers on the way to join their commands, and half a dozen young blades from the states in search of adventure. This was all. The teamsters would count for nothing in case of an attack.

Cogger's sharp features had been working in a remarkable manner during this brief dialogue,—as though he were trying with difficulty to swallow this unwelcome news.

"We must make the best of onpleasant circumstances," he says at last, giving one final contortion to his face. "Ef the durned fools aint left the teams!" he burst out in angry amazement, forgetting that he had been pushed and jostled by these same men for the past five minutes. But he had been in spirit in the midst of that Comanche camp up the river, counting his enemies and balancing the rather uneven chances of the next day. He turned upon the recreant drivers now, with a skillful discharge of ingenious oaths which sent every man to his place, and by restoring the atmosphere ordinarily hanging about the train, revived its fainting courage in a measure.

They must push on. Every mile gained was a fresh hold on life. With this foe between them and the fort, there was everything to fear. Still, by chance or good fortune, they might yet escape their foes, who were perhaps unaware of their approach. If they could but slip by the Indian camp before striking the river again! The darkness, the bend in the trail, would favor the attempt. Or, at the worst, they were not far from help. Dan Cogger, riding at the head of the train, his torn hat pulled down over his restless gray eyes, was already planning in his mind how, when night should have come, to dodge

the Indian camp, gallop to the fort, rout out the "regulars," and return before the approach of the wagons should be discovered by their enemies. They had been fool-hardy to leave Independence with so small a force, but they had waited with the promise of an additional company, which never came, until there was almost as much to fear from drifting snow-storms as from savage foes. More, indeed, since the latter (if true to tradition or precedent) should by this time have moved their camps south of the river,—docked of feathers, and washed free from war-paint. From the weather they had so far suffered nothing. It had been unexceptionally clear, though growing colder day by day, and threatening snow of late; and as for other dangers, they had not so much as met the track of one unshod pony, until the report the scouts brought in to-night. But they had reached the debatable land,—the common hunting-ground of the tribes,—and it would be strange, indeed, if they crossed it without an adventure.

Not a crack from a driver's whip broke upon the still air as the day drew swiftly to its close. Oh! the lagging indifference of the dull-eyed beasts, dragging on the slow-moving wagons, while danger crouched behind every hillock, and life waited for them hardly twenty miles away! At last, one of the oxen staggered,—attempted one more uncertain step, and fell. Before he had struck the ground, the driver had unfastened the chain, and was dragging at the heavy yoke. The great wheels swung slowly to one side, the whole train gave this feeble lurch, and the poor animal was left to his fate. More than one of the others showed signs of giving out, but they pushed on until they had reached the banks of a small creek fringed with willows, flowing at a little distance into the Arkansas River. And here they prepared to encamp for the night.

The great yellow disk of a November sun hangs upon the peak of a distant "divide," as the wagons are drawn into a close circle, within which the animals are coraled. They are guarded and tended with extra care to-night, for they are worth all that a man would give for his life. The men gather the half-consumed branches of the leafless willows, over which the Indian fires have swept, to make a feeble blaze by which they may prepare their supper when the darkness shall have hung a blanket between them and their foes. To send up the smoke of a camp-fire now, or to ring out into the resonant air the stroke of an ax,

would be to bring their enemies upon them at once. Even the harsh voices of the teamsters, and the curses of the men moving among the animals, are so subdued as to lose the emphasis which is all their power. They realize, with Cogger, that it is "by dodgin', not by fightin'," they are to get in this time, if at all.

A young man mounted upon a clean-limbed, broad-flanked bay mare has struck off alone from the camp, while these preparations for the night are being made. The small head of the animal droops wearily as she realizes that her day's work is not yet done. She steps cautiously into the stream beside which the camp is forming, and where a thin film of ice is beginning to gather. Then gaining the other side, and taking heart, perhaps, of necessity, she throws off her weariness with a bound, and stretches into a gallop across the valley, shut in on either side at the distance of half a mile by irregular hills. Under a summer sky, with the grass fresh and matted into a thick carpet, the pale green of the willows lying against the darker color of the hills, and with the water-course gurgling over its shallows, this valley might have a charm of its own. But now, blackened and dreary from fire and approaching night, darkened and chill with coming winter, it holds nothing to attract the eye. The bridle drops upon the neck of the horse as it bears its rider slowly over the broken land leading to the low crest of the hill before them. That gained, the young man unslings a glass from his side, and scans the darkening landscape. Not a cloud breaks the short waving line of the horizon in the west, as the sun drops from the point where it has hung for a moment. With its fall, a flood of gold pours out along the sky. Bold and sharp against it stand out the hills, brought strangely near by the deceptive air. How narrow the earth grows for once! A gallop to the ridge beyond where the horseman is standing, and one might plunge off into space! Bold and sharp, too, rises this mounted figure in its travel-worn cavalry jacket, handsomely braided and frogged. A fine target for an arrow you would be, Captain Robert Elyot, did an Indian chance to hide behind the mound you scan so carelessly! Perhaps he thinks the same. For, gathering the loosened bridle, with a touch of his heel to the side of the animal he is off like an arrow down the slope toward the camp.

Hardly has he gained the level ground,

when some one comes riding slowly to meet him. It would be impossible to tell which wears the most dejected air,—the lop-eared, lop-headed, drooping-tailed animal approaching, whose appearance is a sermon upon the vanity of life and the futility of beastly effort, or the scantily mustachioed young officer astride him.

"Confound the plains!" the latter mutters gloomily, as he joins Captain Elyot. "I tell you, Elyot, a snail would sicken of the pace we have kept up the past three days."

"Your horse seems to be rather the worse for it;" and there is a laugh in the eye of the speaker as he regards the sorry beast the new-comer rides.

"Yes, I know,—broken-winded,—spavined,—blind in one eye, too, I fancy. I'd like to see that dealer again. Lord! I'd like to see anybody out of this infernal region of sand and buffalo-grass. I say, Elyot, is it always like this?"

And he throws a glance of contempt upon their surroundings, which should have stirred the very bosom of the earth.

"Worse,—a thousand times worse!" laughs the other. "If we run through this, we shall be snowed in at the fort in less than a week."

"And then?"

"Oh! we smoke, play cards, hate each other heartily, and hide it,—and you've no idea what an amount of surplus energy a man may work off in that way. Then there'll be five hundred red-devils, more or less, hanging about the fort to beg or steal, unless, as they say, they're out on the war-path. In that case, we may be ordered south on a campaign, with the weather cold enough to freeze the flesh and shiver it off your bones."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the younger man.

"Oh! it's not so bad a life, after all, when you're used to it," the first speaker went on. "There are always ladies at the post, and if we're not sent off, we get up a dance or theatricals, or something to make the time pass."

"And do you like it?" asked the younger man, when they had ridden in silence for a moment.

"Do I like it? Do I like the service?" rejoined the other one, coldly.

"But it is rather hard,—to send a man into this wilderness the first year," stammered Lieutenant Orme.

"That depends. Everything is hard when a man is determined not to be satis-

fied. But you'll keep such sentiments from the major's ears, if you're wise. And you'll be thankful enough, a dozen years hence, that you were sent out here to rough it awhile, rather than to some soft spot in the states, within arm's length of your mother, and with nothing to do but polish your sword and show off your new uniform."

"My mother!" repeated the boy,—for he was hardly more,—"I wish I could see her!" And he turned away his head.

"I wish you could," said the other, with good-natured roughness. "I never had a mother or a sister whom I could remember," he added, in a softer tone. "But I tell you, Orme, this won't do, you know. You can't take such a face as that into Atchison. It's hard enough for a man to hold his own there without hanging out such a signal as you're carrying. We ought to strike the fort by sunset to-morrow," he added. "That is, if we get in at all."

But, though he said this under his breath, the young lieutenant caught the words.

"What do you mean?"

"You heard the report the scouts brought in?"

"No; I was asleep in one of the wagons the last hour or two before we halted."

"—That there are from five hundred to a thousand red-skins between us and Atchison?"

"And you think they'll come down on us?"

The lieutenant's eye had lost its dullness. The peevish tone had left his voice as he put the question excitedly.

Captain Elyot regarded him oddly for a moment.

"You'll do," he said, with a laugh; "though I began to think I had a molly-coddle on my hands. Think we shall see 'em? Why, man, they're not five miles away. See here;" and wheeling his horse sharply, he struck back upon the way they had just come over, followed by his companion as fast as his forlorn beast could carry him.

As they approached the crest of the hill where he had stood a few moments before, Captain Elyot dismounted, and leaving his horse, made the ascent on foot. He even dropped to the ground before gaining the summit, with a caution he would have scorned had he been alone. But "The boy may as well learn to take care of himself," thought this young mentor.

The grayness of night was beginning to gather. The swelling land behind them was already indistinct in outline, as the two young men lay side by side upon the coarse scorched grass, while the elder pointed away toward the south-west, where the glare of sunset still lit up the sky. Like mighty steps the hills rose to meet it, the last seeming hardly a mile away. A faint gray cloud lay against the flame-colored sky,—a fixed base, hardly perceptible, moored it to the earth.

"Smoke, by thunder!" And the younger man sprang to his knees.

"Lie low!" said Captain Elyot, sharply, pulling him to the ground again. "Yes, it is a camp-fire," he added, reflectively. "I almost fancied I was mistaken when I had ridden away from it. And we shall have them down upon us to-morrow, unless they have heard nothing of our coming, and have other game in hand, which I very much doubt. But, come,—it's time we were on the move again;" and he began the descent.

"See here, Elyot," said Lieutenant Orme, as they were mounting the beasts, that were too weary to stray far from the spot where they had been left. "I hope you don't think, because I grumbled just now, that I should show the white feather if —"

"Nonsense, man!" said the other, quickly, springing into the saddle with an agility one would hardly have expected from a frame by no means light. "But when you have been in what you call this 'wilderness' as long as I, you'll learn that there are worse fates than crawling over a tolerable road with plenty to eat,—such as it is,—a clear sky overhead, and the prospect of keeping your scalp for twenty-four hours, at least. But come on, or Luttrell will fancy we've fallen into a trap already;" and, spurring their jaded horses, they soon gained the camp.

"Ye'll be bringin' the varmints down on us, with yer keardless ways," growled Cogger, as they came up. "Thar an't no sense in temptin' the devil! Hev ye seen anything like a camp-fire off thar?" jerking his head to the southward.

Leaving the lieutenant to tell his own story, Captain Elyot strolled away to a more quiet part of the camp, to reflect, perhaps, by himself, upon the probable events of the next day, as foreshadowed by that little cloud of smoke. He wrapped the cape of the coat he had taken from the saddle about his head—for the air had turned chill as

winter—and threw himself down by one of the deserted wagons.

Here and there, outside the dim circle of ghostly wagons, burned low fires, about which preparations for the evening meal were going on. Overhead the stars grew brighter and brighter, as the darkness shut them in, while above the sound of wrangling voices and the trampling of uneasy hoofs rose louder and yet more loud, the howl of the gray wolf, and the sharp bark of the coyote.

It would be strange, indeed, if, in such a scene, and with the assurance of an enemy so near, unpleasant visions did not dodge the waking thoughts of a man, even though he were, like this one, young, handsome, and heir to a fine property; since half the pangs we suffer are from possibilities. He had seen enough of this kind of warfare to know that if attacked by a foe of half the number the scout had reported, they could hardly hope to hold out long enough to fight the whole ground over between this and Fort Atchison. At such a time, youth, good looks, or worldly prospects count for little. Life stretches out wide, and green, and beautiful when one's eyes seem likely to be forced to close upon it. Personal beauty was a snare to which he had given little thought; and wealth, even, though already in his hand, could do nothing for him here.

That barest of all comforting reflections was his: If the worst came, there was no one to grieve for him. He was alone in the world. Old Uncle Jeremy, his nearest of kin, away off in an eastern city, who had quarreled with and finally buried all his own children, would hardly weep for his nephew and heir, since he already regarded with a kind of jealousy the man who was some day to enjoy what he was by no means willing to give up. Ah! if money could be changed into a spiritual medium, there would be few legacies left to the world! But since that could not be, in case he was taken off, this wealth, which, it must be avowed, Captain Elyot had looked forward to spending after a way of his own, would go—the Lord knew where! For Uncle Jeremy was neither pious nor charitable.

He had fallen into as low a state of mind as it is possible for a young fellow without a particle of sentiment to descend to; when something occurred which swept the whole dismal reverie away in an instant.

CHAPTER III.

"YOU GAVE MY LITTLE GAL A PRECIOUS SCARE."

A MOVEMENT in the wagon above him made him raise his head. Every sound might have a double meaning now. Then—no; yes, it *was* the pretty, neatly dressed foot of a woman being pushed timidly down from the wagon. It found a resting-place, and another followed, the skirt of a gown, gray in the dim light, came within the range of his vision, and at last, with a spring from the precarious perch where it had rested for an instant, the figure of a girl came lightly to the ground.

She was young,—the faint outline against the darkening sky told that. She was a lady he knew from her step, as she came cautiously over the rough grass, her dress brushing his foot. But who was she and where had she been hidden so long? To spring up was his first impulse; but this would doubtless alarm her. No; it would be better to steal quietly away when she had passed on,—which he soon saw she had no intention of doing. He rose noiselessly. Screened by the wagons, she watched the dark figures moving in and out of the light from the dim camp-fires as the preparations for supper went on. It was a childish curiosity, for she did not seem to search for any one. A little shawl hung loosely over her shoulders. She threw it over her head, and, growing bold, stepped out a few paces from the wagons, with the gesture of a truant, ready to fly back at the slightest alarm. The young man laughed to himself at the caution with which she kept her eyes upon the men around the fires, with no thought of danger in the rear. He intended to slip away, unperceived. But he delayed a moment too long. Some unconscious movement betrayed him to this girl, watchful as a hound. She turned in affright, and he met a pair of soft, wide-opened eyes shining through the twilight, and a repressed exclamation of terror, as she sprang back toward the wagon, where she stood, panting and at bay.

"Please go away!" said a low voice, which fright made to vibrate.

Captain Elyot removed his hat; but it was not in human nature to go. Not in strong, young, curious human nature, at least.

"I am afraid I startled you," he said, respectfully. "I beg your pardon, but —"

"Oh, please go away!"

The girl was glancing from side to side,

as though in doubt which way to fly. To scale the wagon in the face of the enemy was not to be thought of.

"Certainly, madam. I only desired to apologize. I trust you will believe I had no thought of playing the spy."

His words were severely proper; his air—as he took one step backward in proof of sincerity—was almost abject in its humility. The girl regarded him doubtfully. She held her gown with both hands, in the very attitude of escape.

"Oh, no,—no! I am sure you had not!" she said, hurriedly,—perhaps with an idea of conciliation, since her timid dismissal had not taken effect. "But if you would go away!"

There was hardly the thickness of a cobweb between the quavering voice and tears.

"I believe she is afraid of me!" exclaimed the young man, in blank, blundering astonishment, and thereupon took himself off, without another word.

He had skirted half the circle of the camp before it occurred to him to cover his head with the cavalry hat he still carried in his hand. Who was she? And why was she here? And, above all, how had her presence been concealed for so long a time? He ran over the train in his mind. There was the party from the states traveling in an old stage-coach; but he set that aside at once. Then there were the wagons belonging to the sutler at Fort Atchison, and the others going to points farther on. In the darkness, and deserted as they were by their drivers, he could not tell from which of these the girl had descended. But he resolved to have an eye upon that part of the train when the command to "catch up" should come the next morning. Then he went off in search of Lieutenant Orme and supper. After which, the incident passed from his mind, as he joined the informal council gathered to talk over the chances of the morrow.

"It's no use deceivin' yerselves," Cogger was saying, as he came up to the group gathered in a circle about the ashes of what had been at best but the suggestion of a camp-fire. "The rascals'll scent us out before we've been an hour on the trail, ef they aint a'ready. Lord knows, I aint no feller-ship with fitin' when I kin run. But it's ag'in natur' to expect them oxen to do much toward streakin' it to a place o' safety, let alone the wagons."

The speaker paused after thus stating the case, and drawing his blanket a little more closely about his shoulders, proceeded to

puff away seriously at his pipe. A desultory discussion followed his words. But this he interrupted after a moment.

"I wouldn't give much for our har, sech as 'tis," he said, in a cheerful spirit of prophecy, "ef they come down on us; unless the major kin send some o' them lazy fellers at the fort t' give us a h'ist."

"If we had twenty-five more men, I'd defy any number of 'em," said Captain Luttrell, boldly.

"Ef ye had!" Cogger repeats dryly, blowing a cloud of smoke from his nostrils.

"I wish to the Lord we'd never started," mutters one of the young men from civilization.

"I reckon ye do," says Cogger, complacently. "I don't expect to enjoy it much, myself. But thar'll be a struggle for't before they git my skelp among 'em. Ef some o' you boys who aint good fur nuthin else 'ud try for the fort now, ye'd get in, most likely, under kiver o' the dark, and could rout out the reg'lars afore we're clean done for. Ye've got to do somethin' for yerselves," he added when no response came from the party to whom this was addressed. "They du say that Providence takes keer o' them as can't look out for themselves; but I reckon 'taint in the Injun country."

"Why shouldn't we all try for the fort, when the night has fairly set in?" says the penitent adventurer who had spoken before. "There are horses enough, and the scouts know the country."

"An' leave the teams?" The pipe almost fell from Cogger's mouth with his gasp of utter astonishment. "'Taint what I've come for, young man, t' save my skin. I could 'a' done that a durned sight easier by stayin' in the states. I kalkerlate t' git these wagons through or lay my bones beside 'em."

"Is there any one who will try for the fort?" Captain Luttrell asks, breaking in impatiently. "There's no use in wasting our time in this way. If any one goes, he ought to be off in an hour. The moon'll be up soon after midnight."

"I will," says Tony Baird. Captain Elyot rose to his feet: "And I." "And I," said Lieutenant Orme, springing from his place. "Let me go with you, Elyot," he added eagerly, in a lower tone.

"'Taint no use," Cogger broke in. "Two's enough. Ye'll be more likely t' git through."

"I believe it is so," said Captain Luttrell. "We shall have to excuse you this time, Lieutenant; and, indeed, we must not weaken our force here more than is necessary."

"We may as well git what sleep we kin," says Cogger, rolling himself up in his blanket when Captain Luttrell had disappeared to write a dispatch for the major commanding at Fort Atchison. "We'll have to stretch out a couple of hours arter midnight. Thar aint no sense in lyin' round an' just waitin' to be swallered up. It kind o' keeps up a man's courage to be movin' on, especially a man who aint no more gift at fitin' than I hev." For Cogger parades his cowardice ostentatiously, though everybody knows that there is not a more fearless man upon the plains.

A short, broad figure under a regulation cap had been moving about upon the edge of the group during this conversation. The man advanced to Captain Elyot now, and, touching his cap, said:

"A word with ye, Cap'n."

"Is that you, Stubbs?" For it was the sutler from Fort Atchison. "Speak quick, man. I've no time to spare."

But the sutler, by a mysterious motion of the head, drew the young man away from the others. Even in the dim light of the stars one might see that Stubbs had given particular attention to his personal appearance,—a fact so noticeable by daylight as to draw upon him many a jest. The dust, which had covered them all day after day, was carefully removed from his garments, his mild, broad face was closely shaven, and even his linen did not look neglected. But all this, it may be imagined, Captain Elyot did not notice now. There was a nervous, anxious manner about the sutler, much more apparent than any peculiarity of dress. Nor was it strange, since a small fortune had been invested in the wagons he was pushing on to the fort. The chance of losing this, to say nothing of personal danger, might well alarm him.

"Well," said Captain Elyot, when they had gained a spot quite beyond the hearing of the others, and still the sutler hesitated; "whatever it is, Stubbs, speak out. You forget that I have to be off in half an hour. Have the horses stampeded, or a spy crept into camp, or —"

"No; but — you gave my little gal a precious scare!" said the man at last.

His little girl! The words were an enigma to the young man. He almost thought anxiety had given Stubbs's dull brain a turn. Then the scene of an hour before came back to him. His little girl! Could this be Stubbs's daughter? Various traditions, rumors, and authenticated stories began to gather and concentrate in his mind.

He had not sat by Stubbs's fire of evenings for six months past without hearing of Blossom's beauty, her learning (somewhat exaggerated, it must be owned) and her pretty ways. Though, to do Stubbs justice, he had seldom referred to her except indirectly, or by a pathetic sigh over her absence. It was Mrs. Stubbs who, with certain possibilities in her mind, had taken every opportunity to expatiate upon Blossom's charms. Some red-cheeked amazon, after the type of the mother, Captain Elyot had fancied her to be, or some moon-faced damsel—a sketch in chalk of Stubbs—whose good-nature would be equaled only by her stupidity. But this pretty little creature, with her frightened eyes and the unconscious grace that bespoke her a lady—this, Stubbs's daughter!

"I reckon it was a s'prise to ye," said Stubbs, with a touch of pride in his voice. "Ye see, I'm fetchin' her home. At least," he added, and all his former anxiety seemed to return and weigh down his words till they were almost too heavy to be uttered, "that's what I've started fur."

"But how have you managed to hide her all this time? And good Lord, man!"—as a thought of the morrow rose in his mind—"what are you going to do with her now?"

The young man had forgotten his haste to be gone. He could think of nothing but the dreadful fright and worse fate to which the poor girl might be exposed on the morrow—the girl who had trembled at sight of him!

"What *will* you do with her?" he asked sharply. The man was a fool to bring his daughter into such danger.

"That's what I wanted to ask ye," said poor Stubbs, abjectly. "I know I ought never to 'ave brought her. She aint like her mother."

"I should think not!" A vision of Mrs. Stubbs, with her soldierly figure and fearless face crossed the young man's mind.

"I ought to have sold out and —"

"But it's too late for that," said the young man, impatiently. And the poor girl had no one to depend upon but this stupid fellow (whom he had found tolerably companionable before now)! Some wild scheme of freeing himself from his offer to ride to the fort tempted Captain Elyot. And yet he could not do it in honor. No; he must go. But he would say a word to Orme, or even speak to Luttrell. Stubbs was not to be trusted with such a charge. He forgot that the girl was Stubbs's own daughter.

"You're going to try for the fort?" Stubbs broke in upon his reverie timidly.

"Yes."

"Don't ye think, Cap'n"—the man's voice trembled over the words,—“don't ye believe ye could take the little gal along?”

"Good Lord, Stubbs! it isn't possible."

"She could ride with the best of ye. I learned her myself," Stubbs said eagerly.

"But we may never reach the fort."

"There's no reason why ye shouldn't. It's the wagons the devils are arter. If ye had a fresh horse, now—I wouldn't look at your money yesterday for Black Jess, I'd half promised her to Luttrell at a higher figger, but she's yours an' nothin' to pay."

"Keep your bribes for those who want them. A man don't take pay for a service like that," said Captain Elyot, proudly. "And it's out of the question, Stubbs. It can't be done."

He was moving off when the sutler seized him by the arm.

"You aint got no wife nor children, but you must have a heart in ye somewhere to feel for them as has. Why, I've seen ye carry a wounded dog in yer arms, an' wouldn't ye do as much for one o' God's human creeturs? Oh ye don't know what it is to have the little gal hangin' on ter yer heart day an' night, till ye couldn't git no rest for thinkin' of her. Sech a soft, frightsome little thing! Scared of her shadder! An' to think——" and the man covered his face with his hands.

"Yes, I know," Captain Elyot said, hesitatingly, "but Captain Luttrell would never consent; so much depends upon our getting in."

"He'd never say no to you; an' there aint a man among 'em but 'ud be sorry to know thar was a woman in camp if the Injuns come down on us to-morrow. Offer him what ye will, Cap'n. He aint afraid o' the touch o' gold. 'Twont blister his hand. Tell him he never should repent it as long as he lived. There are some favors a man don't forget in a hurry."

"But the scout?"

"Tony? He'd sell his soul for a silver dollar. It's a pity if he wouldn't do a feller-creeter a good turn for a dozen gold ones."

"Well, well," said Captain Elyot, reluctantly, "I'll do what I can for you, Stubbs. This is no place for a woman. Anyway, I'll speak to Luttrell."

"Then you'll do it? You'll run the little gal into the fort?"

"I'll do what I can; God knows there's no place for her here." Already he was assuming responsibility over this girl with whom he had not exchanged a dozen words.

But Stubbs was wringing his hand in a passion of gratitude.

"God bless ye! God bless ye! I knew ye would. It'll be made up to ye, though ye wont take the horse; an' I don't care what comes now, if the child'll only get to her mother. I shan't never see the fort myself, but——"

"Nonsense, man, what are you talking about?"

"It's been a weighin' me down," Stubbs replied, gloomily,—“down an' down—till the spirit's clean gone out o' me. One stroke more'd do it, an' I reckon I'll git that to-morrow."

"You're low-spirited from worrying over this matter," said Captain Elyot, cheerfully.

"You'll cheer up by daylight. But suppose you try for the fort yourself, you might go in my place—I'll speak to Luttrell about it."

But Stubbs shook his head.

"I aint never yet left the teams; an' I'll stand by 'em to the last."

"Then I must be off. I'll see Captain Luttrell at once. I reckon I can bring him round, so you may as well prepare your daughter. Don't frighten her—or has she heard?"

"She don't so much as know there's an Injun within a hundred miles."

"So much the better. Bring her here in half an hour, and mind you don't keep us waiting. I hope you can mount her, for I haven't a spare animal. The mare I rode to-day is quite used up."

"Never you fear about a horse for Blossom, I'll see to that. Jest you make it right with the Cap'n an' the rest of 'em; and don't stand for the price."

"I'll try; a man can't promise more."

They separated hastily; Stubbs to go and prepare Blossom for her night ride, and Captain Elyot to conciliate the commanding officer and the scout.

"What the—— is his daughter here for?" said Captain Luttrell, angrily. "But I suppose you may as well take her," for Captain Elyot had dropped a careless word or two of Stubbs's anxiety, and hinted at a debt of gratitude,—which nobody was so well able to pay as the sutler. "I hope he wont forget it if we ever get in,—that's all," grumbled the captain, folding up the dispatch he had been writing on his knee. "He put

a devilish price on that mare of his yesterday; I don't care if you tell him so."

The chink of gold proved sweetly persuasive to the scout. Words were unnecessary. There remained only Cogger to be conciliated, and him Captain Elyot met close to the appointed rendezvous.

"I s'pose the cap'n's given ye his orders," said the wagon-master, coming to a halt.

He had not been able to act upon the advice bestowed so lavishly upon the others to catch what rest might be had between now and midnight.

"Yes, I have the dispatches here;" and Captain Elyot laid his hand upon his breast. "But I was looking for you. Do you know, Cogger, there's a woman in the train?"

This was no time to choose his words, or to break more gently the subject on his mind.

"Now, if them blasted ——"

"It's only Stubbs's daughter, and he is taking her home to her mother."

"Ye don't say! Wharever's he kep' her?"

"I don't know; in one of the wagons, probably. But he wants us to take her into the fort to-night. Captain Luttrell does not object, if we are willing to make the attempt. This'll be no place for a woman if the Indians attack us."

Cogger would have whistled, but caution checked him in the act.

"Twas a kind o' mean trick in Stubbs," he said, thoughtfully, after a moment of silence. "We didn't kalkerlate to take no glass-ware this trip. We didn't pervide for't. An' he knew it. I reckon he can take keer o' his own darter," he added, with the air of a man who washes his hands of the whole affair.

"Tony thinks we can do it," said Captain Elyot, quietly, "and Luttrell has consented."

"He don't think so for nothin'. I take it, 'taint pure love o' God in either of 'em. Not that I've anything to say ag'in you, Captain Elyot. But why didn't Stubbs come to me with his darter square-like, before we left Independence? I'd 'a' said to him, 'Keep the gal t' the states for the present. 'Taint no time t' be teamin' wimmin folks over

the trail, nigh on ter winter as 'tis, an' with sech a fearsome sperit for Injuns as I be.'"

"But the girl is here."

"Wall, wall, 'taint nuthin t' me. But I wouldn't 'a' thought it o' Stubbs. Him an me's been pardners for years. But ye'll strike a crooked trail in most men, an' where ye aint lookin' for't; an' ten chances t' one it'll be on account of a woman." He was moving away, but he turned back to add: "Ef ye hold t' the same mind, ye'd better shet Tony Baird's mouth, an' creep out o' camp kind o' unbeknownst t' the rest; an' it's time ye were off."

"I gave Stubbs half an hour to meet us here. It's hardly up yet. And I cautioned Tony to say nothing about the affair to any one. Here he is now," he went on, as the scout came up through the darkness from the corral, leading his horse. A servant followed with Captain Elyot's, and behind them appeared a third, leading Black Jess, which Captain Luttrell had coveted at the sutler's hands. A woman's saddle was fitted to her back. Stubbs had perhaps foreseen an emergency like this, and provided for it.

"I was ordered to bring her here," said the man who held the bridle.

Captain Elyot recognized him as one of Stubbs's teamsters,—a man regularly employed about the fort.

"But are you sure she is safe?"

"As gentle as a lamb, sir; and it wont be the first time Miss Blossom's rode her, either, or since we left the states," he added, in a still lower tone, and with a quiet chuckle. "Jess knows her,—don't ye, Jess?" And he stroked the face of the beautiful animal, who rubbed her forehead against his arm with a whinny which seemed in response to his words.

Night had settled lower and lower upon the camp; beyond the darker shadows of the circling wagons and the still forms of the men near at hand, nothing could be discerned. The sentinels, chilled by the keen air, huddled in pairs close to the ground, wrapped in their blankets, open-eyed, at-tent, but silent as sphinxes. The time had come for the party to set out for the fort. They waited only for Blossom.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DEIRDRE."

Inscribed to Oliver Wendell Holmes.

A CALL from mountain-tops and waving pines,
 The Muse's wakening voice, my heart inclines
 To sing to you a song that must be sung,
 Sweet Horace of our modern land and tongue,
 Who paintest mankind's thoughts as they arise,
 With kindly pencil dipped in rainbow dyes;
 Whose genial verse this glad conclusion shows:
 The sum of human joys outweighs the woes!

My soul, like Israel's prophet, shuns to praise
 The Ignis Fatui of our later days,
 Whose lanterns lead me but to vague abysses
 Of proverbs, problems, sound, and syllogisms,—
 Writers who, in strange medleys proving nought,
 With tiresome reasonings split the hair of thought;
 Who all their mental faculties apply
 To analyze the motive of a fly;
 Who, if a poplar leaf they trembling find,
 Give doleful disquisitions on the wind;
 Or, if the cat within the dairy sips
 The luscious cream until she smacks her lips,
 Or some wild urchin steal a worthless pin,
 Pour forth about the origin of sin
 Dim floods of thought on Destiny and Will—
 All stolen from Whately, Spencer, Kant, and Mill!

Tom Jones disports himself through Fielding's pages
 To show the natural man to future ages;
 The characters in Peregrinus Pickle
 All teach us wisdom, while our sides they tickle;
 They argue not from what their acts ensue,
 But tell us what they are from what they do.
 In Shakspeare's verse each form and shade of life
 Is told by common acts of peace or strife:
 Macbeth, the regicide, by Duncan's death,
 Of false ambition lives the length and breadth;
 Hamlet, the soul by reckless fancy led,
 Paints more by what he did than what he said;
 And sweet Ophelia with madness strove
 By suffering to show the power of love,
 And showed it better, as in death she lay,
 Than all the sham philosophers can say!

Wise Homer tells us not the final source
 Of thought that made Ulysses build the Horse;
 Enough 'twas built, and we behold the man
 Who first conceived and made the wondrous plan.
 And so with all the mighty ones who run
 Through ancient story; from Anchises' son,
 Pelides, Hector, Agamemnon proud,
 Ajax the Moon-mad,—all the valiant crowd
 Who shook their banners round the walls of Troy,
 To him who lived men's torments to destroy—
 The kind Herakles—unto him who stole
 The spark from heaven that fired the foetal soul;
 The wise old poets, with keen logic, sought
 To tell us from their actions what they thought.

Give me my logic, then—if I must drink
The golden draught—from minds that clearly think,
And write their thoughts in proper, technic way,
That shows me the pure gist of what they say.
But give me no inversions,—give me not
For weary hours to wade some dreadful plot,
At first philosophy, at last a novel,
Where Hodge speaks bastard logic in his hovel,
And all the characters are of one school,
With syllogistic cant the only rule!

Or, if with poesy my mind I feed,
Give me the pipings of the grand old reed
That great ones kissed, and blew in strains that ran
With heavenly solace through the mind of man.
Give me the fond, the gay "Arabian Nights,"
With all their treasures and their dear delights;
With Grimm and Andersen to range the shore
Of pristine legend and enchanted lore;
Or with Cervantes' knight to feel the thwack
Of rustic cudgels on my noble back,
To slay chimeras, with love's subtlest art
To woo and conquer fair Dulcinea's heart,
Or charge the wind-mills, and half dead to lie,
With Sancho Panza and his proverbs by!
Give me the thought direct, that brightly runs
O'er interstellar spaces, planets, suns,
Through earth's hard crust and hell's Tartarean main,
From Milton's and from Dante's wondrous brain!
Give me with Homer through the battle wind,
With all my shouting myrmidons behind,
To urge the snorting steeds, and break the wood
Of Trojan lances by Scamander's flood;
Or, with bright Tasso, on the sounding plain
To couch the spear, and breast the arrows' rain
From walls of high Jerusalem, and show
My knightly prowess 'gainst the Paynim foe;
Or, with sweet Spenser, travel dales and woods
To look on nature in her different moods,
To stray with Una through enchanted groves,
And kiss the flower of innocence she loves,
To conquer dragons with the Red Cross Knight,
With Calidore behold the Graces bright,
Or lay the iron flail of Talus strong
On the proud backs of Ignorance and Wrong!
Or, if to verse at home my soul incline,
Give me the polished thoughts that nobly shine
Like pearls of price, or threads of virgin gold,
Through silken pages, where the tale is told
Of that weird Stethoscope, wherein the flies
The doctors stunned with their deceiving cries,
And with the Deacon let me ride away
Through summer woods, upon the One Hoss Shay,
Talk with the Autocrat, and hear the Poet,
And drink life's subtlest charm, and scarcely know it!
Or give me him, high culture's noble son,
The Scholar and the Poet both in one,
Whose verse of varied movement falls and swells

In melody like his cathedral bells :
 Now full and grandly calm, now soft and tender,
 Sparkling with wit, and bright with passion's splendor.
 With him down Fancy's river let me sail,
 And, with Sir Launfal, find the Holy Grail,
 Or set myself some merry hours to spend
 With quaint Hosea Biglow for my friend,
 Or by the kitchen fire to sit in clover,
 And do the blessed Courtin' ten times over!

Or give me him who called the armèd dead—
 The Skeleton—from out his narrow bed
 By Newport Tower; with him the blasts I'll brave,
 And tell mad stories of the Norland wave
 In the King's hall, and there, to test my truth,
 Hold up in Alfred's face the Walrus Tooth!
 I'll seek, with Hiawatha, the bright West,
 The infinite Green Prairies of the Blest,
 I'll wander by Atlantic's coast, and see
 The lovely meadows of sweet Acadie;
 In the warm forge with Gabriel blithely sing,
 The bellows blow, and make the anvil ring,
 See fair Evangeline in coif and tassel,
 And smoke a pipe with Benedict and Basil!

Or let me look on Death with him whose gaze
 Found philosophic lore in youthful days
 'Neath the grim ribs, with many a thought to bless
 And soothe the human heart in its distress.
 Or place my hand in his, and let me go
 To sylvan places where sweet waters flow,
 And sit me down beside some crystal stream,
 And list to sounds like music in a dream—
 The wood's dim stirrings, voice of all wild things,
 The murmur of innumerable wings,
 The song of birds, the wave, the zephyr's fan,
 And in all blended hear the pipe of Pan!

Or I will wander out 'neath summer skies,
 With Concord's sage to look in Nature's eyes,
 And find therein new hopes for future years,
 The while she whispers in our listening ears
 Weird sentences and sibylline decrees
 From cave and bank of flowers, rock, fern, and trees,
 And brook that, singing, through the greenwood travels,
 Whose meanings he—her Priest—alone unravels!

Or, snow-bound, let me, lingering, cheer the mind
 In happy converse with companions kind,
 And with them watch the pearly wonders gleam
 O'er forest, plain, rough glen and gelid stream,
 Or frosty magic on the panes assume
 New forms of light, transcending summer's bloom.
 And, if I had them not, then let me ride
 With Skipper Ireson, feathered, tarred, and dyed,
 Through Marblehead, with rope-coils round my wrists,
 And hear the yells, and feel the fishwives' fists
 Till I repent me, and roll back the wain
 Of truant thought to nature's joys again!

A RAILROAD IN THE CLOUDS.



ENGINEER CROSSING THE CHASM OVER THE RIMAC.

It somewhat surprises the American tourist in Peru that no detailed description has appeared in the United States of the great railway over the Andes, especially as it has been the work of an American. The writer of this account, therefore, takes peculiar pleasure in introducing the journey to the readers of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, in the hope, not only of imparting to others something of the novel enjoyment he himself experienced in it; but also of presenting some of the most remarkable difficulties and

impressive features of this truly Cyclopean undertaking.

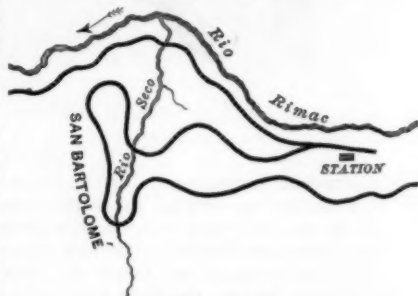
A visit to Peru rewards the traveler with an extensive field of study and pleasure, in the beauty and grandeur of its scenery, the variety of its climates and productions, the romance of its history, and in the archaeological remains that represent its very ancient civilization. When to these attractions is added one of the essential elements of modern progress,—easy railroad communication in its highest development,—it be-

comes, for this our western world, a land of unequaled interest. The surface of the country is itself characterized by great variety. A strip of sandy waste, traversed by streams and fertile valleys, extends from the Pacific Ocean to the mountains that form a double barrier between the coast and the Montaña. This barrier, called the Sierra, consists of two ranges, the Western, or Maritime Cordillera, and the Andes, or Eastern Cordillera. Between them are transverse branches, luxuriant tropical valleys, lofty plateaus, and table-lands of great extent where the Sierra widens out, as it does about Lake Titicaca. The Montaña comprises two-thirds of the Peruvian territory, and is a tropical region teeming with animal and vegetable life, lying wholly in the basin of the Amazon. The line of the Calláo, Lima and Oroya Railroad stretches across the coast, and a greater portion of the Sierra. It starts, as its name specifies, from the very shores of the Pacific, at Calláo, the port of Lima, and the chief entrepôt of Peru. It follows the valley of the Rimac, upon a continuously ascending grade, to the source of that stream, and crosses the summit of the Andes through a tunnel—the Galera—at a height of 15,645 feet above the level of the sea. Thence, striking the head-waters of the Rio Yauli, one of the feeders of the Amazon, it descends along its valley to Oroya, where terminates the first part of the great road by which it has been proposed to connect the waters of the Pacific Ocean and the Amazon River, notwithstanding the formidable obstacles that intervene.

We take the train at Lima for our long-anticipated and deeply interesting journey, and, following the left bank of the Rimac, find ourselves traveling through a valley that averages about three miles in width, until we reach Chosica, where the converging lines of the Cordillera compress it to a width of little more than 1000 feet. Owing to the admirable system of irrigation long practiced in Peru, the land is remarkably fertile, and produces fruits and cereals in such abundance as to surprise the traveler, since the region is subject to frequent volcanic disturbance. The road follows the center of the valley, amid fields green with corn, and sugar-cane, and the nutritious lucern or alfalfa—a species of clover extensively and profitably cultivated. Between Lima and Chosica very little difficulty was experienced in the construction of the road, the principal requirement being a conformity to the gradual rise of the valley, which was accomplished by

the adoption of a parallel grade, amounting in some cases to two and a half per cent., or 125 feet to the mile. We are told that Chosica is the most interesting place in the neighborhood of Lima for archaeological researches; but the train allows no time for investigation, and we soon exchange the pastoral and picturesque valley for the barren and precipitous mountain-pass. Green fields are left behind, and the thorny cactus already begins to dot the sides of the declivities. The track takes the tortuous course of the Rimac, on whose edge we pursue a darkening defile. Here the four per cent. grade begins, and with it regular up-hill work.

As we pass the village of San Pedro de Mama, roofless adobe huts and catacombs in the sides of volcanic ridges are the only remains of a once thriving population. The narrow valley of Eulalia then branches to the left, flanked by lofty natural walls, and open only to a vertical sun, and yet it supplies the market of Lima with almost every variety of tropical fruit. About this point, the road passes through "the Italian cut," named for seventeen wandering Romans, all of whom died in the process of its construction. Five or six miles beyond Chosica we cross the first of the iron bridges—Cupiche—that span the gorge, and we follow the curvatures of the river at a grade of four per cent., or 211 feet per mile. The road conforms with persistent regularity to the contour of the mountains, crossing and recrossing the Rimac, and passing in its course a heavy deposit of gravelly talc, extensively used in paving the streets of Lima. Thence the valley widens to Cochacra, displaying miniature fields of corn and alfalfa, and gladdening the eyes with



Scale, 1 to 40,000.

an oasis in the midst of this rocky fastness,—until converging mountains shadow the valley, hem in the impetuous river, to recede again and encircle a bit of verdure, where the Seco, a mountain stream, empties into

the Rimac. Looking forward from this point, the course of the road can be distinctly traced, winding along the right declivities of the ravine, until it approaches tunnel No. 1, discernible four and a half miles off, at a height of 600 feet above the valley, as a little dark spot. Seen from such a distance, a train of cars appears like a great serpent gliding along the face of rocks that are piled one upon another to the very sum-

tolomé, whence a vista opens into scenery somewhat Alpine in its character. Yet the road still clings to the rugged sides of the towering ridges, passes through two tunnels, and crosses a deep mountain gorge on the famous Verrugas viaduct. This structure is a very elegant and artistic specimen of iron-work. It is of the Fink type of truss—575 feet in length, supported upon three piers of wrought-iron columns



VIEW IN LIMA FROM PLAZA MAYOR.

mit of vanishing heights. The next station, San Bartolomé, thirty-nine miles from Lima, is 4,910 feet above the sea—an unparalleled ascent for that distance.

Here occurs the first of the retrograde developments rendered necessary by the increasing rise in the valley. The line takes the form of a V as shown in the diagram, and receding upon an ascending grade reaches the elevated plateau where stagnates the forbidding-looking village of San Bartolomé. Thence crossing and recrossing the Seco, it makes two complete detours and ascends on the opposite side, past a point overlooking the station of San Bar-

tolomé, respectively, 145, 252, and 189 feet in height. It is the highest bridge in the world. And although at a distance it appears too delicate for the practical work of a railroad, it has been found on being subjected to the severest tests, capable of bearing the heaviest weight without any sensible vibration. At the base of the central pier are huge pits, which treasure-seekers have vainly excavated in the hope of finding the buried riches of the Incas, concealed, as it was supposed, from the rapacity of their Spanish conquerors.

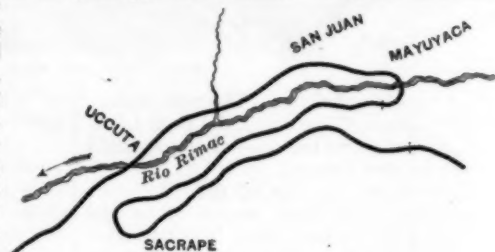
Leaving this fairy-like viaduct behind us, the road pierces two projecting bluffs by



SAN BARTOLOMÉ STATION.

tunnels Nos. 3 and 4. The former is approached by a cut in the upper side, about 400 feet in height, against the face of a precipice (Cuesta Blanca) that rises 1,000 feet in the air. Along this entire portion of the route, the rails wind through a great labyrinth of detached rocks and boulders, apparently so delicately poised that the most trifling convulsion might at any moment precipitate them into the valley below. Nevertheless, the road pursues its course through deep cuts, in spite of all obstacles, shaping itself to the outline of the mountains, and ascending with unflinching steadiness from height to height, at a grade of 210 feet per mile. At and above Surco, the valley occasionally expands into little ovals of bottomland that afford space for the cultivation of a diminutive field or an occasional flower, sadly solitary in this volcanic region. A mile further on we cross the Rimac by the Uccuta bridge, from which there is a view of tunnels Nos. 5, 6, and 7. The last two are perched directly above No. 5, and appear like dark drifts or open-

ings in a coal mine. Higher up the valley, beyond the third tunnel, may be seen the delicate outline of the Challapa bridge, spanning a deep chasm as if suspended in mid-air. All these interesting points are speedily reached by two complete detours. The first crosses the river by the Mayuyaca bridge, and describes an entire semicircle



Scale, 1 to 40,000.

upon a 14° curve of 376 feet radius; thence passing southward for about a mile to Sacrape. Here the second detour returns the line on its course to the two tunnels which we previously saw from below; and when it emerges from them, it pushes on,

crossing Challapa Gorge on a beautiful bridge, 160 feet high, which a short time before had appeared to us as an aerial structure.

Thence we wind along the hills to Matucana, an important station thirty-five miles from Lima, and 7,788 feet above the level of Callao Bay. The Cordilleras tower above the primitive little town, to the height of from 3,000 to 4,000 feet. It shelters, it is

are exclusively of the Indian type, peculiar to this part of South America, and are by no means an attractive race. In person, they are short and stout, and have a very sinister expression of countenance. They are sharp and unscrupulous in their business transactions, irascible and vindictive in temper, uninteresting and indifferent in their manner to strangers, and withal, affect an air of stolid superiority as if they were



THE VERRUGAS VIADUCT.

said, a thousand inhabitants, and is the gathering-place of as many more "children of the mist," who flock from the neighboring mountains on the occasion of every excitement, festival, or anniversary. They

the veritable descendants of the Incas, and were surrounded by all the fabulous splendors of their ancestors. Nevertheless, they live in the usual adobe huts only one story high, whose slanting roofs are thatched

with straw; and their wives, with papooses strapped to their backs, superintend the labors of the house and garden. The principal men or hidalgos, in wide sombreros and ponchos of *vicuña* or other skins, ride about on sure-footed little horses, or donkeys, that

reduced, and it has ceased to cause apprehensions of danger. Here above us, as well as elsewhere on the line of the railroad, are the remains of well-constructed terraces on the sides of the mountains, rising like tiers in an amphitheater, and conforming

closely to the contour of the ground. So enormous are some of the stones of which they are composed, that one is at a loss to conjecture by what mechanical contrivance they were brought to their present position. Peru is said to have had, at one time, 12,000,000 of



amble in a manner peculiar to the animals of Chili and Peru. Add these figures to the ordinary accompaniments of a railway-station, such as busy officials, waiting travelers, an arriving or departing train, and the village of Matucana is described.

Borne away from the fumes and bustle of the unattractive little town, we find that impressive as has been the scenery through which we have passed, it has been but the introductory pageant to the gloomy majesty and savagery of the Andes. Matucana is twenty-seven miles, in a direct line, to the highest point of the Andes through which the railroad passes. Snow begins to touch the heights with its white mantle, and so wild and awe-inspiring are the scenes that open before us, that the country we have left behind dwells in our memory as cultivated and habitable. Words fail us to express our admiration of the skill and courage which, having already accomplished such wonders, ventures to attempt difficulties truly appalling; for the higher we ascend the more formidable become the obstacles which oppose the advance of the locomotive.

A short distance above Matucana, we skirt the immense land-slide which occurred about two years ago, causing great damage and loss of life, particularly among mules and llamas. It is estimated that millions of tons of earth and rock swept down from the mountains into the valley beneath, damming up the torrent-like Rimac, which formed a lake of considerable depth, and threatened disaster to the country below, and even to Lima. But a sluice was gradually opened, which the river has sufficiently enlarged to enable it to discharge its waters; and although the lake remains, its depth is

inhabitants where now there are not more than 2,500,000. Numerous indeed must have been a population which was driven to cultivate every available spot on the isolated and barren heights of these Andean masses that now afford nourishment only for the cactus. Not a blade of grass nor a shrub is visible as we pass through this desolate region.

Since we left "the lower V," a distance of four miles, the road has passed through six tunnels, three of which succeeded one another so rapidly as to seem continuous, with an occasional shaft opening to the



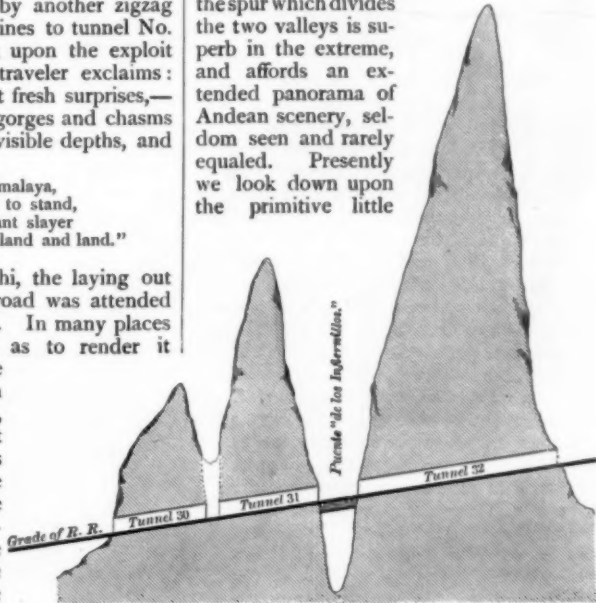
sky. One of them is built upon a reverse curve, and forms an elongated S. Beyond them, a scene of terrible grandeur greets us,—rugged mountains in the distance lift their snow-capped heads so high

as to appear to support the blue dome above them; while in the immediate foreground, porphyritic cliffs rise on every side many hundreds of feet in the air as if to baffle any attempt at escape. But the presiding genius, who has conducted us thus far, does not fail us now, and we work our way out of every stronghold in which we are entrapped. Again we cross the Rimac, near its junction with the de Viso, and travel along the opposite side of our familiar stream, until we ascend by another zigzag of three almost parallel lines to tunnel No. 14. Here, looking back upon the exploit just accomplished, the traveler exclaims: "What next!" What but fresh surprises,—new Cyclopean labors,—gorges and chasms opening around us to invisible depths, and beyond:

"Alps, Andes, Himalaya,
Defiant seemed to stand,
Each range a giant slayer
Of steps twist land and land."

From this point to Anchi, the laying out and construction of the road was attended with immense difficulties. In many places the bluffs were so steep as to render it necessary to lower the laborers by ropes from benches or shelves above, in order that they might cut out standing-places from which to commence work. Engineers were often compelled to triangulate from the opposite side to mark out the course of the road; while in one case, they and their men were conveyed across a valley on wire ropes, suspended some hundred feet in the air between two cliffs. From Tambo de Viso to Rio Blanco, the present terminus of the rail, and only fifteen miles distant, the road passes through twenty-two tunnels. In some cases the work has been done by the diamond drill, the rock often being so hard as to score glass. Tunnels Nos. 18 and 19 are separated by a short bridge that spans a chasm. Along this portion of the route the dark line of the road may be traced, now on the face of a cliff, now disappearing behind a projecting mass or in a tunnel, but always ascending under the most adverse circumstances. Between tunnels 19 and 22 formidable obstacles opposed its construction. The road-bed, as usual, conforms closely to the configuration of the ridges, crosses the Parac River,—here a headlong torrent, emp-

tying into the Rimac from the eastward,—and continues on to Tamboraque, along the Rimac. Then another retrograde development becomes necessary, and the road being reversed, returns along the bank of the Rimac to the valley of the Parac; ascends that branch for half a mile to another switch, and returns the second time to the Rimac, high above the lower line, passing through two tunnels, one almost directly above the other. The view from the spur which divides the two valleys is superb in the extreme, and affords an extended panorama of Andean scenery, seldom seen and rarely equaled. Presently we look down upon the primitive little



village of San Mateo, nestling in the valley under the shelter of lofty mountains, and in general character very much resembling Matucana.

For a short stretch of two miles beyond San Mateo, the mountains approach each other so closely, and tunnels follow in such quick succession, that light and darkness are very equally divided. Between San Mateo and Anchi we cross a terrible gorge called "Los Infiernillos,"* where the river passes through two walls of red porphyry that rise perpendicularly to a height of from 1,000 to 1,500 feet. These form two reverse quadrants, and the Rimac—now a mountain torrent—plunges, roaring, leaping, and foaming into the abyss.

"This, as it frothed by, might have been a bath
For the fiend's glowing hoof."

* Little Hells.



A LLAMA TRAIN IN THE ANDES.

The bridge that spans the chasm is 160 feet high, but masses of rock thrown down during its construction have lessened its apparent height. We emerge from a tunnel to cross the "puente de los Infiernillos," and we depart in like manner. Seen from the contracted valley beneath, a train of cars must appear to spring mysteriously and suddenly over the graceful little structure, and to disappear like a thing of will and might, burrowing through the very heart of the mountains. The diagram on page 455 will furnish a profile of the country at this point, and give a faint idea of the marvelous resources in engineering required to accomplish such tasks as the nature of its formation imposes. The three tunnels, Nos. 30, 31 and 32, are so close together as to be almost one. After passing through No. 32, the road continues to ascend by another zigzag, rendered necessary by the very much increased grade of the valley of the Rimac just below Anchi, where it is spanned by a bridge 107 feet above the stream.

Anchi is principally a railroad settlement, situated at the junction of the Rimac and the Rio Blanco. It is 74 miles from Lima, 11,300 feet above tide-water, and lies in the very gorge of the mountains. Even from this elevated spot the snow-clad Andes appear as high above us as they did some distance below, and we find that there is still an ascent to be made of 4,000 feet. This little collection of shanties is a mile below Rio Blanco, to and from which point freight and passenger cars run daily with regularity and dispatch. Here we begin to experience some of the disagreeable physical effects of the rarified air of great altitudes, of which the *soroché* is the most painful and dangerous. It is a congestion of the lungs, and is accompanied by a sensation somewhat resembling

sea-sickness, besides pains in the back, the eyes and ears, vertigo, and general debility. Persons of a full habit

are the greatest sufferers, but those who, like Cassius, are of "a lean and hungry look," escape with less inconvenience.

The trip by rail is now at an end, the road not being in working order beyond this point. We pass a night of refreshing sleep at Anchi, under seven blankets, and are prepared to complete the journey the next morning on horseback, in company with the resident engineer, Mr. Tobias, Dr. Ward, the physician, and Lieutenant Derby, U. S. N., our fellow-travelers from Lima. The distance by rail to the summit is twenty-one miles, but it is greatly reduced by avoiding the switches and pursuing the more direct mule-paths. In this short distance are twenty-two tunnels. Much of the heaviest work and the longest tunnels are so far advanced toward completion as to require but a short time to put them in order for travel.

At Anchi the valley of the Rimac trends sharply to the northward, and the line of the road follows the Rio Blanco for a mile and a half, then makes a full detour, and returns to the left bank of the Rimac, which it pursues, passing through seven tunnels to the village of Chicla, where occurs the great-

the road crossing the Rimac on a sharp detour, thence returning to the right bank of the stream for a short distance to a switch, where it is directed once more to the northward for a while; again crosses the Rimac on a short curve, retraces its course along the left bank below Chicla to a second switch,



THE CHIN CHAN ABOVE ITS JUNCTURE WITH THE RIMAC.

est development on the entire route. No less than five almost parallel lines are visible from any point of the valley,—three on one side and two on the other of opposite mountains,—while the greatest distance between any two of them is scarcely five hundred feet. This remarkable zigzag will be understood by studying the diagram, wherein we trace

which returns it on its direct course on the same side, and above the other line, to Casapalca, seven miles from Anchi, and a point at which the road-bed attains an elevation of 13,615 feet above the sea. Between Chicla and Casapalca we pass several half-ruined villages, resembling those already described, with irregular rows of wretched

mud huts just as filthy, and inhabitants equally ignorant and indifferent. They belong to the most enervated tribe of the South American Indians, and subsist upon

re-appears on the right bank of the Rimac, 1,000 feet above the bed of the valley. This great elevation affords a view of impressive grandeur.

On one side conical snow-peaks, glistening under the rays of a tropical sun, raise their impassive fronts, and, wrapped in white mantles, show no traces of the agitations that have marked the nearer ridges. These, as if they had been plastic masses, are molded along their base into a continuous line of rude columns in half relief—some almost upright, some aslant, while through



Scale, 1 to 40,000.

the little the rocky earth yields to their indolent efforts.

Through this section of the road, the solitude of the mountains is frequently broken by droves of llamas, or South American camels, and long trains of mules and donkeys laden with fruit and eggs. Flocks of condors soar above them, awaiting a repast on some overburdened and disabled beast. A few miles above Casapalca, and nearly opposite Anterangra, the narrow valley of the Chin Chan opens suddenly from the north, and divides two towering ridges crested with perpetual snow. From this point a number of experimental lines were run; but the one selected crosses the Rimac and advances up the Chin Chan for two miles and a half, where, making a sharp detour, it returns above the first line, and

their upper walls jagged and irregular masses of dark igneous rock have been forced into violent prominence. They rise like a succession of natural fortifications around the valley, and so unscalable are they, and so securely does the valley appear to be inclosed, that no other mode of egress seems possible than that of the condor. But the fortress is undermined, and escape is effected through seven tunnels, all in the space of a mile. From this point to the dividing crest of the Andes, the line of the road is often lost to sight amid desolate masses of snow and ice.

Very heavy work had to be done and great obstacles overcome; but still it pushes on, rising higher and higher, winding around the fountain-springs of the Rimac, its companion from the ocean, until it finally reaches the dreary summit of the Andes, and enters



Scale, 1 to 80,000.

the Galera, or "túnel de la Cima," as it is styled by the Peruvians. This tunnel is 1,173 meters, or 3,847 feet in length, and enters the mountain about 680 feet beneath the apex of an undulation lying between Mount Meiggs on the right and two gigantic peaks on the left. It is ninety-seven miles from Lima, and has an altitude above the sea of 15,645 feet, being only 136 feet below the very top of Mont Blanc.* Although not completed, it is open throughout its entire length, and could soon be put in condition for travel. Its construction was attended with unparalleled difficulties, demanding unceasing effort and the greatest

heartened by their many trials. Thus, this tunnel of the summit is the monument of a heroic determination which has wrought victoriously, through eternal winter and desolation, to gain a trans-Andean world laden with the ungathered fruits of perpetual summer.

Mount Meiggs, named in honor of the distinguished contractor, Mr. Henry Meiggs, is a short distance south of the tunnel. It is 17,500 feet above the sea, and from its conical peak float the American and Peruvian flags. A small observatory, in which the barometer indicates the pressure of the atmosphere to be 17 inches, and the thermometer stands



SUMMIT OF THE ANDES.

powers of human endurance. All the machinery for boring and working the approaches came from the workshops of Lima, and were brought on the backs of mules from the terminus of the rail. In the progress of the tunnel every step was impeded by snow-water percolating from above, often bursting through seams and driving the peons from their work. And, although the most hardy serranos were employed, and those inured to the painful effects of a very rarified atmosphere, yet even they were frequently dis-

at the freezing point, permits the traveler to contemplate the surrounding scene at his leisure. Towering snow-peaks encircle an icy plateau, with no opening between them, except where the Rimac has forced its way. A sky of the deepest blue throws into bold relief these "giants of frost and snow," fit sentinels between land and sky, and as yet undisputed possessors of their dreary abode. We say as yet undisputed, for in view of the journey we have just accomplished, it would be folly to feel secure of any uninvaded territory. The trip has seemed a dream of wonder and enchantment; and having arrived safely at its end,

* Mont Blanc is 15,781 feet above the sea, according to Corabœuf.

we already begin to sigh for new powers of locomotion,—unattained aerial heights,—fresh prodigies of skill! But obviously, such travels must be delayed for a time, and we return to our still extraordinary bit of *terra*



HENRY MEIGGS, CONTRACTOR FOR THE BUILDING OF THE CALLÁO, LIMA AND OROYA R. R.

firma to sketch the remainder of the route, and some circumstances and results connected with the great Andean highway.

From the eastern outlet of the Galera, the line descends to Oroya at a moderate grade, and without encountering any formidable difficulties. Throughout the latter portion of the road, including the section between Rio Blanco and the summit, a distance of 53 miles, a considerable amount of grading has been done, while much of the track is in such an advanced state as to require but little additional labor to put it in condition for travel. At present, the work is suspended in consequence of the depressed condition of the Peruvian finances. Oroya is situated at the junction of the Yauli and Jauja rivers. It is 12,178 feet above the sea, and 129 miles from Lima; and here the contract for the road terminates. From this place to the nearest navigable point on the Amazon is 250 miles. When the connecting road shall be completed, it is estimated that the traveler landing at Calláo can reach a steamer on the Amazon in from 20 to 30 hours; thence to Para is about 2,000 miles. A week, or even less perhaps, of travel down the mighty river, through its magnificent forests, and the Atlantic is under his keel! From Oroya may be run two branch lines,—one northward, for which Mr. Meiggs is already in treaty with the government, namely, to the Cerro de Pasco, the richest silver mines in the world; and the other running south to Jauja, whose

delightful climate would make it a favorite resort for invalids.

Thus much for the picturesque and descriptive part of our task. We proceed now to give a slight history of the great enterprise. Don Manuel Pardo, previous to his being President of Peru, was obliged to seek some climate that might restore his health, and he found it in the province of Jauja. "In this rich part of Peru," says Mr. Hutchinson,* "his stay was turned to good account by a pamphlet† which he published, containing his observations on its wealth of minerals, and on the railways that by this route might cross the Andes, as well as open up the interior resources of the republic. In this brochure he discusses the subject of peopling the valleys of the Amazon, and argues against the error of supposing that this ought to be done, as far as Peru is concerned, by medium of that part of the mighty river which flows through much of Brazil." * * * "The further purpose of the pamphlet is to advocate a railway from Lima to Jauja, which is considered the most salubrious province in Peru, and where magic cures of the aggravated forms of phthisis pulmonalis (consumption) have been effected. It may be seen by the map," continues Mr. Hutchinson, "that the Oroya line now in progress is the first step toward accomplishing this great work, originally suggested by Don Manuel Pardo." But to General Pedro Diez Conesco has usually been accorded the credit of having conceived the great project. The honor, however, of practically working out the plan, by whomsoever proposed, is due to our countryman, Mr. Henry Meiggs, whose perseverance, indomitable energy, and great executive ability, have been fully equal to the task he has undertaken. He has been assisted by an able corps of engineers, among whom, Mr. L. Malinowski, the chief engineer, had much to do with the selection of the route. Mr. Meiggs contracted to build and equip the entire road for the sum of 27,600,000 soles, or about \$200,000 a mile, and he stipulated to have the line in good running order in six years from the date of signing the contract, provided the government should meet its obligations.

* Two Years in Peru, with Exploration of its Antiquities, by Thomas J. Hutchinson, F.R.G.S., F.R.S.L., M.A.I. London: Sampson, Son, Marston, Ives & Searle. 1873.

† "Estudios sobre la Provincia de Jauja," por Don Manuel Pardo. Lima: Imprenta de la "Epoca," por Jose E. del Campo, Calle de la Rifa, Num. 58, 1862.

The great cost of this undertaking, and of other enterprises of equal magnitude in which the government has been engaged, has seriously embarrassed it in a time of such general financial depression as the present, so that Mr. Meiggs's far-reaching plans have not been fully accomplished.

The sum allowed Mr. Meiggs for building the Oroya Railroad may seem very large in comparison with our own roads,

\$500,000. At one time, there were 850 mules and 150 horses in the employ of the company, and the transportation cost was 3,000 soles a day. The road-bed has been made in the most secure manner, and its superstructures are of the best materials. The striking characteristic here, as with everything else done by Mr. Meiggs in Peru, is the perfect adaptation of the work to its end. Besides innumerable bridges, there



MOUNT MEIGGS AND TUNNEL.

which average only about \$60,000 a mile; but it does not very greatly exceed the total cost per mile of the railroads of Great Britain, which amounts to about \$170,000. The contract included everything connected with the survey, construction, and right of way, besides the furnishing of all supplies, the building of necessary docks at Calláo; of station, freight, and engine houses, and the supplying of a certain number of engines, coal, freight, and passenger cars—in fact, the whole equipment of a first-class railway. The rolling stock has been imported from the eastern workshops of the United States, the rails from England, and the cross-ties from California. All the plant for the construction of the road had to be transported by mules, and the cost of new mule-paths to replace those occupied by the rails, as they advanced, is estimated to have been

are 61 tunnels, aggregating 20,000 feet in length, and a majority of them are built upon curves of a minimum radius. The powder alone for blasting purposes amounted to 53,250 quintals, or over 5,000,000 lbs., and cost about 750,000 soles. One part of an embankment near the Verrugas bridge contains 90,000 cubic yards of material. The natives, as a class, were not friendly to the road, and the right of way had often to be purchased at a cost very much beyond the value of the land.

Notwithstanding the great care and attention paid by Mr. Meiggs to the well-being of his workmen, who have been principally Chilians and Chinese, at least 10,000 persons are computed to have died thus far in the progress of the work. An intermittent fever of a very malignant character broke out in 1870 and 1871 among the Chilians em-

ployed between the Cupiche bridge and Coracona, and scarcely one in a hundred recovered. A disease peculiar to the valley of the Rimac, although less fatal than the so-called Oroya fever, has occasioned great suffering and inconvenience. A bloody wart or excrescence comes out upon the skin, and while it lasts, and even before it appears, the system is greatly depressed, for the warts often bleed profusely, and men have been known to come in from their work with their boots filled with blood. It has been supposed to be caused by the water of that region. The soroché has also very much hindered the progress of the

Therefore, the Oroya Railroad must take rank in the history of modern engineering as a work of the first magnitude, without a rival. It has been urged that this distinction has not been attained without entailing a very serious burden of debt upon the Peruvian government if the road should not be a commercial success. Even if this should be the case, and the road should continue no farther than Cerro de Pasco, that branch line must ultimately connect with the valley of the Chanchamayo, a region of extraordinary fertility, by a road which must be remunerative. Thence to the Amazon by the valley of the Ucayali,



SUMMIT OF ANDES, FROM THE EAST.

work, and especially of that part lying along the higher elevations.

Mr. Meiggs has a lease of the road at 6,000 soles per month, and he pays all expenses and keeps the rolling stock in good repair. It is directly under the supervision of Mr. Cilley, who, as superintendent, conducts it in a very efficient manner. Mr. H. J. Kingman is the road-master, Mr. H. P. Tobias, the resident engineer, and Dr. George A. Ward, the attending physician, attached to the road. These gentlemen are all Americans, and conduct their several departments with great skill and judgment.

We have been accustomed to consider the railway over the Alps and the tunneling of Mont Cenis as a very great achievement. But that ascent was made by only six zigzags, and at the culminating point the tunnel is but 4,236 feet above the sea.

would not be very far. When Mr. Meiggs made the contract for the first Peruvian railway, in 1868,—that between Mollendo and Arequipa,—Peru was very far behind other nations, and especially her sister republic of Chili, in the matter of internal improvements. There was no community of interests between the various divisions of her territory. The whole country was stagnating for the want of development,—and that where every climate might be enjoyed, from tropical warmth to Arctic cold; where the earth yields, in abundance, cotton, rice, tobacco, corn, and every known variety of fruit and vegetable, and many medicinal plants; and where unknown wealth is stored up in mines of gold, silver, copper, iron, lead, and coal, besides cobalt, nickel, platinum, quicksilver, saltpeter, and mercury. Peru possesses a rich heritage in the basin

of the Amazon; for there Nature works on her largest and most prodigal scale; * there she annually wastes as much, it is said, as would feed the whole population of China; "The Amazon," says a recent writer: † "drains a million more square miles than the Mississippi," and within its capacious valley "the whole of the United States could be packed without touching its boundaries." To leave her share of this magnificent domain undeveloped would be fatal to the best interests of Peru, and, indeed, a loss to the world; for when the native tribes of the Montaña shall disappear, as they must, before the advance of civilization, and shall be replaced by industrious and skilled laborers from Europe, Asia, and the United States, it is impossible to estimate how great will be the gain to commerce from the opening and cultivation of this bountiful land. The time is yet far distant, it may be, before this end can be attained; but steam alone can hasten the day, and bring unity to a nation as divided by natural barriers as Peru. As to the ultimate result of the great highway across the continent of South America, Mr. Bates, an enthusiastic British naturalist, who lived for seven years on the banks of the upper Amazon, has, in advance of the enterprise, suggested a future of magnificent possibilities: "Although humanity," he says, "can reach an advanced state of culture, only by battling with the inclemencies of nature in high latitudes, it is only under the equator that the perfect race will attain to complete fruition of man's heritage,—the earth." ‡

In the meantime, as we do not yet possess that complete balance of the mental and physical powers which would warrant us in seeking a residence in this equatorial paradise; and as one cannot always

" * * poise about in cloudy thunder-tents,
To watch the abysm-birth of elements,"

we retrace our way to latitudes in which the vicissitudes are such as to insure the attainment of a perfect culture. And what a retracing of the way! A mere railway-carriage is but a rude mode of descending from the clouds. Might we gratify the aspirations raised by the upward journey, we would fain make for the downward trip

" * * a ladder of the eternal wind;"
or we would bestride a captured thunder-

bolt. But, alas! these elemental conveyances must give way to the more practicable, though perilous, hand-car. Thus it is, that in a material age, every adventurous American returns over the Oroya Railroad, down the declivities of the rugged and formidable Cordillera.

At Anchi, 12,000 feet above the Pacific, the hand-car is loaded with its freight of six adventurous sight-seers, closely braced together. It is of the ordinary construction and appearance, and does not offer any temptations to a pleasure excursion down the precipitous and tortuous gorge of the Rimac, except that it affords an unobstructed view of the shifting grandeur and terrors of the route. As we descend in our rough vehicle, at the rate of 60 miles an hour; flying across aerial viaducts, or dashing through sepulchral tunnels; threatened, now, to be crushed between converging mountain-walls, or precipitated from pendulous terraces,—the foaming Rimac emulating the maddening speed; now glancing back to take a last look at the glistening pinnacles of the receding Andes; or, straining eagerly forward, to catch the first glimpse of the royal city of the plain and the shining ocean,—the magnificence of the scenery and the magnitude of Mr. Meiggs's achievement break upon us with fresh force, and not for any peril of the way would we forego the exhilaration and novelty of the trip. Far otherwise was it with one of the party,—a stately commodore. He, who could face unflinchingly a whole broadside of murderous missiles, sprang from the car after ten miles over the wildest part of the route, declaring that nothing would tempt him to repeat such a foolhardy experiment. For the rest of us, the excitement and exhilaration of this mode of travel became so attractive, that we often went up to Anchi for the sole purpose of making the down trip.

It will be seen that a railway over the Andes is virtually an accomplished fact. There must be a force inherent in this portion of the American continent which compels to Herculean labors. The Cordilleras themselves were not produced from the bosom of the ocean but by mighty throes; and where the lofty Illampu crowns the chain, the powerful empire of the Incas arose, amid arid wastes and frigid desolation. More than twelve thousand feet above the sea, two bleak islands of Lake Titicaca are covered with dilapidated temples and palaces, and terraces whose flowers once bloomed

* Taken from a letter without signature, in Herndon's "Explorations of the Sources of the Amazon."

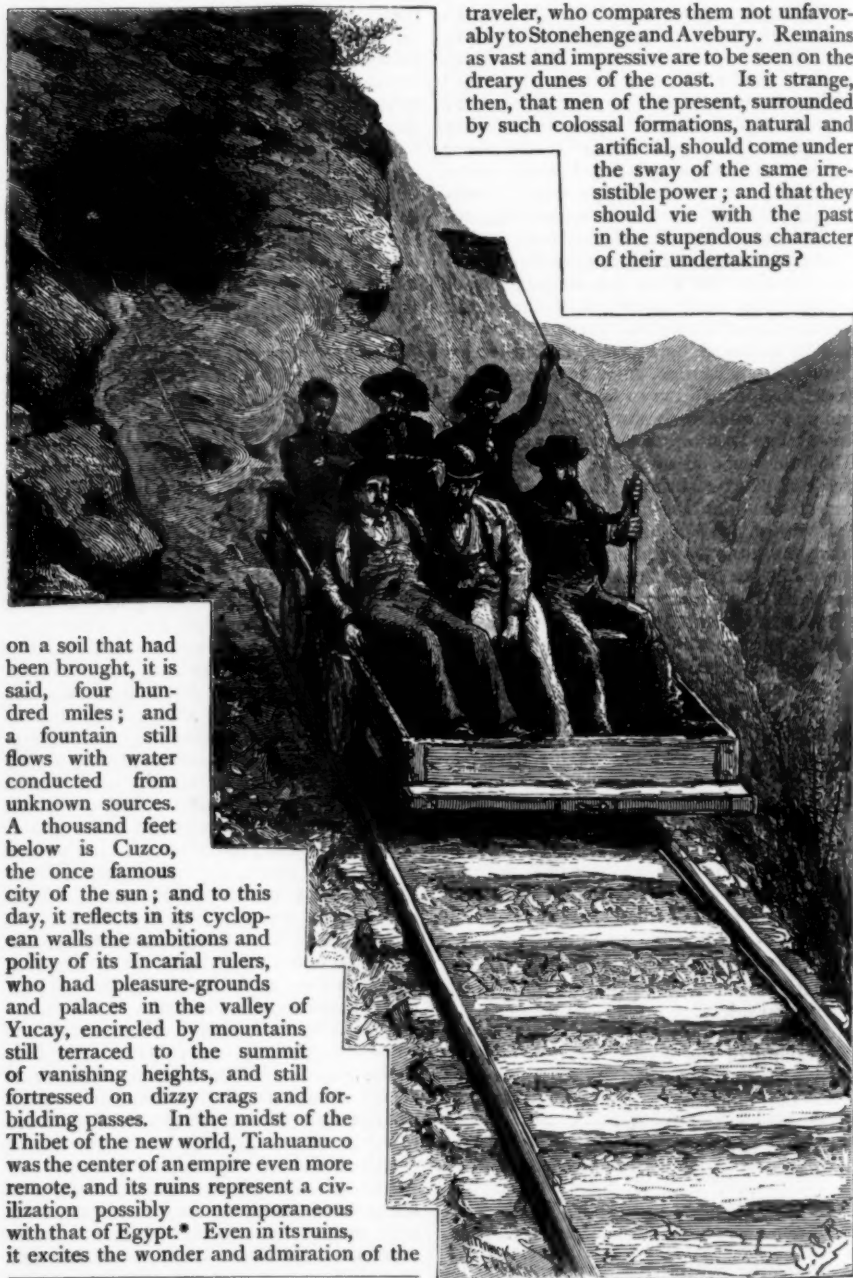
† The Andes and the Amazon; or, Across the Continent of South America. By James Orton, M.A.

‡ The Naturalist on the Amazons. By Henry Walter Bates. London: John Murray.

traveler, who compares them not unfavorably to Stonehenge and Avebury. Remains as vast and impressive are to be seen on the dreary dunes of the coast. Is it strange, then, that men of the present, surrounded by such colossal formations, natural and artificial, should come under the sway of the same irresistible power; and that they should vie with the past in the stupendous character of their undertakings?

on a soil that had been brought, it is said, four hundred miles; and a fountain still flows with water conducted from unknown sources. A thousand feet below is Cuzco, the once famous city of the sun; and to this day, it reflects in its cyclopean walls the ambitions and polity of its Incarial rulers, who had pleasure-grounds and palaces in the valley of Yucay, encircled by mountains still terraced to the summit of vanishing heights, and still fortified on dizzy crags and forbidding passes. In the midst of the Thibet of the new world, Tiahuanuco was the center of an empire even more remote, and its ruins represent a civilization possibly contemporaneous with that of Egypt.* Even in its ruins, it excites the wonder and admiration of the

* Peru. Incidents of Travel and Exploration in the Land of the Incas. By E. George Squier, M.A., F.S.A. Harper & Brothers, New York.



A LIMITED EXPRESS DOWN THE ANDES.

THE OLD BOSTON ROAD.

It was about five o'clock on a morning late in July that I started on horseback to ride to town, from a village about twenty miles from New York, on the old Boston road. It was the cool morning of what I knew would be a hot day. The dews of the mid-summer night had laid the dust of the roads. The time was gone for roses, and few flowers were to be seen in the gardens as I passed along. The blinds of the houses were shut, the inmates not being awake yet. One of the agreeable peculiarities of horseback riding is that in this way of getting about one learns the points of the compass, and obtains some notion of the geographical relation to each other of the various regions traversed. We know that, if we walk along a certain road or pavement, it will take us to a place one, two, three, perhaps four miles away. But to reach a point thirty miles off, there is but a single method known to the experience. This is to buy a ticket and take a seat in the railway car. The ticket is punched a few times, and the traveler arrives at his destination, all the while having had no more notion of north, south, east or west than a sultana, who, sewn up in a bag, is shot from the window of the seraglio into the Bosphorus. The traveler by railway only knows that he leaves one familiar spot, and in a little while finds himself at another. It gives him a novel sense of liberty and independence to discover that, by following a certain beautiful road, his horse will surely carry him the distance between the two places. "A good man on a good horse is servant to no man," says the Portuguese proverb. He mounts when he likes, rides at dawn, noon, evening, or by moonlight, and no conductor calls the names of the villages as he passes.

The morning was so beautiful and the air so pleasant that I did not hurry. But presently the sun became too strong. It was after seven when I reached a hill-top which looked down upon a cluster of houses about a stream crossed by a bridge. Here I said I would rest for the hot hours of the day; and I thought how pleasant it would be if I should find a pretty church, in which I might sit and look out of the window, and listen to a discourse punctuated by the monotonous stamping of the horses tied without to the palings.

I had in mind the rectangular, very white

church with green blinds and a white steeple, which is to be seen everywhere in New England and in the adjacent regions. It is, so far as I know, the one contribution which this country has made to public architecture. It belongs to and has well suited the New England landscape and history. Set in some high place, it is seen from all the lorn, round hill-tops of its native region; its spire is the one white object in that drear and narrow landscape, lifted close into the chill and dun sky of the later summer. That edifice is most expressive of the piety and the virtuous poverty of its early builders, of the silent life of the successive societies which, scattered and concealed, their poor homes unmarked even by the smoke of their hearthstones, have spread themselves throughout those melancholy hills. I like, too, the village steeples, with the ornaments in which the æsthetic feeling of the Puritans found humorous vent. Was there ever such utter extravagance of wire and gilt? Cupola succeeds cupola, and the cock succeeds the ball and arrow, and there is always another ball, and always another arrow. It will be a sad day for the New England landscape when these charming and truthful monuments will be replaced by foolish stone structures which have no meaning or beauty.

Suddenly I looked to my right and there rose, not a hundred yards away, what was perhaps the most beautiful church I had ever seen in this country. It was an old black and red brick building with a tower and an extremely pretty belfry, and stood in the midst of some acres of thickly studded tombstones. With an agreeable sense that the deserts of a man must be considerable who should come upon such a piece of good luck, I began to look for an inn. I was directed to a little place not very far off. It was a low whitish house close by the road-side with a narrow porch, and with no gate or fence before the door. The house had a shabby and sinister appearance. It might have been the scene of a murder which should get into all the papers, and the fame of which should bring throngs of people to stare at it on Sunday afternoons. Though this was the impression which the outside of the house gave me, I have never found a better tavern. France cannot supply a better dinner nor England a pleasanter landlord than Odell's tavern. I discovered

that the place had a history of its own. The oldest part of the house had been standing for more than a hundred and fifty years. In the days before railways it had been a great stopping-place for travelers. Two hundred horses had once been stabled where now my own horse champed his oats side by side with the solitary filly of the landlord. Dinner had been served there to many eminent persons, very much thought of in their day, but whose names are now scarcely known even to their descendants. The landlord told me that on a mantel-piece which stood in a part of the house now torn down, there was the name of each of the Presidents of the United States, carved thereon with his own hand. But I should doubt the truth of this. John Quincy Adams would not have been likely to cut his name on a mantel-piece. The railway has since left the place some miles to one side. It is now known only to people who drive out from town.

The hall was rather wide and was covered with a well-worn oil-cloth. It contained a table set against the wall, on which there was a large brass dinner-bell. A small and very old black-and-tan trotted through the hall and sat about the porch. It was an extremely high-bred dog, the landlord informed me, and very old and shriveled, so that his nose had receded from his teeth and was turned violently upward. I supposed he was snarling at me, until I saw that the little wits he had left were perfectly well disposed to me. But during the whole morning, I could not quite reconcile the ominous and fixed grin of the little creature with the mild and feeble expression of his half-blind eyes. In company with this aged black-and-tan, I sat upon the porch for an hour or two, feeling the first heats of the day. The dust of the road before the door was not disturbed by the passing of a single wagon, and not a sound came from within the house. I read a history of Westchester County. This book contained a story of Washington which was new to me. During the time of the Revolution there lived in the neighborhood in which this tavern stood, a Mr. Lyon, who was a blind man. Washington was once dining at the house of this gentleman, when Mr. Lyon said to him: "General, I am a blind man myself, but the ladies tell me that you are a very handsome man." Washington said: "Sir, I fear the ladies are as blind as yourself." This appears to me to have been a very rude remark on the part of the Father of his country.

I was at the church half an hour before the service began, and learned from the sexton or bell-ringer, something about the history of it. It appeared that the building was more than a hundred years old. The church was used through the Revolutionary war by the British as a hospital, and served as a court-room during the years immediately following. Hung up in the vestry there was a subpoena signed with the name of Aaron Burr. The bell which still summons the people to church was the same which had been buried at the approach of the English troops. A prayer-book which had been in use since 1715, and which had also been hid during the Revolution, was shown me. The congregation was very much older than this building, a frame church having long stood upon the site opposite. This frame church was broken up and burned for firewood by the British inside the brick church. A former rector and zealous benefactor of the church lay with his wife under the chancel of the frame edifice. The rector, who had devoted himself with great energy to the erection of this little brick cathedral, requested in his will that his body and that of his wife should be buried in it. He died, however, before its completion, his body was buried in the frame church, and his request was neglected until some boys, in playing about the old site, came upon the good man's bones. The rector and his wife have now long been laid under the chancel of the church to the erection of which he devoted himself with such zeal, and looked forward with such hope and wonder.

The Sunday-school was held upstairs in a chapel attached to the back of the church. The room was small and by no means full. In one corner a young lady taught two or three of the larger girls. I saw her several times during the day. She appeared to enter into pretty much every religious equation of the neighborhood. She taught in the Sunday-school; I saw her in the choir, and it was she whom, at the close of the service, I observed in consultation with the rector. The school had an unmistakable amateur and ineffective look. The boy who took up the collection had no basket, but used his felt hat instead. This he shook in a hopeless sort of way before each company of scholars; his want of faith in the willingness or ability to pay of any one present must itself have had a paralyzing effect upon the generosity of the company. He quickly took the hat to the

superintendent; the poor man dropped into it the one offering of the school and blushing deeply as he looked at me, said to the scholars: "Well, you usually do better than that." The scene was so painfully ludicrous that it was only by a violent effort that I was able to meet his glance with the sympathy it merited.

I was sitting in the church before the bells had begun to ring. But I soon heard behind me the rustling of dresses in the aisles. The rustling quickly became more frequent. The prayer-books were noisily let fall in their receptacles. As the various companies of village maids came up the aisles and sat in the pews, odors of heliotrope, anemone, lavender and new-mown hay began to diffuse themselves through the building. I was offered many prayer-books which I was unable to take. For how could I accept the book of the ladies on my left when I had already declined that of some ladies who sat just behind me? For the same reason I was compelled to decline the proffered volume of some very pretty girls who sat in the next pew to my right. In the pew just in front of me there were two little girls who were, I think, not more than ten years old. One of them, looking back, saw that I was without a book. There soon began a low whispered conversation between them. One nudged her little friend and said: "You;" the other whispered: "No, *you*." At length one, barely looking round, held out a book in a very timid way, and this, of course, it was necessary that I should take.

The service over, the people stayed a considerable time under the trees by the church door, standing on the grass and cool stone walks, shaded from the hot summer weather without. It was long before the sociable

assembly had finished their greetings. The carriages waited, drawn up before the door, while the people chatted. Indeed, it is by no means easy to get safely away from church one of those large families which take up two pews to themselves. Not to speak of the little girls in blue boots, there are three boys very near of a size, and the whole have to be marshaled by the two tall girls in white hats and red sashes. Young mammas, who had not met for a week, perhaps a fortnight, stood by the gate and pecked each other with many inquiries and many expressions of delight.

Afterward I walked back to the tavern, and the landlord gave me such a dinner as I did not suppose an American tavern could supply. It was not French, of course; but an appetite which the morning's ride and the sermon had made eager was met by a sound and fresh repast. The dinner was from the landlord's own garden,—the lobster even, it was said, having been caught in the little bay which approached the foot of it. Later in the day I set out for New York, and, after an hour's riding, soon met barouches and phaetons containing people with town faces. I passed the Jerome race-course, with its gilt and yellow gate-way. I passed many road-houses, and met on my way caravans of rapid drivers, looking madly unhappy. I soon reached the well-kept woods of the Park, and saw before me, in the advancing sundown, the roofs and towers of the town, the hewn fragments of rising cathedrals, and the scattered structures of the newer city. The sky beyond the bay and the town was of a cold and faint red. It was a scene of bronze which I now looked over, most unlike those quiet villages, unconscious of the nearness of a great city, which I had left but two hours before.

SMETHURSTSES.

SMETHURSTSES, mum—yes, mum, on accounts of me bein' Smethurst an' the wax-works mine. Fifteen year I've been in the business, an' if I live fifteen year more I shall have been in it thirty; for wax-works is the kind of a business as a man gets used to and friendly with, after a manner. Lor' bless you! there's no tellin' how much company them there wax-works is. I've picked a companion or so out of the collection. Why, there's Lady Jane Grey, as is readin' her Greek Testament; when her works is in

order an' she's set a-goin', liftin' her eyes gentle-like from her book, I could fancy as she knew every trouble I'd had an' was glad as they was over. And there's the Royal Fam'ly on the dais all a settin' together as free and home-like and smilin' as if they wasn't nothin' more than flesh an' blood like you an' me an' not a crown among 'em. Why, they've actually been a comfort to me. I've set an' took my tea on my knee on the step there many a time, because it seemed cheerfuller than in my

own little place at the back. If I was a talkin' man I might object to the stillness an' a general fixedness in the gaze, as perhaps is an objection as wax-works is open to as a rule, though I can't say as it ever impressed me as a very affable gentleman once said it impressed him.

"Smethurst," says he, "you must have a blamed clear conscience (though, bein' rather free-spoken, 'blamed' was not the precise word employed)—you must have a blamed clear conscience or I'm blamed if you could stand so many blamed pair of staring eyes gimletting you year in an' year out. An' as to them with works," says he, "they're worse than the others, for even if they turn away a minute they always turn back again, as if they wouldn't trust you out of their sight."

But somehow, I never thought of it in that way, an' as to not liking the quiet, why shouldn't I? In a general way I haven't got no more to say than they have, and so it suits me well enough. I will own though, as I've never felt particular comfortable in the Chamber of Horrors, an' never wouldn't have had one, but even in a small collection like mine the public demands it, an' wouldn't hear of bein' satisfied without one, "for" says they, "what's the use of a wax-works without Manning an' them, an' the prisoners in the dock an' the knife as the young woman was cut up in pieces with?" So I was obliged to have the little back room hung with black, like Madame Tussaud's in a small way, and fitted up with murders and a model of the guillotine and two or three heads of parties as come to a untimely end in the French Revolution. But it aint my taste for all that, and there's always a heaviness in the air as makes me low-like an' I'm glad to turn the key on 'em at night an' leave 'em to have a rest from the stares an' talk an' stirrin' up of their sin, an' the shame an' agony of their dreadful deaths. Good Lord! it turns me sick to think of them havin' been real livin' creatures with mothers an' wives an' friends, some of 'em perhaps livin' to-day all crushed an' blasted with the horror they've went through.

But that aint the story as I've half-way promised to tell you. If you really want to hear it, mum, I don't mind tellin' it, though I don't know as it will be interestin'—I've often wondered if it would be as interestin' to outsiders as it was to me, bein' as it's the story of a friend of mine as was something like me an' likewise had a wax-

works. Would you mind settin' there, mum, next to the Japanese party? This lady's works was broke an' her bein' absent at the cleaner's leaves the chair vacant most convenient.

His name it was Joe—this acquaintance of mine, an', as I said, he was somethin' of my build an' temper. He was a quiet chap an' a lonely chap, an' London was his native place—leastways, I don't see as it could have been no natter than it was, bein' as he was laid at the door of a London foundlin' when he wasn't no more than a few days old, and London fed him and clothed him until he was big enough to take care of himself. He hadn't a easy life of it as you may be sure. He wasn't handsome nor yet sharp, he couldn't answer back nor yet give cheek; he could only take it, which he had to do frequent.

There was plenty of folks as give him the character of a nat'ral born fool, an' they may have been right. They said as no chap as had his right senses could be as good-natured an' ready to forgive a injury an' above all as slow to suspect as one was bein' done him. I think they thought his bein' slow to suspect harm a-goin' on was the best proof of his bein' a fool,—an' he wasn't ready enough with his tongue to argy the point. He wasn't never good at an argyment—Joe wasn't.

Well, he growed up, an' he did first one thing an' then another, until at last he was picked up by a travelin' wax-works showman as had just such a collection as this here of mine—havin' in it just such a Lady Jane Grey, and likewise a sim'lar Royal Fam'ly.

"Well," says the wax-works man, when Joe first goes to ask for work, "what can you do?"

"Not much, perhaps," says Joe; "leastways, I've not been in the business before; but if you'll give me a job, Mister, I can do what I'm told."

The showman gives him a look from head to foot.

"Well," says he, "at all events, you're not one of them blarsted sharp uns as knows everything an' can't dust a figger without knockin' its head off. I've had enough of them sort"—savage like—"a-ruinin' my Richard Cure the Lion, an' a-settin' Mary Queen o' Scottses insides all wrong" (which was what his last young man had been a-doin').

"No," answers Joe, slow an' serious, "I don't think as I'd do that."

The showman gives him another look, an' seems sort of satisfied.

"Go inside an' get your dinner," he says. "I'll try you just because you haven't got so much cheek."

And he did try him, an' pretty well they got on together, after a while. Slowness is not a objection in a wax-works as much as in a business as is less delicater. I've thought myself as p'raps wax-works has their feelin's, an' knows who means respect'ful by 'em an' who doesn't, an' this Joe meant respect'ful, an' never took no liberties as he could help. He dusted 'em reg'lar, an' wound 'em up an' set 'em goin' accordin' to rules; but he never tried no larks on 'em, an' that was why he gets along so well with his master.

"That other chap was too fond of his larks," says the showman, kind of gloomy whenever he mentions the first young man. He never forgave him to the day of his death for openin' the collection one day with Charles the Secondes helmet on Mrs. Hannah Mooreses head, an' Daniel in the Lions' Den in William Pennses spectacles, with some other party's umbrella under his arm.

But Joe weren't of a witty turn, an' not given to jokes, which is not suited to wax-works as a rule, collections bein' mostly serious. An', as I say, him an' his master got along so well that one day, after they had been together a year or so, the showman, he says to him, "Joe," says he, "I'm blessed if I'd mind takin' you in as a partner." An' that very mornin' he has the reg'lar papers made out, an' the thing was done without no more said about it. An' partners they was till he died, which happened very unexpected—him a sayin' sudden one night when they was a-shuttin' up together, "Joe, old chap, I'm blessed if my works aint a runnin' down," an' gives one look round at the figgers, an' then drops—which the medical man said as it was dropsy of the heart. When his things was looked over, it was found he'd left everythin' to Joe except one partic'lar ugly figger, as turned his eyes with a squint an' couldn't be done nothin' with, an' him he'd left to a old maid relation as had a spite agin him; "for," says the will, "she'd ought to have him, for he's the only chap I ever see yet as could match her—let alone stand her, an' it's time she was takin' a partner, if she's goin' to." They *did* say as it was nearly the party's death, for, though they'd quarreled reg'lar for twenty-five years an' hated each other deadly, she'd always believed as she'd come into his belongin's if

she outlived him, thinkin' as he wouldn't make no will.

Well, havin' had company for so long, it was nat'ral as Joe should feel lonely-like after this, an' now an' then get a trifle down-hearted. He didn't find travelin' all alone as pleasant as it had been, so when he was makin' anything at all in a place, he'd stay in it as long as he could, an' kind of try to persuade hisself as it was kind of home to him, an' he had things to hold him to it. He had a good many feelin's in secret as might have been laughed at if people had knowed 'em. He knew well enough as *he* wasn't the kind of chap to have a home of his own—men as has homes has wives, an' who'd have wanted to marry *him*, bless you—he wasn't the build as young women take to. He weren't nothin' to look at, an' he couldn't chaff, nor yet lark, nor yet be ready with his tongue. In general, young women was apt to make game of him when their sweethearts brought em' into the collection, an' there was times when a pretty, light-hearted one would put him out so as he scarcely knew the Royal Fam'ly by name, an' mixed up the Empress of the French an' Lucreecher Borgiar in the description.

So he lived on, lonesome enough, for two or three year, an' then somethin' happened. He went up to London to stay while the races was goin' on, an' one day, when the collection was pretty full, there comes in a swell party with a girl on his arm. The swell, as was a tall, fine-lookin' chap, was in high sperits, an' had just come in for the lark of the thing, Joe sees plain, for he were makin' his jokes free an' easy about everythin', an' laughin' fit to kill hisself every now an' then. But the girl were different; she were a little rosy thing, with round, shinin' eyes, an' a soft, little timid way with her. She laughed too, but only shy an' low, an' more because she was happy an' because the swell laughed. She wasn't the kind of young woman as the swell ought to have been a-goin' with. She was dressed in her best, an' was as pretty as a pictur'; but her clothes was all cheap, an' Joe could see as she belonged to the workin' class, an' was out for a holiday. She held close to the gentleman's arm, an' seemed half frightened, an' yet so glad an' excited that she would have minded you of a six-year-old child. It were the first time she'd ever been into a wax-works, an' things looked wonderful to her. When they come to Lady Jane Grey she was quite took with her, an' begun to ask questions in the innocentest way.

"She's one of the nobility, sir, isn't she?" she says to her companion. "Did you ever see her? Isn't she beautiful, sir?"

He laughs delighted, an' squeezes her hand a bit with his arm.

"No, Polly," he says. "I never saw her until to-day. She didn't keep her head on her shoulders long enough. It was cut off some time ago, my dear." An' then he whispers: "An' it wasn't nearly as pretty a head as yours, Polly, either."

The little girl blushes like a rose, an' tries to laugh too; but Joe knew as she'd took the words more to her innocent heart than was good for her.

"Lor' me!" she says. "What a shame it was to cut her head off,—an' her so sweet an' quiet!"

"Yes, Polly," says the young gentleman, a-laughin' more. "Very quiet. Wax-works are, as a rule. A nice time a proprietor would have, if they were not, with such a lot of queer customers,—Bloody Mary, for instance, and Henry the Eighth, and Nana Sahib, and John Knox, and Lucretia Borgia,—though you don't know much of their amiable characteristics, my dear."

They went on in that way through the whole room,—him a-jokin' an' makin' light, an' her enjoyin' herself an' admirin' everythin' she set eyes on, an' Joe a-watchin' her. He couldn't help it. Somethin' queer seemed to have took hold of him the minute he first sees her. He kep' a-wishin' as the collection was ten times as big, so as it would take longer for her to go through. He couldn't bear the thought of seein' the last of her, an' when they comes to the Russian party, as stands near the door, dressed for the winter season,—his nose bein' protected with fur, after the fashion of the country,—his heart were in his mouth, an' when she passed out into the crowd, he seemed to swallow it with a gulp, as took it into the heels of his boots.

"Lor'!" he says, all of a tremble in his insides. "I shan't never see her again,—never!"

He hadn't no spirit in him all that day, nor the next either. It was as if somethin' altogether out of common had happened, an' he couldn't never be the same man again. He were miserable, an' down an' nervous, an' there wasn't a figger in the collection as didn't seem to know it. He took to standin' at the door whenever he could, a-lookin' at the people a-passin' by. An' yet he scarcely knowed what for. If

he'd seen the face he wanted to, he wouldn't 'a' dared to say a word, nor yet to move a step; an' still he was a-hungerin' day an' night for a glimpse of what couldn't be no good to him.

Well, if you'll believe me, mum, instead of gettin' easier as time went on, he got uneasy. He was as lonesome again as he had been, an' he took his tea a-settin' with the Royal Fam'ly reg'lar,—he couldn't have swallowed it by hisself. After shuttin' up, he'd go out wanderin' in the streets melancholy and wistful like, an' one night he stops short all at once, a-feelin' hisself turn pale in consequence of it comin' to him sudden what ailed him.

"I've fell in love," says he, fearful an' respec'ful,—"that's it,—an' there's no help for me. I'm not the man as should have done it, for I can't look for nothin' to come out of it."

He give hisself up to it, because he didn't see no way out of it. Nobody wasn't troubled but hisself, an' so it didn't matter. He got pale an' thin, an' didn't sleep well o' nights, but there wasn't no one to bother themselves about him,—there weren't even a soul as he could 'a' left the collection to, if he'd 'a' died.

It went pretty hard with him to leave London, an' when he did leave it, he couldn't stay away; an' I'm blessed if he didn't come back in less than six months; for, says he to hisself:

"Here's a place as is somethin' more than the others, at least, though it is in a sorrowful way, an' I'd rather as the collection would earn me a bare livin' in a side-street in London, than make money away from it. I might see her again; an', Lor' bless me! what do I want of money a-layin' back?"

Well, the very first night after he came back, he did see her again. He'd set out the collection in the room he'd hired, an' then he'd gone out in the old wanderin' way, an' he hadn't hardly stepped into the street before he comes on a crowd gathered around somethin' near a lamp-post; so he stops nat'ral, an' makes inquiries.

"Anybody hurt?" says he.

"No, not exactly," answers the man he'd spoke to. "It's a young woman as has fainted, I think."

He makes his way a bit nearer, an' as soon as he claps his eyes on the deathly face under the lamp-light, he sees as it's the face he's been lookin' for an' thinkin' about so long.

"It's her!" he says, so shook as he didn't know what he was doin'. "It's Polly!"

"Polly!" says the woman as was holdin' her head. "Do you know her, young man? If you do, you'd better speak to her, for she's just comin' to, poor little thing!"

He knew he couldn't explain, an' he thinks, besides, as the feelin' he had for her might make his face look friendlier than a stranger's, so he kneels down as the woman tells him, just as she opens her eyes.

The crowd seemed to frighten her, an' she began to tremble an' cry; an' so Joe speaks to her, low, an' quiet, an' respect'ful: "Don't be afraid, miss," he says,—"don't. You'll be well directly."

She catches hold of his hand like a frightened baby.

"Send them away!" she says. "Please, don't let them stare at me. I can't bear it!"

"Miss," says Joe, "would you mind bein' took into a collection, if this good lady would go with you?"

"A collection!" she says, all bewildered. "I haven't got any money. What is it for? Oh! please make them go away!"

"Not a hat took 'round, miss," says Joe. "Oh, dear, no! I was alludin' to a wax-works which is quite convenient, an' belongs to me, an' a fire an' a cup of tea ready immediate, an' a good lady to stay with you until you feel better,—an' all quite private."

"Take me anywhere, please," she says. "Thank you, sir. Oh! take me away."

So between them, Joe an' the good woman helps her up an' leads her to the door as was but a few steps off, an' Joe takes them in an' on to the back room, where the fire was a burnin' an' the kettle singin' an' there he has them both to sit down.

The woman makes the girl lie down on the sofa by the fire, an' she bein' weak an' wanderin' yet did as she was told without askin' a question.

"A cup of tea'll set her up," says the woman, "an' then she can tell us where she lives an' we can take her home."

Joe went about like a man in a dream. His legs was unsteady under him an' he was obliged to ask the woman to pour the water on the tea, an' while she was doin' it he takes a candle and slips into the collection secret, to make sure the Royal Family was there an' he wasn't out of his head.

The woman, havin' girls of her own, was very motherly an' handy an' did all she could, but she couldn't stay long, and after she'd given Polly her tea, she says she must go.

"An' I dare say as the young man as is so kind-hearted'll come along with me an' we'll see you home together, my dear."

They both looks at Polly then a-waitin' to see what she would say, but she only looked frightened an' the next minute hides her face in her little hands on the sofa-arm an' begins to sob.

"I haven't got no home," she says, "nor nowhere to go. What shall I do—what shall I do?"

Then the woman looks very serious an' a bit hard-like about the mouth—though not as hard as some might have done.

"Where's your mother?" she says, just the least short.

"I haven't none," says Polly. "I lost her a month ago."

"You aint in mournin'," says the woman.

"No, ma'am," says Polly, "I couldn't afford it."

"An' your father?"

But this made the poor little thing cry harder than ever. She wrung her hands an' sobbed pitiful.

"Oh, father!" she says. "Good, kind, easy father, if you was alive I wouldn't be like this. You always loved me—always. You never was hard, father."

"What have you been livin' on?" says the woman, lookin' as if she was a-releentin'.

"I was in a shop —"

But Joe couldn't stand no more.

"Ma'am," he says in a undertone, "if a pound or so, which not bein' a fam'ly man an' a good business at times, I have it to spare, would make matters straight, here it is." An' he pulls a handful of silver out of his pocket and holds it out quite eager an' yet fearful of givin' offense.

Well, then the woman looks sharp at him.

"What do you mean?" she asks. "Do you want me to take her home with me?"

"Ma'am," says Joe, "yes, if a pound or so —"

But she stops him by turning to the girl.

"Are you a respectable young woman?" she asks.

The pretty face was hidden on the sofa-arm, an' the little figure looked so droopin' that Joe could stand that less than he could stand the other.

"Ma'am," says he hurried, "if five pound —"

It seemed like the woman's heart was touched, though she answered him rough.

"Young man," she says, "you're a fool—but if you don't want me to speak out before

her, take me into the next room an' we'll talk it over."

So Joe took her into the collection an' the end of it was that they made an agreement, an' sharp as she seemed, the woman showed as she was fair and straight an' would take no advantage. She let Joe persuade her at last to take the girl with her an' ask no questions, an' he was to pay her a trifle to make it straight an' no burden to her.

"Though," says she, "if she had a different face an' one as wasn't so innocent an' young, I wouldn't take her at no price—for I've girls of my own as I tell you, an' p'raps that's what makes me easier on her."

When they was gone away, Joe goes into the room they'd left an' sets hisself down by the fire an' stares at the sofa.

"She set there," he says, "an' she laid her head on the arm, and likewise drunk out of that there cup. I've seen her again as sure as I'm a man."

An' not a wink of sleep does he get that night, but sits, an' stares, an' thinks until the fire dies out into ashes, an' it's gray early mornin'.

Through a delicateness of feelin', he does not go anywheres near her for a day or so, an' then the woman—whose name is Mrs. Bonny—calls in to see him.

"Well," she says, "it seems all right so far. She's a nice little thing, an' she's got work in a millinery down town, an' I've kept my word an' asked no questions, an' will you come an' have a cup of tea with us this evening?"

Of course he went, glad enough, though awkward, an' he saw her again, an' she was prettier an' innocenter lookin' than ever, though pale an' timid. When she give her hand at partin' an' says, "Thank you for bein' so kind to me," he couldn't say a single word in answer, he were so bashful an' upstot.

He was always bashful enough, even after they knew each other better an' was good friends, which they came to be. She seemed to take a childish liking to him, an' always to be a rememberin' as she'd somethin' to be grateful for.

"What made you so kind to me that night, Joe?" she'd say. "You hadn't never seen me before, you know. Oh, how good you was, Joe!" An' he hadn't never the courage to tell her as he had.

Through one thing an' another, it was quite a while before she chanced to see the collection, but, at last, one afternoon, they

all comes down—Mrs. Bonny, the girls, an' Polly.

Polly was a-goin' 'round with Joe, an' he couldn't help wonderin' anxious if she would remember as she had seen the place an' him before. An' she did. Before she had been in the room three minutes, she begins to look round strange an' puzzled, an' when she comes to Lady Jane Grey, she catches Joe's arm an' gives a tremblin' start.

"I've been here before," she says. "I was here last races—I—oh, Joe, ——" an' she breaks off with a sob.

He sets her in a chair and stands before her, so as the Bonnys can't see.

"Don't cry, Polly," he says, but he says it with a sinkin' feelin', because he sees as she doesn't remember him at all, an' that she hasn't forgot her handsome sweetheart.

She doesn't cry much more for fear of the Bonnys, but she doesn't laugh nor talk no more all the rest of the day, an' her little downcast face was enough to make a man's heart ache. I dare say you'll think as Joe was a fool to hang on so in the face of all this, but it was his way to hang on to a thing quiet an' steady, and you remember what I've said about his simpleness. So he does hang on without a bit of hope until through Polly herself he speaks almost without knowing it, an' it happens in the collection just three months from the day as she recognized Lady Jane Grey.

"What made you so good to me that night, Joe?" she says again to him, mournful an' gentle. "I never shall forget it. No one else would have been so good."

"Polly," he says, a-takin' out his bandanna an' wipin' his forehead, for, though a cool day, he had broke out in a free perspiration. "Polly, it was because I loved you." An' he went straight through an' told her the whole story.

"But," says he at the end. "Don't let that come between you an' me, Polly, for why should it? You have nothing to give me, Polly, an', consequently, I don't ask nothin'."

"No," says she, in a half whisper. "I haven't nothin' to give no one."

An' yet, it wasn't three weeks before —; but, I'll tell you how it happened.

He'd been invited to the Bonnys' to tea, an' when he went there, he found Polly ailin'. She was white an' nervous, an' her eyes looked big an' woeful.

"She had a fright last night," Mrs. Bonny told him. "Some scamp of a fellow followed her all the way home an' it's upstot her."

She hardly spoke all the evenin', but lay back in the big rockin'-chair a-lookin' at Joe every now an' then as if she was askin' him to help her, an' when he'd bid 'em all good-night an' was half-way down the street, he hears the door open again, an' who should come runnin' after him, but her, all out of breath, an' catches him by the arm cryin'.

"Joe," she says, "do you—do you love me yet, Joe?"

"Polly," he says, "what is it, my dear?" an' hearin' her ask him such a question, turned him almost sick with joy an' pain together.

"Because," she sobs out,—“because, if you love me yet,—take me, Joe, an' keep me safe.”

An' before he knows how it happens, he has her in his arms, with her face against his coat.

After they was both a bit quiet, he takes her back to Mrs. Bonny, an' says he:

"Mrs. Bonny, Polly an' me is goin' to be married."

An' Mrs. Bonny says:

"Well, now, Polly, that's sensible; an' though I say it as shoulnd't, I must own as I wouldn't care if it was 'Meliar'."

An' she kisses Polly, an' the girls kisses her, an' they all shakes hands, an' it's a settled thing.

They was married almost immediate, an' Joe was as happy as a man could be under the circumstances; for mind you, he wasn't a-deceivin' hisself, an' knowed well enough as his wasn't the kind of a marriage where there's two hearts beatin' warm together, an' both is full of joy an' hope.

"But," says he, "I never expected this much, an' I'd be a queer sort of chap not to be grateful, as the woman I love could turn to me for comfort when she needed it; an' if love can bring love, mine'll be like to do it some day."

So he waited an' hoped, an' did his best, an' he sometimes thought as Polly drew a bit nearer to him as time went on. At any rate, she was a good, gentle little thing, an' always seemed tryin' to please him in a wistful, longin' way, as if she had somethin' to make up for. Once, when they was settin' together at night, she came an' knelt down before him, and hid her face on his knee.

"Joe," she says, "was you never afraid to marry me,—when—when you remember as I'd never told you nothin'?"

"No," he answers. "No, Polly,—never."

"But I might have been a wicked girl," she whispers.

"No," says he, stout and tender. "You mightn't, Polly;" an' he stoops down an' kisses her pretty hair.

She burst out a-cryin', and creeps closer, so as to lay her cheek on his hand.

"I might have been," she says; "but I wasn't, Joe,—I wasn't, because God an' you helped me."

An' yet he knows as there's somethin' behind as keeps her from bein' happy, though she tries so hard an' faithful. He always sees the wistfulness in her eyes, an' hears it in her voice, an' time an' time again he knows she's lyin' awake at night a-grievin' quiet. One mornin', after she's been lower than common, a letter comes to her, an' he sees her turn white, an' after she holds it a minute, she walks up to the fire an' throws it in, an' before he goes back to the collection, she comes an' catches him 'round the neck, an' says:

"I want to be a good wife, Joe,—I want to be, an' I will," an' cries a bit again.

That very afternoon there comes a swell into the wax-works, an' as soon as Joe sets eyes on him, he knows it's the chap he first see Polly with in the race-week, and there he is a-saunterin' 'round an' pretendin' to be unconcerned, an' yet keepin' a sharp look-out around him. So Joe goes up to him, and speaks to him quite firm and low:

"Was you lookin' for any one, sir?" he asks.

The swell looks at him cool enough.

"What's that you say, my good fellow?" he answers.

"Well," says Joe, "nothing in a general way, perhaps; only, sir, I was a-thinkin' as p'raps you might be lookin' for some one as was unprotected an' helpless, an' there aint no such a party here; an' if you'd like your money returned at the door,—me bein' the proprietor of the collection,—I shoulnd't have no objection."

"D— your collection!" says the swell; but he turns 'round an' goes out, half a laughin'.

At tea that evenin', Polly was dreadful restless an' timid, an' seemed to be a-listenin' to somethin', an' after a bit Joe finds out what it is,—it's footsteps a-passin' back'ard an' for'ard near the house,—passin' back'ard an' for'ard reg'lar; an' they goes on that way for a good hour, an' then stops; an' all the time Polly sits close to Joe, as if she was afraid to leave him, her eyes shinin' an' her voice shakin' when she speaks. Only

that somethin' tells him as she doesn't want him to go, he would have went out; an' in the middle of the night he was almost sorry he didn't, for she started out of her sleep, callin' out, frightened:

"Oh! the footsteps!—the footsteps! Make them go away!—save me from them, Joe, or I must go!"

She was quite ill an' weak for a month, an' then, queer enough, a change came over her. She got her color back gradual, an' went out oftener, an' was brighter when she was in the house. She went to see the Bonnys frequent, a-helpin' them get ready to take their trip to the sea-side, which they did reg'lar; for though workin'-people, they was comfortable off. There was such a alteration in her, that Joe began to feel hopeful, an' was as cheerful as the day is long; an' well he might be, for she actually lays her pretty head on his breast once, an' whispers:

"Joe, I believe I'm goin' to be happy,—an' it's all through you bein' so lovin' an' patient. You bore with me a long time,—didn't you, Joe?"

They had been married near twelve months then, an' the week the Bonnys goes away, Joe has to go too, bein' called away by business; an' sorry enough he was to go. But he says to Polly when he kisses her good-bye at the door:

"If you get lonesome, pack up an' go to the Bonnys, my dear, an' let them take care of you; but I wont be no longer than I can help."

An' she gives his neck a little wistful squeeze, half laughin', with the tears in her eyes, an' says:

"No, you mustn't, because no one can take such care of me as you;—an' I want you, Joe."

Well, it happened as his business was got over quicker than he'd looked for, an' he gets home within two weeks. But when he gets back he doesn't find Polly. Things are a bit upshot, as if she'd gone off in a hurry, an' he finds a little letter on the table as says, "I've gone to the Bonnys', dear Joe—it was so lonesome without you."

An' when he reads it he sees tear-marks on it, an' he says to hisself, "Why, here a tear fell, Polly. You must have been a bit low, my dear." He had that there letter in his hand, an' was still a-lookin' at it, when there comes a knock at the door an' he answers it, an' in walks Mrs. Bonny herself.

"Well," she says, "you've come back, have you? How are you, an' how's Polly?"

"Polly!" says he. "Polly!"

"Yes, to be sure," she answers him back, "Polly; for, to tell the truth, I've been a bit anxious about her, an' that's why I came here the minute I got back to town."

Well, they both stood still an' looked at each other—her a bit impatient an' him cold an' dazed.

"Mrs. Bonny, ma'am," says he at last, "Polly went to you a week ago, for here's the letter as tells me so."

"Joe," says Mrs. Bonny, a fallin' back an' turnin' pale too, "Polly aint never been nigh us!"

"Then," says Joe, "she's dead."

He never thought of nothin' else but that some cruel thing had happened as had cut her off in her innocence an' youth. Think harm of Polly, as had laid her cheek against his breast an' begged him to come back to her? Lor' bless you, ma'am, he loved her far too tender!

It was Mrs. Bonny as first said the word, for even good women is sometimes hard on women, you know. She followed him into the room an' looked about her, an' she broke out a-cryin', angry an' yet sorrowful.

"Oh, Joe! Joe!" she says. "How could she have the heart to do it?"

But Joe only answered her bewildered.

"The heart, ma'am!" he says. "Polly?"

"The heart to leave you," she says. "The heart to go to ruin when there was so much to hold her back—the heart to shame a honest man as loved her, an' her knowin' what she did!"

"Ruin, ma'am?" says Joe. "Shame, ma'am? Polly?"

He rouses himself to understand what she meant, an' he sees it's what the other people will say, too, an' he cannot help it or save Polly from it.

"It isn't true," he cries, wild-like. "It isn't nat'ral as it should be. She's trusted me all along, an' we was beginnin' to be happy, an' —"

"You've trusted her," says Mrs. Bonny. "An' so have I; but she's kept her own secrets, an' we knew she had 'em. An' there's my 'Meliar as heard of some fine gentleman a-follerin her on the street an' talkin' to her."

But Joe stops her.

"If she doesn't come back," he says, "she's dead, an' she died innocent," an' wouldn't hear another word.

As soon as he could get his strength together, he gets up an' begins to set the place in order, a-makin' it look just as much as if

she was there as he could. He folds away the two or three things as she's left about, an' puts 'em in the drawers an' shuts 'em up, an' Mrs. Bonny sets a-watchin' him. She couldn't understand the slow, quiet way as he does everything.

"Joe," she says, when he's done, "what do you mean?"

"Mrs. Bonny, ma'am," he says, "I mean to trust her, an' I mean to be ready for her an' a-waitin', whenever she comes back, an' however."

"However?" says Mrs. Bonny.

"Yes, mum," he says, "howsumever, for love isn't a thing as is easy killed; but, mind you, I'm not afraid as her soul has come to hurt, an' I've no thought of givin' her up."

Mrs. Bonny, she sees he's in earnest, an' she shakes her head. She meant kind enough, but it wasn't her as had been in love with Polly, an' had worked so hard to win her. When she went Joe followed her to the door.

"Ma'am," he says, "have you any objections as this here should be a secret betwixt you an' me?"

Well, I've no doubt as it was a bit hard on her as she shouldn't have the tellin' of it an' the talkin' of it over, an' she couldn't help showin' it in her looks; but she's a good soul, as I've said, an' she promises, an' Joe, he answers her, "Thank you, ma'am; an' would you mind givin' me your hand on it?" An' she does, an' so they part.

You may think what the next week or so was to Joe, when I tell you as, though he tried night an' day, he couldn't hear a word from Polly, or find no sign. An' still believin' in her, he wouldn't make no open stir an' talk. He had a fancy as perhaps somethin' of her old trouble had took her off, an' he stuck to it in his mind as she'd come back an' tell him all. An' I dare say you'll say, "Why should he, in the name of all that's simple?" Well, ma'am, he had a reason, an' that there reason held him up when nothin' else would. But it seemed as if all hope was to be tore from him. A-cleanin' up the room one afternoon, he comes across a piece of half-burnt paper as has lodged in a corner, an' in pickin' it up somethin' catches his eye as strikes him blind an' weak an' sick—a few words writ in a fine, flourishin' hand, an' these was them:

"—wasting your life, my sweet Polly, on a stupid fellow who has not even sense enough to see that you are making a sacrifice and breaking your innocent, foolish heart. Don't break mine, too—don't turn away from

me as you did on that dreadful night. If you love me, trust me. Come to——"

That was all, for the rest was burnt; but when he'd read it, Joe's hope was swept away complete. She'd been gettin' love-letters from another man, an' readin' them an' keepin' them secret, an' now she was gone!

He set down, an' let the paper drop on the floor.

"I—didn't know," he says, "as them—was women's—ways. Lord help you, Polly,—an' me,—an' Lord be pitiful to It!"

There's no use of makin' the story longer than can be helped, an' besides, words wouldn't tell what sufferin' that there little back room saw in the three next weeks. There's no knowin' what kept the poor chap from staggerin' in from his work some night an' fallin' heart-broke in death on his lonely hearth. He suffered an' strove an' bore, an' yet kept his secret close. He neither eat nor slept, his face growed white an' haggard an' his eyes holler. He kept away from the Bonnys, an' kept away from all as knowed him. Even the sight of the collection was too much for him. He'd set there by the ashes of the fire hour after hour at night, a-lookin' at the grayness, an' not carin' to stir.

"I didn't know," he'd say again an' again over slow to hisself an' the emptiness an' quiet,—“I didn't know—as them—was women's ways.”

Just five weeks from the time as he'd come home an' found his wife gone, he was a-settin' this very way over the grate one evenin' at dusk, when he hears a key a-turmin' in the door gentle-like, an' he lifts his head to listen. "Who's that," he says, "as is tryin' to come in?"

But the next minute he starts up, a-knock-in' the chair over back'ard, his heart a-beatin' loud enough to be heard, for the one as turned the key *was* in, an' had light feet, an' come an' pushed the room door open an' stood there a second. An' it was Polly, with a bundle in her arms. She didn't look guilty, bless you, though she were a little pale an' excited. She was even a-laughin', in a shy, happy, timid way, an' her eyes was wide an' shinin'.

But Joe, he weren't strong enough to bear it. He breaks out into a cry.

"Polly," says he, "is it because you're dead that you've come back to me?" An' he makes a step, gropin' an' staggerin', an' would have fell if she hadn't run an' caught him, an' pushed him into a chair.

"Joe," she cries out, kneelin' down before

him,—“Joe, dear Joe, what’s the matter? It’s Polly, an’—” an’ she puts her face against his vest in the old way—“an’ you mustn’t frighten me.”

That, an’ the touch of her hand brings him back, an’ he knows in a second as he has her safe, an’ then he catches her an’ begins to hug her tight, too shook to say a word.

But she pulls back a bit, half frightened an’ half joyful.

“Joe,” she says, “didn’t you think I was at the Bonnys’? Have you been anxious?” An’ then, a-laughin’ nervous-like, “You mustn’t squeeze so, Joe—don’t you see?”

An’ she lays the bundle on his knee an’ opens the shawl an’ shows him what’s in it.

“He’s—he’s only a little one,” she says, a-laughin’ an’ cryin’ true woman fashion, “but he grows every day, an’ he’s noticin’ already.”

Joe makes an effort an’ just saves himself from bustin’ out in a sob as might have told her all—an’ this time he folds ‘em both up an’ holds ‘em, a-tryin’ to stumble at a prayer in his mind.

“Polly,” he says after a bit, “tell me all about it, for I don’t understand how it is as it’s come about.”

But girl as she is, she sees as there’s somethin’ behind an’ she gives him a long look.

“Joe,” she says, “I’ve more to tell than just how this happened, an’ when I lay quiet with little Joe on my arm, I made up my mind as the day I brought him home to you, was the day as had come for you to hear it, an’ so you shall—but first I must lay him down an’ make the room warm.”

Which she gets up an’ does, an’ wont let Joe do nothin’ but watch her, an’ while she’s at it he sees her sweet young face a-workin’, an’ when everythin’s done, an’ the fire burnin’ bright, an’ the kettle on, an’ the little fellow comfortable on her arm—she draws a little wooden stool up to his knees an’ sits down on it an’ her face is a-workin’ still.

“Not as I’m afraid to tell you now, Joe, though I’ve held it back so long; but sometimes I’ve thought as the day would never come when I could, an’ now I’m so glad—so glad,” she whispers.

An’ then a-holdin’ his hand an’ the child’s too, she tells him the whole story of what her secret was an’ why she kep’ it one, an’ as you may guess it was all about the man as Joe had seen her with.

The night she’d fainted in the street she’d found out his cruel heart for the first time an’ it had well-nigh broke her own. The people as she worked for had turned her off through hearin’ of him, an’ her own mother, as was a hard, strict woman, had believed the scandal an’ turned against her too. An’ then when she had gone to him in her fear an’ trouble he had struck her down with words as was worse than blows.

“But bein’ so young, Joe, an’ so weak,” she says, “I couldn’t forget him, an’ it seemed as if I couldn’t bear my life; an’ I knew that if he come back again it would be harder to turn away from him than ever. An’ it was—an’ when he follorred me an’ tried me so as I knew as I’d give up if there wasn’t something to hold me strong. An’ I asked you to save me that night, Joe, an’ you said you would. Joe,” she whispers, “don’t hate me for bein’ so near to sin an’ shame.”

After a little while she tells him the rest.

“But even when he knowed I was a good man’s wife he wouldn’t let me rest. He tried to see me again an’ again, an’ wrote me letters an’ besot me in every way, knowin’ as I wasn’t worthy of you, an’ didn’t love you as I ought. But the time come when he grew weaker an’ you grew stronger, Joe. How could I live with you day after day an’ see the contrast between you, an’ not learn to love the man as was so patient an’ true to me, an’ despise him as only loved himself an’ was too selfish an’ cruel to have either mercy or pity? So the day come when I knew I needn’t fear him nor myself no more an’ I told him so. It was then I told you I was goin’ to be happy; an’ Joe dear, I was happy—particular lately. Do you believe me, Joe?—say as you do.”

“Yes, Polly,” says Joe. “Thank God!”

“Kiss me, then,” she says, “an’ kiss little Joe, an’ then I’ll tell you how the other come about.”

He did it prompt, an’ with a heaven’s heart, an’ then the other was soon told.

“I hadn’t seen him for a long time when you went away,” she tells him, “an’ I thought I’d seen the last of him; but you hadn’t been gone a week before I met him face to face in the street; an’ that same night a letter come, an’ through me bein’ lonesome an’ nervous-like, an’ seein’ him so determined, it frightened me, an’ I made up my mind I’d go to the Bonnys an’ get heartened up a little before you come back. So I started all in a hurry as soon as I

could get ready. But before I'd got more than half way to my journey's end, we had a accident,—not much of a one, for the trains as met each other wasn't goin' so fast but that they could be stopped in time to save much real harm bein' done, an' people was mostly badly shook an' frightened. But I fainted away, an' when I come to myself I was lyin' on a bed in a farm-house near the line, an' the farmer's wife, as was a good soul, she was a-takin' care of me, an' says she, 'Where's your husband, my girl?' an' I says, 'I'm not sure I know, ma'am,' an' faints away again.

"Well, the next mornin' I was lyin' there still, but little Joe was on my arm, an' I had the strength to tell where I lived, an' how it was I didn't know where to send for you. An' the farmer's wife was like a mother to me, an' she cheers me up, an' says, 'Well, never mind. Bless us! what a joyful surprise it'll be to the man! Think of that!' An' I did think of it until I made up my mind as I wouldn't send no word at all until I could come home myself; for, says I, 'He'll think I'm at the Bonny's, an' it'll save him bein' worried.' An' that was how it was, Joe," kind of hesitatin'. "Have you any-thing to tell me?"

She looks at him timid an' gentle, an' he looks down at the fire.

"Not if you'd rather not, Joe," she says; "but I thought —"

Joe, he thinks a bit, an' then answers her grave an' slow:

"Polly," says he, "I found a piece of that there letter. Will you forgive me, an' let it pass at that for little Joe's sake?"

She stoops down and kisses his hand, with tears in her eyes.

"Yes," she answers, "an' for yours too. You've more to forgive than me, Joe,—an' it was quite nat'ral."

An' she never asks him another question, but sets there sweet an' content, an' they both sets there almost too happy to speak; an' there's such a look in her face as goes to Joe's heart, an' he breaks the quiet, at last, a-sayin':

"Polly,—I hope it aint no wrong in me a-thinkin' it,—for this aint no time for me to have none but the reverentest an' gratefullest humble heart,—but as you set there with the little fellow so peaceful on your breast, I can't help bein' 'minded of the Mother as we see in the churches, an' as some prays to."

Well, mum, that's the whole story, an' somehow it's run out longer than I thought for; but there's nothin' more left to say, but that if you could see that there little Joe to-day he'd astonish you; for though but five year old, I'm blessed if he don't know every figger in the collection by name, an' is as familiar with Henry the Eighth's fam'ly as I am myself; an' says he to me only the other day, "Father —" at least — Well, mum, I suppose I may as well own up to it, now I've done,—though a nat'ral back'ardness made it easier for me to tell it the other way. But you're right in supposin' so; an' not to put too fine a point to it, the story *is* mine,—that there Joe bein' me an' Polly my wife, an' that there collection Smethurst's.

STRAWBERRIES.

Was it old Dr. Parr who said or sighed in his last illness, "Oh, if I can only live till strawberries come!" The old scholar imagined that if he could weather it till then, the berries would carry him through. No doubt he turned from the drugs and the nostrums, or from the hateful food, to the memory of the pungent, penetrating and unspeakably fresh quality of the strawberry with the deepest longing. The very thought of these crimson lobes, embodying as it were the first glow and ardor of the young summer, and with their power to unsheath the taste and spur the flagging appetite, made life seem possible and desirable with him.

The strawberry is always the hope of the invalid, and sometimes, no doubt, his salvation. It is the first and finest relish among fruits, and well merits Dr. Boteler's memorable saying, that "doubtless God might have made a better berry than the strawberry, but, doubtless, God never did."

On the threshold of summer, nature proffers us this, her virgin fruit; more rich and sumptuous are to follow, but the wild delicacy and filip of the strawberry are never repeated,—that keen feathered edge greets the tongue in nothing else.

Let me not be afraid of overpraising it, but probe and probe for words to hint its

surprising virtues. We may well celebrate it with festivals and music. It is so unlike any other fruit the earth produces. It has that indescribable quality of all first things—that shy, uncloying, provoking barbed sweetness. It is eager and sanguine as youth. It is born of the copious dews, the fragrant nights, the tender skies, the plentiful rains of the early season. The singing of birds is in it, and the health and frolic of lusty nature. It is the product of liquid May touched by the June sun. It has the tartness, the briskness, the unruliness of spring, and the aroma and intensity of summer.

What a challenge it is to the taste, how it bites back again! and is there any other sound like the snap and crackle with which it salutes the ear on being plucked from the stems? It is a threat to one sense that the other is soon to verify. It snaps to the ear as it smacks to the tongue. All other berries are tame beside it.

The plant is almost an evergreen; it loves the coverlid of the snow, and will keep fresh through the severest winters with a slight protection. The frost leaves its virtues in it. The berry is a kind of vegetable snow. How cool, how tonic, how melting, and how perishable! It is almost as easy to keep frost. Heat kills it, and sugar quickly breaks up its cells.

You crimson-coned passionate fruit, shaped after the human heart, you are the type of the true poem. Your seeds are the germs of meaning and suggestion the poem holds imbedded in the soft, fleshy texture of human passion and emotion. Then your sub-acid, aromatic flavors, your tonic properties, your liquid, dissolving structure, your lyric something wild and shrill, make you the symbol of the poet's heart.

Is there anything like the odor of strawberries? The next best thing to tasting them is to smell them; one may put his nose to the dish while the fruit is yet too rare and choice for his fingers. Touch not and taste not, but take a good smell and go mad. Last fall I potted some of the Downer, and in the winter grew them in the house. In March the berries were ripe, only four or five on a plant, just enough, all told, to make one consider whether it was not worth while to kill off the rest of the household, so that the berries need not be divided. But if every tongue could not have a feast, every nose banqueted daily upon them. They filled the house with perfume. The Downer is remarkable in this respect. Grown in the open field, it surpasses in its odor any straw-

berry of my acquaintance. And it is scarcely less agreeable to the taste. It is a very beautiful berry to look upon, round, light pink, with a delicate, fine-grained expression. Some berries shine, the Downer glows as if there were a red bloom upon it. Its core is firm and white, its skin thin and easily bruised, which makes it a poor market berry, but with its high flavor and productiveness, an admirable one for home use. It seems to be as easily grown as the Wilson, while it is much more palatable. The great trouble with the Wilson, as everybody knows, is its rank acidity. When it first comes, it is difficult to eat it without making faces. It is crabbed and acrimonious. Like some persons, the Wilson will not ripen and sweeten till its old age. Its largest and finest crop, if allowed to remain on the vines, will soften and fail unregenerated, or with all its sins upon it. But wait till toward the end of the season, after the plant gets over its hurry and takes time to ripen its fruit. The berry will then face the sun for days, and if the weather is not too wet, instead of softening will turn dark and grow rich. Out of its crabbedness and spitefulness come the finest, choicest flavors. It is an astonishing berry. It lays hold of the taste in a way that the aristocratic berries, like the Jecunda or Triomphe, cannot approximate to. Its quality is as penetrating as that of ants and wasps, but sweet. It is indeed a wild bee turned into a berry, with the sting mollified and the honey disguised. A quart of these rare-ripes I venture to say contains more of the peculiar virtue and excellence of the strawberry kind than can be had in twice the same quantity of any other cultivated variety. Take these berries in a bowl of rich milk with some bread,—ah, what a dish,—too good to set before a king! I suspect this was the food of Adam in Paradise, only Adam did not have the Wilson strawberry; he had the wild strawberry that Eve plucked in their hill-meadow and “hulled” with her own hands, and that, take it all in all, even surpasses the late ripened Wilson.

Adam is still extant in the taste and appetite of most country boys; lives there a country boy who does not like wild strawberries-and-milk,—yea, prefer it to any other known dish? I am not thinking of a dessert of strawberries-and-cream; this the city boy may have too; but bread-and-milk, with the addition of wild strawberries, is peculiarly a country dish, and is to the taste what a wild bird's song is to the ear. When I was a lad, and went afield with my hoe or with

the cows, during the strawberry season, I was sure to return at meal-time with a lining of berries in the top of my straw hat. They were my daily food, and I could taste the liquid and gurgling notes of the bobolink in every spoonful of them; and at this day, to make a dinner or supper off a bowl of milk with bread and strawberries,—plenty of strawberries,—well, is as near to being a boy again as I ever expect to come. The golden age draws sensibly near. Appetite becomes a kind of delicious thirst,—a gentle and subtle craving of all parts of the mouth and throat,—and those nerves of taste that occupy, as it were, a back seat, and take little cognizance of grosser foods, come forth, and are played upon and set vibrating. Indeed, I think, if there is ever rejoicing throughout one's alimentary household,—if ever that much-abused servant, the stomach, says amen, or those faithful handmaidens, the liver and spleen, nudge each other delightedly, it must be when one on a torrid summer day passes by the solid and carnal dinner for this simple Arcadian dish.

The wild strawberry, like the wild apple, is spicy and high-flavored, but, unlike the apple, it is also mild and delicious. It has the true rustic sweetness and piquancy. What it lacks in size, when compared with the garden berry, it makes up in intensity. It is never dropsical or overgrown, but firm-fleshed and hardy. Its great enemies are the plow, gypsum, and the horse-rake. It dislikes a limestone soil, but seems to prefer the detritus of the stratified rock. Where the sugar-maple abounds, I have always found plenty of wild strawberries. We have two kinds,—the wood berry and the field berry. The former is as wild as a partridge. It is found in open places in the woods and along their borders, growing beside stumps and rocks, never in abundance, but very sparsely. It is small, cone-shaped, dark red, shiny and pimply. It looks woody, and tastes so. It has never reached the table, nor made the acquaintance of cream. A quart of them, at a fair price for human labor, would be worth their weight in silver, at least.

Ovid mentions the wood strawberry, which would lead one to infer that they were more abundant in his time and country than in ours.

This is, perhaps, the same as the Alpine strawberry, which is said to grow in the mountains of Greece, and thence northward. This was probably the first variety cultivated, though our native species would

seem as unpromising a subject for the garden as club-moss or winter-greens.

Of the field strawberry, there are a great many varieties,—some growing in meadows, some in pastures, and some upon mountain-tops. Some are round, and stick close to the calyx or hull; some are long and pointed, with long, tapering necks. These usually grow upon tall stems. They are, indeed, of the slim, linear kind. Your corpulent berry keeps close to the ground; its stem and foot-stalk are short, and neck it has none. Its color is deeper than that of its tall brother, and of course it has more juice. You are more apt to find the tall varieties upon knolls in low, wet meadows, and again upon mountain-tops, growing in tussocks of wild grass about the open summits. These latter ripen in July, and give one his last taste of strawberries for the season.

But the favorite haunt of the wild strawberry is an up-lying meadow that has been exempt from the plow for five or six years, and that has little timothy and much daisy. Daisies and strawberries are generally associated. Nature fills her dish with the latter, then covers them with the white and yellow of milk and cream, thus suggesting a combination we are quick to follow. Milk alone, after it loses its animal heat, is a clod, and begets torpidity of the brain; the berries lighten it, give wings to it, and one is fed as by the air he breathes or the water he drinks.

Then the delight of "picking" the wild berries! It is one of the fragrant memories of boyhood. Indeed, for boy or man to go a-berrying in a certain pastoral country I know of, where a passer-by along the highway is often regaled by a breeze loaded with the perfume of the o'er ripe fruit, is to get nearer to June than by almost any course I know of. Your errand is so private and confidential! You stoop low. You part away the grass and the daisies, and would lay bare the inmost secrets of the meadow. Everything is yet tender and succulent; the very air is bright and new; the warm breath of the meadow comes up in your face; to your knees you are in a sea of daisies and clover; from your knees up you are in a sea of solar light and warmth. Now you are prostrate like a swimmer, or like a surf-bather reaching for pebbles or shells, the white and green spray breaks above you; then like a devotee before a shrine, or naming his beads, your rosary strung with luscious berries; anon you are a

grazing Nebuchadnezzar, or an artist taking an inverted view of the landscape.

The birds are alarmed by your close scrutiny of their domain. They hardly know whether to sing or to cry, and do a little of both. The bobolink follows you and circles above and in advance of you, and is ready to give you a triumphal exit from the field, if you will only depart.

"Ye boys that gather flowers and strawberries,
Lo, hid within the grass, an adder lies,"

Warton makes Virgil sing; but there is no serpent here—at worst, only a bumble-bee's or yellow-jacket's nest. You soon find out the spring in the corner of the field under the beechen tree. While you wipe your brow and thank the Lord for spring water, you glance at the initials in the bark, some of them so old that they seem runic and legendary. You find out, also, how gregarious the strawberry is—that the different varieties exist in little colonies about the field. When you strike the outskirts of one of these plantations, how quickly you work toward the center of it, and then from the center out, then circumnavigate it, and follow up all its branchings and windings!

Then the delight in the abstract and in the concrete of strolling and lounging about the June meadows; of lying in pickle for half a day or more in this pastoral sea, laved by the great tide, shone upon by the virile sun, drenched to the very marrow of your being with the warm and wooing influences of the young summer!

I was a famous berry-picker when a boy. It was near enough to hunting and fishing to enlist me. Mother would always send me in preference to any of the rest of the boys. I got the biggest berries and the most of them. There was something of the excitement of the chase in the occupation, and something of the charm and preciousness of game about the trophies. The pursuit had its surprises, its expectancies, its sudden disclosures,—in fact, its uncertainties. I went forth adventurously. I could wander free as the wind. Then there were moments of inspiration, for it always seemed a felicitous stroke to light upon a particularly fine spot, as it does when one takes an old and wary trout. You discovered the game where it was hidden. Your genius prompted you. Another had passed that way and had missed the prize. Indeed, the successful berry-picker, like Walton's angler, is born, not

made. It is only another kind of angling. In the same field one boy gets big berries and plenty of them; another wanders up and down, and finds only a few little ones. He cannot see them; he does not know how to divine them where they lurk under the leaves and vines. The berry-grower knows that in the cultivated patch his pickers are very unequal, the baskets of one boy or girl having so inferior a look that it does not seem possible they could have been filled from the same vines with certain others. But neither blunt fingers nor blunt eyes are hard to find, and as there are those who can see nothing clearly, so there are those who can touch nothing deftly or gently.

The cultivation of the strawberry is thought to be comparatively modern. The ancients appear to have been a carnivorous race; they gorged themselves with meat, while the modern man makes larger and larger use of fruits and vegetables, until this generation is doubtless better fed than any that has preceded it. The strawberry and the apple and such vegetables as celery ought to lengthen human life,—at least, to correct its biliousness and make it more sweet and sanguine.

The first impetus to strawberry culture seems to have been given by the introduction of our field berry (*Fragaria virginiana*) into England in the seventeenth century, though not much progress was made till the eighteenth. This variety is much more fragrant and aromatic than the native berry of Europe, though less so in that climate than when grown here. Many new seedlings sprang from it, and it was the prevailing berry in English and French gardens, says Fuller, until the South American species *Grandiflora* was introduced and supplanted it. This berry is naturally much larger and sweeter and better adapted to the English climate than our *Virginiana*. Hence the English strawberries of to-day surpass ours in these respects, but are wanting in that aromatic pungency that characterizes most of our berries.

The *Jecunda*, *Triumph*, *Victoria*, etc., are foreign varieties of the *Grandiflora* species; while the *Hovey*, the *Boston Pine*, the *Downer*, etc., are natives of this country.

The strawberry, in the main, as I have said, repeats the form of the human heart, and perhaps of all the small fruits known to man none other is so deeply and fondly cherished, or hailed with such universal delight, as this lowly but youth-renewing berry.

ADAM AND EVE AT THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.*



"ADAM AND EVE, AS THE OLDEST PRESENT, SAT AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE."

EXACTLY good-looking you never could have called him. But who asks for beauty in a man, and particularly in a man of his age? Luckily, the gray beard framing his face just suits the gray jacket of a miller; one might imagine that to be flour which is dusted through his beard, for his cheeks are so red and his eyes so bright;—but only for to-day, perhaps. You cannot be much amiss in giving him a half-century; it is easy to reckon it out: after six years of military service, nineteen years and three months as miller's hand—that is about the figure. So much for him.

And for her? She, too, was not beautiful, but tall and capable; she did not look good-tempered, but rather harsh; yet she took very little notice of her fellow-men. On the other hand, she did not ask that people should take any notice of her. She

wore her cap after the fashion of the valley over yonder, for the department embraces several valleys, and —

True enough, it must be explained how the two came to be here, and with their Sunday clothes on in the middle of the week.

Flags flutter from the steeple of the church, flags also are hanging from the windows of the houses, and just at this moment a fusillade rings out from the hill behind the town, and a blast of trumpets is heard, mingled with the piping of clarionets, and then comes a vast hurrah. In this chief town of the department they are celebrating the agricultural fair. The autumn day fixed for it turns out bright and clear; the exposition of fruits and vegetables affords a pleasing sight; horses, oxen, cows and steers are clean, and receive quietly enough the critical

* With original designs by Professor Paul Thumann, of the Berlin Academy.

examinations of the judges; only when their mouths are pulled open to learn their age do they make any objections. New and improved agricultural tools and implements are examined in the yard of the court-house before they are put up at lottery, and thus become scattered far and wide. Moreover, here are the household servants who to-day are to get prizes for long and trusty service.

In spite of everything, the fair has something uncomfortable and forced about it, while at the same time the ordinary working-day is going on. Who can say how long it takes a festival to gain a profound honoring, and especially a festival that has to do with manual labor?

The bailie of the department is happy. Without a stutter he has rehearsed his speech on the Father and the Mother of the Country; and it must be true—that phrase which he repeats several times—that he has spoken out of the hearts of all the spectators, for the triple cry of *Hoch!* is overpowering.

Before the banquet of the gentlemen—and to the gentlemen belong the peasant farmers who are members of the Agricultural Union—another banquet was to take place. The selected household help of the department had received their prizes. After the names of the winners had been called out, a separate meal had been prepared for the servants. But it passed off in anything but a joyous mood, for the prize-help were not only strangers to one another, but envious. It was lucky, indeed, that each held a trump card. The hired man of the miller in the valley this way, whose name was Adam Maul, and the maid-servant on the Oak farm in the valley beyond, who was called Eva Schlenkin, had served, both of them, nineteen years with the same masters,—Adam even three months longer. But then, when the bailie with the large order on his breast had read out the names in the hall of the court-house, he had laughed at the singular coincidence that these two just happened to be named Adam and Eve, and the great assemblage had laughed, too.

But the two winners of prizes did not laugh; they looked down very much annoyed and then almost fiercely at each other; for each one thought: You might at any rate have had some other name.

The bailie made a long discourse about the degeneration of hired help, their want of attachment to one master, the increasing demands on their part, and the desire to serve in towns; but especially about the rush to factories. He managed almost in

the same way as the priests, who read their flocks a lecture about the stay-aways who never come to church, and so can never get the benefit of the lecture. The best thing in the finest speech is that there is an end to it, and so it was in the case of this; which, however, the assisting representative of the government greatly praised. Adam and Eve, as the oldest present, sat at the head of the table in the seats of honor. Adam hitched comfortably about in his chair and settled himself, while with his broad, hard hand he wiped his mouth; that probably meant to say,—I am ready, fire away. Thereupon he helped himself to a good bit from the food that had been set before them; he wanted to put his neighbor at ease. But she thought: "His manners are bad enough." In order to instruct him in the niceties of social life, she first of all helped her neighbor on the other side to a portion, then she took her portion herself. Adam and Eve did not let a word pass their lips, but all the more food and drink. Each one began to eat in anger; but in the course of the meal the viands began to taste good. I shall not be so stupid as not to take as much as I can manage, proclaimed the forks, as they stabbed deep into the meats.

The commissioner of finances, who had come in to see the banquet of the hired help, called for a cheer for the Father of the Country, and men and women were happy to be able for once to cry out loud. Among them all, however, it was evident that Adam did not call *Hoch!* but *Hurrah!* and when all was quiet again, he was heard to say to his neighbor: "I served faithfully six years; I got my honorable discharge." Probably he meant to explain in that way that a soldier does not cry *Hoch!* but *Hurrah!*

The band had been playing during the feast of the hired help, and when they arose from the table they evidently supposed that the dance was about to begin. Each one fussed about his toilet, smoothed down his or her clothes, and stood ready. But the authorities of the fair had ordained that the band should now play for the banquet of the Union, and so the prize-winners scattered here and there. Most of them went to the railway station, for those who live so far out of the way off yonder are never tired of looking on at the busy tumult in a railway station. Besides, that is the place to find people, and congratulations, too, for having won a prize.

Adam noticed that Eva went into a shop.

The shop bell rang behind her, and so insistently and continuously that it seemed to call him. He, too, went in. Cigars are to be had in shops. He bought himself a cigar; Eva, a red and yellow striped kerchief with fringes on it. When she had struck a bargain—for she would have them take thirty cents off, no matter how much the shopwoman insisted that her prices were unchangeable—Adam ventured a big stake; he went to the other end of the counter and said:

"I pay for the kerchief."

Eva looked at him with round eyes and said:

"There, that's enough, Melac. So you did not stick to your master, eh? Or did they drive you away? Serves you right. Had you stayed by me, I could have given you enough to eat."

The hound licked his chops with his tongue and shook his head full of regret, as if he had understood word for word the talk about the lost tidbits.

Now the shop bell rang again, the door opened, and Eva came out. The kerchief was decidedly becoming. She looked to right and left, and when she saw Adam in the direction of the town, she simply went out of the town. But she certainly felt that



"ADAM VENTURED A BIG STAKE."

"I should like to know why. What I want I can pay for myself."

"Shall I wrap it up?" said the shopwoman.

"No; I will put it on at once."

"Inside, in the room," said the woman, smiling, "is a mirror."

Eva went in and Adam left the shop without lighting his cigar, although they offered him a light—for, it may as well be said, he did not know how to smoke. He waited on the street a little while, and there he met an acquaintance who was plainly as trusty a friend as one could wish. He greeted Adam loudly, sprang upon him, but could not embrace him. Adam said, pushing him away:

he was looking after her. And the big gray and black striped hound, Melac, seemed to understand the look of his master. He ran after Eva and barked. It was plain what he said:

"Oh, dull, dull! why are you so cross? our mill-hand is the best fellow in the world; you are not worthy that he should look around at you,—you—you—dullard—dullard!"

But she seemed to consider neither dog nor master worth the trouble of looking back. And Adam thought to himself: "She must be a firm, steady woman who does not turn about, and does not care when a dog barks at her, and quickly goes her own way as if nothing had occurred."

Meanwhile, he decided to do as she had done. What did he care for the old, long-legged serving-woman from the farther valley, who does not even say "Thank you," when a man wants to make her a present?



"THERE, THAT'S ENOUGH, MELAC."

He whistled to his dog, and cried, "Melac, come here!" Adam had a mighty voice, which would have done better for a colonel of a regiment than a miller's man. He turned and went toward the town. Suddenly, however, as if he had been called, he made a right-about, and went out toward the high-road. At a distance he could see the red and yellow neckerchief. She had pulled it off, and was carrying it in her hand, and it fluttered as if it wished to beckon him. But now maid-servant and neckerchief had suddenly disappeared from the road. He went further. There she sat on the strip of grass by the road, under an apple-tree that bore fine, red-cheeked fruit. He passed by, but hardly had he got three steps beyond her when he heard an apple fall from the tree. Turning about, he saw the apple roll-

ing down through the grass toward the green strip, and he said:

"Shall I bring you the apple?"

"Better let it lie; what falls here is blighted."

"Perhaps you mean I am blighted, too?"

"I didn't say that. People are not apples."

"Will you permit me to sit with you?"

"The place is common property, and roomy."

He seated himself by her side, and Melac laid himself down before the two, and looked wonderingly at his master. He had never seen him just like this. But he did not appear to waste much thought over it, for, after a short and meaning look, he laid his head between his paws and shut his eyes. He was not at all curious as to what the two had to say to each other.

"Did you win in the lottery?" asked Adam.

"No. And you?"

"I either."

"Did you have a chance?"

"No."

"I either."

Both laughed, and laughter is always a good thing, even between old hired help.

"Do you care if I stay here a little?" began Adam once more.

"It's all the same to me. Both of us are strangers here, and anyhow, I have no one to account to except myself."

"Are your parents still alive?"

"No."

"I have saved up seven hundred dollars."

"It's a pretty piece of money," she answered.

"Have you got burrs on you?" he asked.

"What do you mean? You talk foolish."

"I mean, have you relations, people who beat you out of your wages?"

"No."

"So,—then you keep it in the savings bank?"

"You're a great hand at questions!"

"What you don't want to say, that nobody can make you tell."

She laughed aloud; it was no good-

tempered laugh; quite the contrary, but in the midst of her laughter she burst out:

"It is strange, you have seven hundred dollars and I too have seven hundred dollars; and you are named Adam and I Eve."

The dog awoke when the name Adam was mentioned and barked loudly. That was a timely bark, for Adam would not have known what further to say; or perhaps he was afraid of what he wanted to say. While he quieted the hound he gained composure for himself and began again:

"People say I am none of the cleverest; it must be true. My master, and all I know—and every week I go to the grain market—all of them are cleverer and smarter, but I am not on that account by any means a stupid-head, an idiot——"

He paused; it was for her to corroborate that. And indeed she did so, for she said:

"I want to say something. You wont get mad?"

"I can't say that beforehand; I don't know what it is."

"Look here! I mean—with so much money put together something might be done. If four working hands took hold of it, a little farm property could be bought over on the other side, and we shouldn't have to say good-bye to any one. I should have liked to have gone to America long ago, but—all alone in this way—it's too lonely,—I—I—now just think it all over."

"I have thought it all over. There's nothing to be done with me."

"Why? Are you fixed?"

"No."

"Were you never in a fix?"

"Well, I'll tell you squarely, it's a luck the boy died, for no child of such a wicked fellow ought to be alive in the world."



"HE SEATED HIMSELF AT HER SIDE AND MELAC LAID HIMSELF DOWN BEFORE THE TWO."

"He who buys you for an idiot is sold."

He laughed out loud, and Melac chimed in; but he could only express his laughter in barking. Pulling out a stalk of grass and putting it between his teeth, Adam continued:

"Who was its father?"

"A miller's apprentice. He got married a long while ago."

Adam pulled off his hat and put it on again, something quivered in a singular way

in his face, his eyebrows bristled up, he moved his lips as if he were sucking at something, then he looked up into the tree as if up there some one were seated who had a remark to make to him; finally he said:

"Well, that's just the way of it!"

Then he burst out:

"And I maintain you might as well be called a widow."

"I thank you."

"I don't know what for."

"That was a kind speech of yours; I shall

"Couldn't we live near together, just as we do now?"

"Do I understand you right?"

"Yes, you understand me right, and what do you say to it?"

"I—I thank you a thousand times. I swore at that time that, as long as I lived, I would never hear of any man whatever."

"You can't forswear yourself like that."

"Yes, yes!"

"Why do you get up? Have I done you any harm?"

"None at all,—none at all. You've



"HE WATCHED THE FIGURE OF THE HURRYING WOMAN."

not forget it; it pleases me more than if you had made me a present of the kerchief."

A longer pause took place.

"Do you still like being out at service?" said Adam at last.

"Yes. And you, too?"

"Yes, well enough; but I mean——"

"What do you mean? Talk ahead; I like to hear you now."

"I mean we ought to be able to meet again."

"That might happen. But, as I have heard tell, we live a good piece apart."

meant right. God be with you!" And she went off at a quick step.

"Wait a moment, I want to give you a good-bye shake of the hand."

She motioned him off with a hand thrust backward and ran quickly away.

Adam sat on the grass-strip as if spell-bound. He watched the figure of the hurrying woman until his eyes brimmed over. He did not see how the receding woman let fall bright tear-drops. She was amazed when she perceived that she had wiped away the tears with the pretty silk kerchief.

In the evening Adam rode down the valley with his master as far as the resting-place where the gray nags of the mill were waiting for them. An hour before, Eva had driven with her master's people up the valley to the resting-place where two black horses awaited their coming.

The evening mists of autumn waved and poured over the valley on this side and over the valley on that; the water there was rushing on and it was rushing onward here.

The black horses went their own way, and the gray nags went their own road.

"If we had only met each other ten or fifteen years ago!" thought Adam, on this side, and the same thought came to Eva on the other. They never saw each other again. He has a cigar that he does not smoke; she a red and yellow striped neckerchief which she does not wear.

They never saw each other again.

ASSYRIAN NIGHT-SONG.

I.

THERE is naught, on either hand,
But the moon upon the sand.
Pale and glimmering, far and dim,
To the Desert's utmost rim,
Flows the inundating light
Over all the lands of Night.
Bel, the burning lord, has fled:
In her blue, uncurtained bed,
Ishtar, bending from above,
Seeks her Babylonian love.
Silver-browed, forever fair,
Goddess of the dusky hair
And the jewel-sprinkled breast,
Give me love, or give me rest!

II.

I have wandered lone and far
As the ship of Izdubar,
When the gathered waters rose
High on Nizir's mountain snows,
Drifting where the torrent sped
Over life and glory dead.
Hear me now! I stretch my hands
From the moon-sea of the sands
Unto thee, or any star
That was guide to Izdubar!
Where the bulls with kingly heads
Guard the way to palace-beds,
Once I saw a woman go,
Swift as air and soft as snow,
Making swan and cypress one,
Steel and honey, night and sun,—
Once of death I knew the sting:
Beauty queen—and I not king!

III.

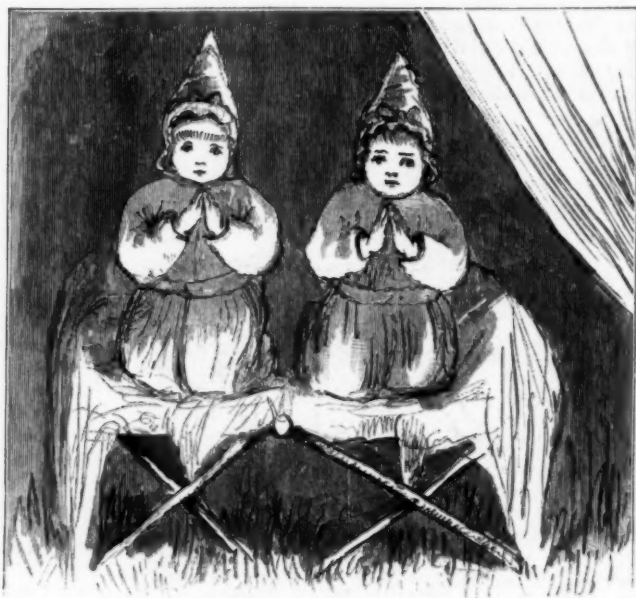
Where the Hanging Gardens soar
Over the Euphrates' shore,
And from palm and clinging vine
Lift aloft the Median pine,
Torches flame and wine is poured,
And the child of Bel is lord!
I am here alone with thee,
Ishtar, daughter of the Sea,
Who of woven dew and air
Spread'st an ocean, phantom-fair,
With a slow pulse beating through
Wave of air and foam of dew.
As I stand, I seem to drift
With its noiseless fall and lift,
While a veil of lightest lawn,
Or a floating form withdrawn,
Or a glimpse of beckoning hands
Gleams and fades above the sands.

IV.

Day, that mixed my soul with men,
Has it died forever, then?
Is there any world but this?
If the god deny his bliss,
And the goddess cannot give,
What are gods, that men should live?
Lo! the sand beneath my feet
Hoards the bounty of its heat,
And thy silver cheeks I see
Bright with him who burns for thee.
Give the airy semblance form,
Bid the dream be near and warm;
Or, if dreams but flash and die
As a mock to heart and eye,
Then descend thyself, and be,
Ishtar, sacred bride to me!

BABES IN THE WOOD.

THROUGH MAINE TO CANADA IN A BIRCH-BARK CANOE.



"NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP."

ONE warm morning last July, H. came into my room with a map of Maine in his hand.

"I have a great longing to go over some of my bachelor haunts," he said; "and I want you to go with me."

And with that he sketched a most attractive plan of camping out, with suggestions of canoes, rapids, Indians, etc., all of which sounded very wild and delightful.

"But what about the children?" I asked, suddenly remembering those small anchors of mine.

"Oh, take them along if you want to," he answered, with a man's happy obliviousness of the importance of the hundred and one little nursery arrangements that I had always hitherto thought essential to their comfort and well-being.

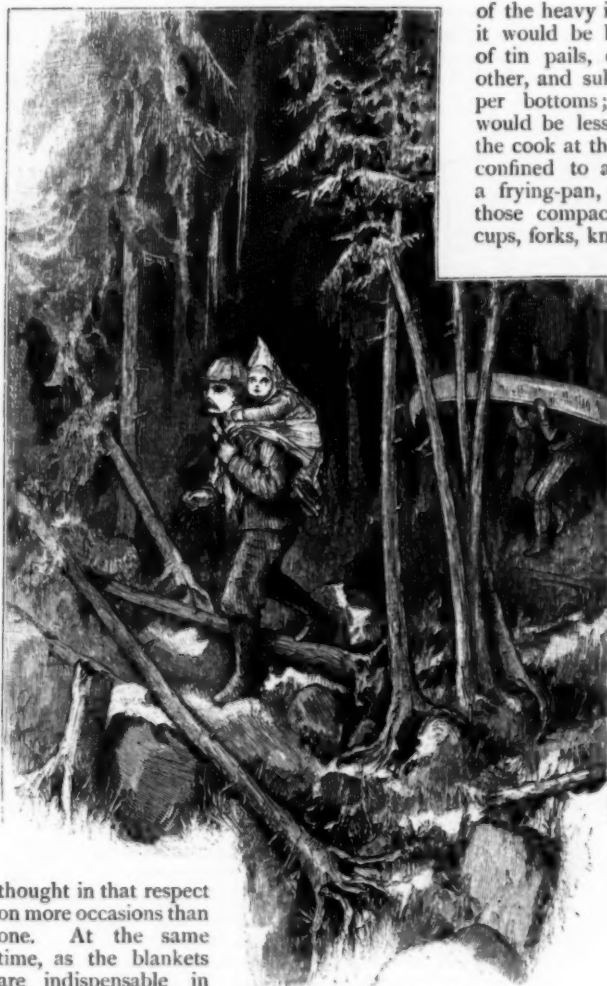
"But if they should be ill?"

"I can doctor them well enough; besides, they won't be ill, it will do them good."

Well, the result of it was that a week or so later saw us *en route* for Maine with a

party of six including ourselves, two children, a man and a maid and a couple of dogs.

Our camp equipage was very simple, as we had to take into consideration the "carries" between the lakes, where our entire kit would have to be shouldered by the guides and the men of our party; it consisted chiefly of a close tent for the women and children, and a shelter tent for the men, two blankets and a mackintosh sheet for each of the party, a canvas bed for the children which came apart and could be rolled up in a small package, a few compressible India rubber comforts, such as air-pillows, bath-tubs, etc.; and besides these, each person had his or her "pack," which contained the necessary toilet appurtenances, and such extra garments as were indispensable. We have since agreed that on another occasion we should have very light mackintosh bags, made to hold the blankets, as it is of the greatest importance that they should be kept dry. We found to our cost the discomfort arising from our want of fore-



THE PORTAGE.

thought in that respect on more occasions than one. At the same time, as the blankets are indispensable in their use as seats and backs when in the canoes, these bags should be large enough to admit of their being comfortably spread. On an expedition of any extent one can hardly fail to meet with showers if not with steady rains, and a half hour's wetting may often necessitate a three hours' drying. For myself too, I should carry a portable canvas bed, for I did not find the primitive fir boughs all my fancy painted them, although H. declared them to be superior to Marcotte's best mattresses.

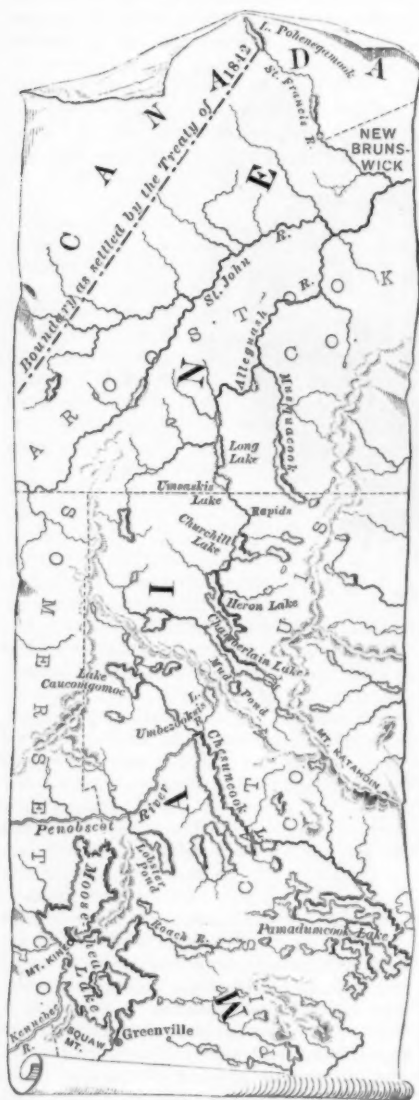
Experience also taught us somewhat in regard to our kitchen paraphernalia; instead

of the heavy iron pot which we carried, it would be better to substitute a set of tin pails, one fitting inside of the other, and substantially made with copper bottoms; their combined weight would be less than that of the kettle, the cook at the same time would not be confined to a single pot; add to these a frying-pan, a coffee-pot, and one of those compact arrangements of plates, cups, forks, knives and spoons, and the

outfit is complete, so far as necessity is concerned. If the journey is an easy one, luxuries can be proportionately added, as in that case light weight would not be such an object. The staples on such an expedition are pork, flour and potatoes, tea and coffee; any amount of tinned delicacies may be added, but it should be borne in mind that every additional pound is so much more burden. The men, of course, carried their guns and ammunition, and H., who undertook the direction of everything, declared that my maid and myself must wear bloomers. I demurred greatly to this, but a little reasoning soon convinced me that the ordinary walking-dress, however simply made, would be an impossibility in a primeval forest, and while trav-

eling in that most unsteady of crafts, a canoe; so I had dark-blue flannel costumes made, somewhat stronger-minded looking than I liked, while, the children were equipped in flannel waists and loose knickerbockers gathered into an elastic band, so that they could be drawn down to the ankle or pushed above the knee, as the weather should be cold or warm. I give all the details, in case this should meet the eye of any of my sex meditating a similar expedition; in which contingency, another's experience might be useful. The men wore ordinary shooting-clothes; and

here H. bids me say again, for the benefit of those who are thinking of roughing it, that the ordinary English knickerbockers,



OUR ROUTE.

with stout shoes and leather gaiters that reach to the knee, and can be taken off before wading, and an extra pair of stockings, are much more comfortable on such a trip than the "high-top boots" so commonly worn in

this country, which soon get water-logged and uncomfortable. Of course we carried our war-paint in our boxes, and wore our usual dress until we reached the limit of civilization, where we left our extra luggage.

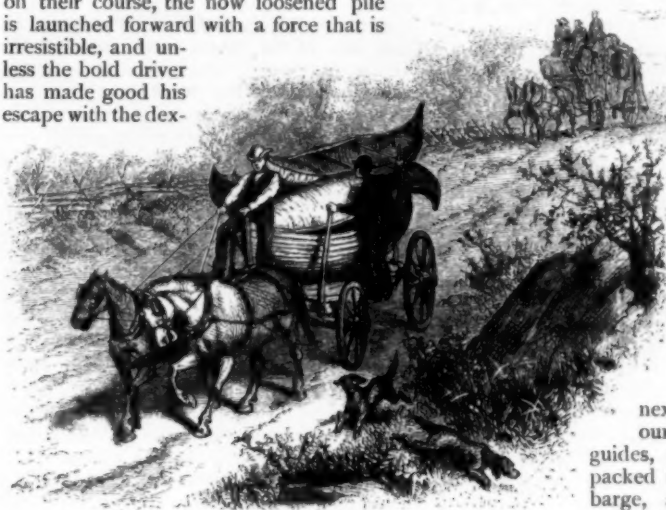
After leaving Boston, our first stopping-place was Bangor, where we expected to engage our guides,—for which purpose, H. and one of the others went over to the Indian reservation, which is an island in the east branch of the Penobscot, opposite Oldtown, a little village near Bangor. There they found that many of the best guides were "away on the drive," for nearly all the Indians and, it seemed to me, a large proportion of the population of Bangor are lumbermen. I remember as a child watching the Northern Maine regiments marching into Washington,—tall, slender, but withal rugged-looking men they were; and some one said, "They are lumbermen from the pine forests of Maine." The sentence somehow stirred my childish imagination. I heard afterward of the dangerous life they lead; how through all the dark winter months they live away from their families, snow-bound in the heart of the great forests, felling the giant pines, and dragging the huge trunks to the banks of neighboring streams, where they lie until winter lets go his icy grip upon the waters, and rivers swell with the rushing torrents, making nature's high-roads, on which the forest treasures are to be borne to civilization and its uses:

"When with sounds of smothered thunder,
On some night of rain,
Lake and river burst asunder
Winter's weakened chain,
Down the wild March flood shall bear them,
To the saw-mill's wheel,
Or where steam, the slave, shall tear them
With his teeth of steel."

Then comes the season of danger and excitement in the life of these backwoods-men. The ax is laid aside, and springing upon the logs as they are launched into the rush of waters with iron-bound pole, they guide the huge mass as it is swiftly hurried along. All goes well while the stream is broad, and bears its huge burden unmoled on its rapid course; but soon it narrows, and just beyond the rocks and rapids that intervene, can be heard the deep roar of the cataract, and the logs now coming with increasing speed, grind and crash among the rocks, and pile upon one another in the race for the wild leap beyond. Often, at such times, they become so jammed and

interlocked as to effect a perfect barrier to any further progress until the "driver," as he is called, leaping from log to log, singles out those that seem by their position to be as it were the key-stone of the arch. These being once extricated and started on their course, the now loosened pile is launched forward with a force that is irresistible, and unless the bold driver has made good his escape with the dex-

their long confinement, and tore off into the fields and back again to the coach, in a great state of excitement. The scenery was pretty, and we enjoyed the drive over to Greenville, where we took the little steamer that makes its way once a day to Mount



THE DRIVE TO GREENVILLE.

terity and nerve that only practice can give, he has small chance for life.

But this is a long digression. I left two of our party looking for guides at Oldtown. After some trouble, they finally engaged three Indians, who were well recommended, —Soccalexis, Pete, and Noel,—and later in the day they secured the services of a white man, who, besides being a guide of good repute, was said to be a capital cook. The next thing to be thought of were the canoes. H. had brought with him his "Saranac boat," a long, light, cedar craft, not unlike a canoe in shape, and well adapted to those waters; besides this, four canoes, or birches, as the Indians call them, were engaged, and the next morning saw us *en route* with these —no slight addition to our party and luggage. Before noon we reached the terminus of the railroad, and there we climbed on top of a rickety old coach, putting the guides, servants, and children inside. Our canoes were piled one on top of another on an open wagon, while one of the guides hung on the outside in a precarious-looking position, to prevent their bruising one another. The dogs —Jack and Nora, a pair of red Irish setters —were wild with joy at being released from

Kineo, an oddly shaped peninsula which extends into Moosehead Lake, and which has become somewhat of a resort. Here our final preparations were made, and early next morning we, with our camp equipage, guides, canoes, etc., were packed into a little steam-barge, and were literally tossed to the northern shore of the lake, which on occa-

sion can be almost as rough as the English Channel. Here of late years parties of ladies and gentlemen have not unfrequently camped out, playing at roughing it, with civilization and its comforts within easy reach. A solitary farm-house in a little cleared patch of ground redeems the wilderness from an absolute loneliness. Here we had dinner, and afterward, Master Jack, a stout youngster of two and a half years, distinguished himself by pitching headlong into the duck-pond, in his eagerness to reach the little yellow goslings who were swimming about with their mamma. After he had been quite dried and comforted, we started on our first carry, a very tame affair of two miles, for there is a wagon road leading to Penobscot River, and I dare say we might have driven over in the cart that carried our canoes, had we chosen. At the end of the road there was another farm-house, where they gave us most delicious milk, and a little further on, by the banks of the river, the guides had pitched our tent, and were already preparing supper. It was now nearing sunset, and the mosquitoes were thick and vicious, and now, for the first time, we were introduced to the notorious black fly which

in certain seasons is the scourge of these forests. We had hoped to escape them, it being then the beginning of August, and in fact we did not find them sufficiently troublesome to mar our comfort much; but the mosquitoes and a wretched minute creature which the Indians call "no-see-um," at times annoyed us greatly. The tar-oil mixture with which we were recommended to paint our faces proved perfectly efficacious in preventing their attacks, although I think many will agree with me in thinking the remedy worse than the disease. There is, however, a wash called the Sportsmen's Comfort, procurable at any gun-shop, which is not particularly disagreeable, and does in a measure keep the little pests away.

After supper the children were rolled up in their Canada cloaks, looking like little elves with the firelight dancing on their faces and peaked caps, and after saying their little prayers they went to sleep as quietly as if they had been in their own nursery at home.

As we gathered around the blazing log fire, and the darkness came quickly on, and with it the realization that we were to spend the night out-of-doors, my sensations were decidedly novel. The starlit sky above us, the ripple of the water, even the faint rustling of the trees and grasses, sounded strange and weird. Just as we were thinking of turning

silently by and disappeared in the darkness. There was some consultation between her party and our guides and we soon learned



FROM KINHO TO THE CARRY.

that it was the funeral convoy of a lumberman who, during the early spring, had been killed in a jam of logs. His body had been hurled into a spot so dangerous that his comrades dared not rescue it, and it was not until their return home from the drive, that his mother, a widow, heard of her loss, and how her son's body lay still unburied on a rock in the midst of a rushing torrent in the wilderness. She was utterly destitute and penniless, but she formed the determination of recovering the remains of her son, and nothing could deter her from her purpose. Inspired by her resolution, two of his friends had offered their escort, and with their assistance the brave and broken-hearted mother passed through the journey of hardships and danger without a murmur, and was now returning successful from her sad quest, to lay the bones of her son at peace in consecrated earth. They encamped for the night a few rods below us on the stream. The light of their fire seemed to gleam sadly through the darkness, and the ripple of the water and the faint rustling of the trees sounded stranger and more weird than ever. We made up a purse for the poor mother, which she made us the happier by accepting; and they were gone the next morning long before we began to bestir ourselves.

I think that we all felt decidedly stiff and uncomfortable when we awoke. The night had been very cold,—so cold, in fact, that the water in the tea-kettle had a slight coating of ice. The children, however, were as bright and jolly as possible, and had taken no cold whatever,—to my great relief, for I had almost looked for croup, in which event I should have hastened back to where doctors were get-at-able. Every one had an excellent appetite for breakfast, directly after which, we embarked in our canoes and paddled down the Penobscot. There is



JACK AND JILL.

in for the night, our attention was attracted by something quietly gliding up the river, and stopping just below us at the foot of the bank. It proved to be a canoe, and a woman in deep mourning got out, passed

something wonderfully akin to nature in a birch-bark canoe: it seems almost as if it were part of the curious growth of the pine forest, or the yellow curled leaf of some

luxurious seats. Jack and Jill, the babies, soon went to sleep, and slept for a couple of hours covered over with birch bark, to shade them from the sun. This habit they



A WHITE SQUAW.

aquatic plant that has floated off its stem, and not the work of man.

The Indians made us exceedingly comfortable by arranging blankets on the bottom of the boats, with the thwarts well covered with wraps for a back, which made really

kept up all the time they were in the woods, and it was a great advantage, for it saved them and us from much fatigue, and gave me an excellent chance at my sketch-book. For amusement they had each a pair of blunt scissors, with which they cut out bits of bark into all sorts of shapes, and floated them down the stream, or chopped up leaves and flowers to make "puddings," and my color-box was an unfailing resource. Two dolls had been selected from their extensive family before leaving home,—one, called "Providence," from the brilliant reason that she came into existence in the capital of Rhode Island, and who had already been in the family for over three years,—and the other rather a disreputable-looking young lady, but a great favorite, named Allaleena. These dolls went through many hair-breadth escapes and frightful hardships, dangers by flood and field, but they came out of everything triumphantly, and reached Canada, where, to the inexpressible sorrow of her little mamma, Allaleena was lost from a carriage; Providence, however, reposes now in honored state on a shelf in the nursery, and rests on her laurels. H. took her photograph, and she is held in great esteem by the family.



"PROVIDENCE."

I never in my life saw so many mosquitoes as there were in the place where we stopped for dinner; it was simply impossible to stay there, the air literally swarmed with



"ROCKY RIPS."

them, and the shrill noise they made pained one's ears. So, hastily dividing some bread and meat, we pushed off into the stream again; they never troubled us while in the boats, and indeed, except on occasions, we were not much annoyed by them.

Before reaching our second camping-ground, we passed through some shallow rapids, where all the men had to take to the water and lift the canoes over the rocks and sand-bars which obstructed their progress. We women-kind, with the children, kept our places in virtue of our being "white squaws." I dare say, if we had been Indians we should have had to wade knee deep with the rest.

Camp No. 2 we dubbed Camp O'C. in honor of one of our party; it was a pretty spot, on a knoll overhanging the river. A deep forest lay back of us, where one of our people insisted that he saw a bear; and perhaps he did, for the guides said that there were a great many thereabouts. One thing surprised and disappointed me in traveling through this uninhabited country, and that was the scarcity of birds; there was something savage in the loneliness and silence of the woods. The few bird-notes that broke the stillness were mournful and monotonous. Even the wild ducks were scarce, and the partridge, which H. had promised us in plenty to vary our pork diet, persistently avoided us. Our second night under the stars was more comfortable, as we had become somewhat better accustomed to the primitive method of disposing of ourselves

for the night, and the children adapted themselves to their new life most naturally. The next day was Sunday, and we had to make up our minds whether to push through to Canada, in which event we would have to travel as rapidly as possible, as time and provisions both were limited, or to take it leisurely and only go part of the way.

It had been our first intention to go a few days' journey into the forest and there pitch our tent for a week or so of fishing and shooting, and the guides gave most discouraging accounts of the carries that would have to be trudged over in the event of our making the through trip, and of the dangerous rapids we would have to encounter, and said that no woman had ever attempted it; but, of course, the latter fact only added to our zeal, and we finally resolved to undertake it. I wonder now how I dared to venture with the children over those fearful rapids, but I did not then feel in the least afraid. So, instead of passing Sunday quietly in camp as I should have liked, we embarked once more in our birches heading northward, and still paddling down the Penobscot, and I do not know, on the whole, that we could have passed the day more profitably on shore. I fear the men would have been tempted to go off with their guns or fishing-rods, while to the Indians the quiet paddling was no effort, and God's world in its undisturbed loveliness was very beautiful. Later in the day we reached the first rapids, "Rocky Rips," as they are called. Here the guides threw aside their paddles and standing upright

in their canoes, with their long iron-bound poles steered the fragile little barks clear of the rocks and guided their leaps down the swift descent. We all got rather wet, and at first I held my breath with fright, but the Indians seemed so sure of themselves, and took it all so much as a matter of course, that my uneasiness calmed itself, and I was really able to enjoy the excitement of the thing. The little canoes seemed to be alive, and quivered, shook, and bent and really appeared to spring forward of their own volition. The guides, stoically directing their course, seemed to be controlling some strange, wild fish as it plunged and sped along. Now,

walked Indian file through the forest. The air was laden with the delicious pine fragrance, than which I know of nothing more exhilarating; as some author says, it is like a "diet drink." The trail was bordered with the loveliest ferns and mosses, bright scarlet berries and fantastic gray lichens; here and there we came across a cluster of purple berries which I had never seen before, and which the Indians told us were poisonous. The red checker-berries they said were good to eat; I tasted them, but found them insipid. I noticed, too, a great variety of grasses, some of them very beautiful.

From time to time, we could catch



THROUGH THE DEAD FOREST.

in this winter weather, with the snow beating against the windows, and the slush and misery in the streets, I can shut my eyes and see the rushing river dashing through the evergreen forests; smell the sweet and breezy fragrance of the pines, and hear the steady roar of the rapids. The guides told us that there was a rough sort of woodman's trail leading through the woods to Chesuncook Lake, which we could take if we liked. Glad of the chance of stretching our legs, we climbed up a precipitous rocky ledge which served as a sort of gate-way, to the entrance of this primitive path; in which we

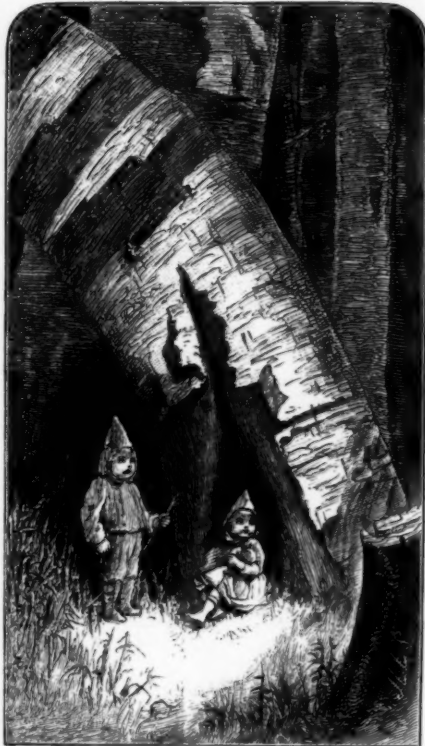
glimpses of the river, which had now become very shallow and rocky, and constantly interrupted by rapids, whose roar we heard continually. After a good two miles' walk, we came in sight of the lake, and far in the distance towered Katahdin, with its surrounding mountains. Here we found a considerable clearing, with quite a comfortable-looking farm-house. This is a great rendezvous for lumbermen, and they said they could accommodate us for the night. We rather fancied that a roof, however humble, would be a luxury after our fir-boughs, so we decided to avail ourselves

of this approach to civilization; but we had not taken into consideration *all* the discomforts attendant on a woodman's lodging, and we decidedly regretted our choice.

On awakening the following morning, we found that some of our party had started long before dawn, anticipating a chance of moose, or caribou; a forlorn hope, however, for we came across no large game during our trip, although sometimes we saw their tracks,—indeed, our sportsmen had practically given up all expectation of game when we decided to go through to the St. John's, as we were obliged to travel so rapidly that hunting was impossible; besides, every year, now, the moose are becoming scarcer, and I dare say before long the huge, uncouth animal will become extinct. The rest of us swallowed a hasty breakfast, and started off anew on our travels. The day was dull and gray, threatening rain. We left the lake by a little stream, turning into the Umbezooksis River, a flat sheet of water with low meadows on either side, and covered with flags and water-lilies, white and yellow. Here we paddled against the current; the flow, however, was sluggish, and it did not seem hard work. After several miles, the river narrowed suddenly, and became very swift. The men got out and waded through the shallow water, while the guides poled the canoes up-stream. I never saw anything prettier than this wild woodland brooklet, now very rapid, and broken into mimic falls and whirlpools; hundreds of water-lilies and blue-flags grew around us, over which poised themselves, or darted hither and thither, myriads of dragon-flies, looking like tiny shafts of burnished steel. The sun gleamed out now and then, and lit up the forest of larches and birch-trees, which stretched their trunks fantastically across the brook.

Here we met our unsuccessful hunters, who flung a few ducks in a disgusted fashion into the boats, and helped to lift the canoes over the shallows. It was hot work, and it made me quite uncomfortable to sit at my ease, and watch the men struggle against the current. It was with a sense of relief that we came suddenly into Umbezooksis Lake, with its flat, sandy shore sparsely covered with reeds. The water was very shallow for half a mile, and the guides were obliged to push the canoes to such a distance from shore before they could get in, that they looked as if they were standing in the middle of the lake. The sun had

now disappeared for good, and a soft drizzle commenced, which, before long, changed into a steady pelting. Jack and Jill were kept perfectly dry by their little mackintosh coats, which covered them from



UNDER THE BIG BIRCH.

head to foot, and they seemed rather to enjoy having their faces washed in this novel fashion. It was most unpromising weather for "Mud Carry," which, they say, is the wettest portage in the state. On landing, we made a hasty dinner of what provisions we had on hand, then scrambling up the muddy bank, started on our tramp, the guides putting the canoes on their heads, which made them look like some strange specimens of scarabæi. They appeared to carry them without difficulty and certainly they were well sheltered from the rain.

The children were slung in blankets like papooses. H. shouldered one of them and Mr. O'C. most good-naturedly took the other; they looked very happy with

their bright little faces peering out above the blankets from their sharp-pointed India rubber hoods. The trail through the shaggy-bearded forest was barely wide enough for one person to pass and seemed to be the rocky bed of a stream; indeed it was not wide enough for us to escape without being scratched by the branches on either side. We were obliged to leap from rock to rock and from side to side to avoid the abysses of mud and water, which looked horrible enough. More than once I fell from the mossy, slippery logs and plunged knee-deep into one of those nasty holes. Every now and then a long, wet branch would come slapping into our faces, and of course the rain made matters worse, for we could hardly see.

After struggling over this worst of all the carries, until we were dead tired, we found ourselves in a little clearing which our guides informed us was just half way across. As we were evidently in for a stormy night, and the darkness was fast closing around us, it was voted to pitch the tent at once as the probabilities of going farther were strongly in favor of faring worse; and it was well we did, for no sooner had we gathered under the friendly shelter of our tent, than the rain came down in torrents, and continued all through the night. It was certainly an inhospitable night for a sojourn on "Mud Carry." How it did pour! but we had managed to keep the children tolerably dry, and that to me was a great comfort. I think the only complaint we heard was a soliloquy from Jack in his hammock:

"Me not comf'bl'; me wants to go to a hotel."

We were glad enough to leave in the early morning, however, with the safe assurance that a good pull that day would result in much pleasanter camping-grounds for the following night. The heavy rain had of course increased the natural depravity of the path, and it was only after a series of most disagreeable flounderings, sinking at times to the knee in mire, that we finally reached "Mud Pond" and our canoes. This is a small sheet of water fully meriting its name, very shallow in water, but very deep in mud. How deep I do not know, but there seems to be almost a suction downward, as a hunting-knife dropped on the shore was only recovered by the guide immediately sinking in his arm above the elbow. Crossing this pond we entered a little stream that flows into Apmojenegamook

or, as it is now called, Chamberlain Lake. At the mouth of this stream, before entering the lake, we encountered a mass of bare, dead trees, a curious result of the overflow caused by the dams beyond. They stretched far into the lake, and we had to push our way through into the open water beyond. There was a look of weird desolation about them impossible to describe; their branches bleached or naked, looked like spectral arms interlocked in a fantastic net-work of bone. I could not help thinking of Hans Andersen's fairy tale of the little mermaid where those horrid "polypi" stretch out their ghastly living branches, and try to lay hold of the dear frightened little thing.

Pushing and pulling our boats sometimes under and sometimes over the skeleton branches, we finally emerged from the grim floating thicket, and found ourselves launched in the open lake; four miles across on the opposite shore could be distinguished a clearing called Chamberlain Farm, and thither we bent our course. This was the last human habitation we could hope to see until we should reach the Mattawankeag settlement, on the upper St. John, and we profited by that knowledge in the purchase of what bacon, sugar, etc., they could spare us. I imagine that the farming done here is more in the matter of furnishing supplies to the lumbermen in winter than in the harvesting of crops in summer. However, they gave us a very good dinner, after which we stowed our forage in our boats and pushed away, anxious to make some further progress while daylight lasted. We paddled a good four miles to the outlet of the lake, carefully avoiding the many snags of sunken timber which would be pretty sure to upset a colliding canoe. Here we determined to remain for the night, and pitched our tent on the shore, near the locks that stood at the head of the Alleguash River. At this place, four years before, H. had great luck with brook-trout, and the men were all very anxious to cast their flies, but the fish must have learned wisdom in the meantime, and gone to more sequestered pools, for the meager dish we had for supper was far short of our expectations. Being now well accustomed to making our toilet at dawn of day, we lost no time the following morning in packing up and moving on. The boats and luggage had to be carried a few hundred yards to the other side of the dam, and while this was being done and we were preparing to re-embark, it began to

pour in a way that rendered the chance of keeping anything dry almost hopeless. Everything in the shape of water-proof was seized upon, but as a soaking was evidently our fate, we resigned ourselves to a sitz-bath in the canoes, and continued on our way undaunted. We were now upon the Alleguash River, which flows northward through a chain of wild, lonely lakes until it empties a hundred miles beyond, into the water of the upper St. John's. The first of these lakes, called Pongokwahem, or Heron Lake, was reached after a pull of some two hours, and our presence was proclaimed by the barking of the foxes on shore, and the wild laugh of a loon beyond. The rain still continued to fall, but by the time we had accomplished half the distance of the lake, there was only a drizzle left, and here a large, projecting rock offered inducements as a landing-place, being the only clear space we could discern along the otherwise densely wooded shore.

As soon as we landed all were astir with preparations for the night; great blazing fires were kindled on the rising ground above us and the wet clothes and blankets hung all around on poles to dry. Those of us not otherwise engaged bent every energy upon the kettle and the coffee-pot, with the happy satisfaction of soon spreading upon our rocky table what seemed to us a most delicious meal. We watched the loons sailing about a little distance from us, filled with curiosity at the unusual spectacle we afforded them. One of the Indians called them with a cry so like their own that, except for the direction from which we heard it, it would have been impossible to distinguish one from the other; but they were discouraged from coming very close as some of the men had inhospitably conceived the idea of making them a target for rifle practice, and Mr. O'C. distinguished himself, by striking one on the head at a distance of 300 yards,—a shot that any of the Creedmoor men might have been proud of. A great heap of soft fir boughs had been gathered in the tent, and on it we enjoyed a good night's rest. We were wakened in the morning by a bright sunrise, and the promise of a lovely day,—a pleasing contrast to our late experience. Breakfast over, we dropped into the boats as naturally as soldiers would fall in for drill. The air was delightfully bracing, and our little fleet danced joyously out on the clear, sparkling waters. Side by side we kept together until nearing the lake's further end, where we divided

forces in hunting for the outlet. The outlets of these lakes are sometimes very deceptive, there being several inlets along the shore equally imposing at their entrance, but which a few miles further on all end in grass and mud. Our canoe was unlucky enough to enter one of these, and after paddling several miles in the flattering belief that we were the discoverers of the true highway, we found ourselves stuck fast in a great swamp of lily-pads, where hundreds of bull-frogs croaked their disapproval of our intrusion. This was unfortunate, as it gave us five or six miles of paddling to no purpose. However we retraced our course, and re-entering the lake we heard the shouts of the more fortunate explorers directing us to the eastward. The wind had arisen in the meanwhile and the lake was very rough; for the first time I now felt the sensation of fear, and as our frail bark was tossed on successive waves, many of which wetted us to the skin, I realized what a mere speck we were on the great sheet of water which looked so dark and cold and deep; I trembled with apprehension and held my little girl closer to me, while with an indescribable dread I watched the canoe which held my other darling far in the distance. However, we reached the inlet in safety and landed for dinner, and afterward a long steady pull brought us to the upper end of Churchhill Lake, when the lengthening shadows of the tall pines reminded us that we must soon be selecting our camping-ground; but while the twilight lasted we floated on, making up as far as possible for the time that had been lost. Passing through some little rapids on the stream connecting Churchhill with Umsaskis Lake,—and where, by the way, H. came to grief, in his ambition to paddle his own canoe, breaking his paddle and measuring his length in the bottom of the boat,—we came to a halt. The guides recognized the vicinity of much more serious rapids which in the darkness would have been dangerous. The shores rose abruptly on either side, and at first we chose the left as being more accessible, and, clambering to the top, began a survey of the situation, when an army of mosquitoes, midges and punkies attacked us with a ferociousness that is altogether beyond description. They seemed to fill the air so as to render breathing impossible without inhaling them, and we fled to the boats in indiscriminate retreat. The opposite bank was the only recourse, and although we found it far from free of the intolerable

plagues, still it was much better, and the smoke of half a dozen rapidly kindled fires helped to drive them away. It was not an attractive place to pass the night, for the long grass was very wet, and there was but little wood for the fires; but all discomforts were forgotten by dawn of day, and I think that the men of the party would have liked to stay longer, for the waters below were literally swarming with trout of an enormous size; I hardly dare to say how many were landed before breakfast, but they drew them in almost as fast as they could throw a line.

The rapids on which we were about to embark were found to be very strong, and the river so low that the guide thought it unsafe; so, giving us some very dubious directions as to the course we were to follow, they ferried us across the stream and left us to make our way for about a mile through an utterly trackless wilderness, with a promise to guide us with their shouts.

It was a walk, or rather a climb, to be remembered. At times our strength nearly failed us. No woodman's ax had ever echoed here, and on every side the fallen trunks and centuries' decay made barriers almost impassable. However, there was nothing for it but to plunge through as best we might; so, climbing over and under the great trunks, and sinking at times deep in the treacherous rotten logs that gave way beneath our feet, we finally reached the shore again, and waited for the canoes. H. and Mr. O'C. had each carried a child during this frightful walk and must have been completely exhausted, although they would not admit it; but we all resolved that for the future we would brave any rapids rather than repeat such a walk. The waters were still rough enough, however, to make it very picturesque and exciting, and we made good progress until we reached Umsaskis Lake; half-way up its shores a halt was made for dinner. Of all the waters we had passed, there were none I think so fair as this, outvieing all its sister lakes in the perfection of its lonely loveliness. The water laps upon its fresh green shores as yet unmarred with drift and whitened logs, and all the other débris that is sure to mark the track of man. It was with regret that we entered the narrow stream beyond, that, bordered with tall pines, suddenly closed from our view the fair scene behind us—

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines
and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct
in the twilight,

Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar with beards that rest on
their bosoms."

Only a few more years will these stately patriarchs of the forest be left in their green solitude; soon the woodman's ax will wake the echoes upon the shores of the lonely lakes, singling out the giant white pine, which is ever the first to fall. Soon after, we reached Long Lake, at the upper end of which there lived an old-time hunter, who for twenty-eight years had made these forests his solitary home, and we put forth every effort in the hope of reaching his shanty before night. Toward eight o'clock we were rewarded by the sight of a small clearing, and all eyes were strained to discover the presence of "the wild man" as we had christened him,—very appropriately too, as we soon had reason to convince ourselves. The gentleman was at home, and as his attention was attracted to the approach of our canoes, he indulged in a series of gymnastics and yells that were quite appalling. This we afterward discovered was all intended as the expression of most friendly greeting. Helping to pull the boats ashore, he poured forth a stream of broken French and English that threatened to make up, in part at least, for all the years in which he had been debarred from human intercourse. He would gladly have extended to us the shelter of his roof, but we were now well inured to the night air, and preferred our canvas covering; not refusing, however, a bed of hay which he furnished us, and some maple sugar for the children. Good hunting could be had from here, as our host had a favorite spot in the neighborhood, where he promised a choice of moose, caribou, deer, otter or beaver, but our time was so limited that the temptation was regretfully put away, and we were obliged to content ourselves with the hope of returning at some future day and roughing it for a month or so in this wild region. With the morning we were again *en route*, the wild man gazing after us from the shore, indulging in a few parting yells and an occasional leap into the air. I afterward learned that he had improved his opportunities during our few hours stay to offer himself in matrimony to my maid, which flattering proposal, fortunately for me, was not accepted. There were no more lakes before us now, and a half hour's paddling brought us to the Alleguash River proper. From here it stretches away some fifty or sixty miles before joining the St.

John's, and St. Francis, the first settlement to be met, is twelve miles again beyond that point. An examination of the larder revealed a most impoverished condition, and we fully realized that any loss of time would render our supply inadequate to the distance. With this rather powerful stimulant to exertion every paddle had plied morning and afternoon, with hardly any intermission, and the sun was now sinking behind some heavy clouds that were fast gathering in the west. The shores on either side were steep, and very thick with underbrush, and while looking anxiously for some spot where it would be possible to pitch our tent, one of our guides, the only one who had been through before, said that he remembered a clearing with a cabin on it which he thought could not be far beyond. The forbidding aspect of the shores and the surely coming storm boded us no good, and it was at once determined to make a desperate effort to reach the spot with our two canoes, containing the two children, Mr. O'C., H. and myself, the others being half a mile behind. The Indian guides were well tipped, and their paddles responded vigorously as we sped on in the fading light. Mile followed mile and still no semblance could be traced of the spot described; moreover, darkness was not destined to be the only obstacle to our progress, as the ominous sound of rapids fell upon our ears. Still we kept our course, and thanks to the keen Indian eye and steady hand, were guided safely through. Then came shallow water where both canoes and hopes were well-nigh stranded. All four men were in the water, and we were finally pushed and pulled through it, reaching again the deeper channel; but in a darkness so profound as to render the banks almost invisible. Had there only been still water now, we might yet have reached our goal; but the fates were dead against us, for the current was growing swifter and another stretch of rapids lay beyond. To attempt their passage in the darkness would have been sheer madness; so we faced the inevitable and groped about for a landing-place. The storm was now upon us, and as we stepped out on a bank of soft oozing mud,—the only place they could find to land,—the heavy rain began to fall, and my heart sank within me as the full force of our extremely disagreeable situation rose before us. The other boats contained the tent, provisions, and in short the whole camp equipage, and we

had left them miles behind in the vain self-flattery that the "farm" was to afford us shelter and entertainment for the night. If the darkness had overtaken them before they came to the last rapids we had passed, it would be almost impossible to reach us. We had simply nothing but the clothes we wore and two little pieces of maple sugar which we gave the children,—they were delighted with everything and in the most excellent spirits. I do not know what we should have done without the handy Indian woodcraft of the guides, which now came greatly to the rescue. A bright fire blazed up, as if by magic, from the wet sticks and muddy bed, and with the paddles and a bit of string a frame was made over one of the canoes, which they pulled up on shore and covered with great sheets of birch-bark peeled from the trees near by, and in it Jack and Jill were put supperless to bed. But they now had at least warmth and shelter. They were very good, poor little things, and I put them to sleep, kneeling in the wet mud to rock the birch canoe, and singing "Little Jack Horner" and "Jack and Jill," while the rain fell steadily and the solemn night settled down over the wilderness. The possibility of our being obliged to pass the night in this forlorn condition and entirely at the mercy of the storm, was merging rapidly into certainty, and for the first time since the start I felt my courage quite give way. It was not destined to be tested to the full, however, for a little later on we heard the shouts of the rest of the party, who had providentially determined to reach us at all hazards; and a very hearty welcome we gave them, especially those who brought the tent and blankets. With these we managed to get through the night somehow, dwelling with pleasure upon the prospect of reaching the settlements the following day. And this we succeeded in doing, completing the remaining twenty miles upon the Alleghuash, and entering triumphantly upon the St. John's River. It was nearly sunset, and St. Francis lay twelve miles beyond; but the river is very swift, and the current alone would carry us that distance in an hour. The rapids here were on a far grander scale than any we had passed,—very swift, and much greater in the volume of the water. The frail craft shot through them like an arrow from the bow, and when I reflect now that a single miscalculation or a moment's want of presence of mind in our guides would have ended our journey in this world, I wonder how I ever dared to take those blessed babies through.

Of course, having gone so far, it was necessary to go farther. But I felt we had good cause that night, once more among our fellow-men, to thank the ever-watchful Providence who had safely guided us through our journey. In the following three days we paddled over a hundred miles down the St. John's River, passing all too quickly through its noble scenery, ever changing in its grandeur or its beauty, and stopping for the night at the settlements that are scattered here and there along its banks. At Tobique we reached the railroad, and our trunks, which had been forwarded to us from Mount

Kineo. It was with mingled delight and regret that I laid aside my wood-toggery and donned a French costume, and when Jack and Jill came into my room with their *bonne*—she with smart cap and ribbons and stiffly starched gown, and the children in embroidered frocks and broad sashes—I could hardly believe them to be the little gnomes that played under the giant trees of the "Urwald" such a short time before. And I think that all our party felt more sorry than glad when we met at dinner in the garb of civilization, and bade good-bye to the pleasures and hardships of our forest roamings.

TWO KINGS.

"Two kings are dead."—*Thomas Goffe.*

I saw, but whether it was in a dream,
Where Present, Future, Past
Blend and bewilder us, and strange things seem
Familiar—while they last;

Or in the flesh, as walking in the street
We see a friend or foe—
Who knows? I saw a man with faltering feet
Who down a hill did go.

The bleak and barren hill like iron rang
Beneath his fitful tread;
The trees had shed their leaves, and no bird sang—
The birds were flown, or dead!

The time of the year was autumn, and the hour
The last that leaves the light;
For in the sullen West, like a great flower,
Day faded into Night.

What could be more forlorn than that hill-side,
Where, through the withered leaves,
That wrinkled, bent old creature walked and sighed,
That mournfulest of eves?

The grief that looked out of his hollow eyes
Refused to be consoled
By tears, that still would come, with heavy sighs—
Piteous in one so old!

He wrung his trembling hands, and tore his hair,
Then stood as carved in stone,
And stared behind him—there was no one there,
For he was all alone.

"Why are you here in such a woful plight?
Why do you turn your head,
And stare so backward through the glimmering light?"
"Because my kings are dead."

"Clearly," I thought, "his wits have gone astray."

And then to him I said,

"Your kings—what kings? There are none here to-day—"

"Because the kings are dead."

I thought it best to humor this old man,

Who, like another Lear,

Went wandering down the hill-side, weak and wan,

As if his end were near.

"Tell me about them, Sire, for I perceive

That you are kingly, too.

I will go downward with you, by your leave."

He smiled, and said, "You do."

I scanned him closer, and, to my surprise,

He was not as before;

There was a wild light in his laughing eyes,

And he was old no more!

"O Prince! O King!" he cried; but not to me

His greeting was addressed,

Nor any person there whom I could see.

"My master, and my guest!

"Most beautiful art thou of all thy race,

Most gracious and benign;

The right to rule is in thy royal face,

And in those lips of thine!

"No robe is rich enough for thee to wear—

What earthly robe could be?

The bright abundance of thy golden hair

Is crown enough for thee!

"All things that thou dost look on are made fair.

The eagle's eye sees far;

But thy soft eye sees farther—everywhere

It lights upon a star!

"The feet of the mountain does are swift in flight—

Off like the wind they go;

Thou art before them on the mountain height,

And thou art first below!

"This to the eye thou art; but to the heart

Whose pulses beat with thine,

Who can declare what happiness thou art?

Declare, O Heart of mine!

"Dear is the pressure of a woman's hand,

And woman's lips are sweet;

Weak men by her caresses are unmanned,

And grovel at her feet.

"But she is not the best of all good things;

For, when I am with thee,

I love thee better, O my King of Kings!

And dost not thou love me?

"His presence honors my poor house again;
I give him of my best;
Who would not give his all to entertain
So beautiful a guest?"

"I do not see the King you speak of, Sire."
The old man shook his head:
"Nor I, for I have lost my heart's desire,—
My dear, young King is dead!"

"But where, pray, tell me, have they buried him?"
"I know not; but I guess
That somewhere in a chamber, hushed and dim,
He lies in loveliness!

"Wrapped in a purple pall, as if asleep,
His hands upon his breast;
And fair, sad women watch, but do not weep,
Lest they disturb his rest.

"Right royally his brother filled his place,
And glorious to behold
Was his tall form, broad chest, and bearded face,
And his great crown of gold.

"No yellow locks for him,—he wears the crown,
And can the helmet wear;
He bears a sword that smites his foemen down,—
Who angers him, beware!

"For this great king is swift as he is stern,
Nor pity knows, nor fear;
He can see thousands fall, and cities burn,
And never shed a tear!

"But war delights him not, for he is wise,
And knows that peace is best.
There is a kindly humor in his eyes,
And he can laugh and jest.

"What his dead brother only had begun
(What rare beginnings those!),
Taken up by his strong will, was straightway done,—
Cities and ramparts rose.

"This masterful great man, who was my King,
And who was full of cares,
Had time to hear his merry minstrels sing,
And hear his people's prayers.

"But he is gone, the strong, the good, the just,
And gone his golden crown;
His scepter and his sword are in the dust;
His kingdom has gone down.

"Low lies that mighty form that filled the throne,—
Low lies that royal head;
The race is ended: I am here alone
Because the King is dead!"

"Thou strange old man," I said—"if man thou art,
That growest so thin and pale,—
I feel a chillness creeping round my heart
At thy accursèd tale!

"Who art thou? Speak!" He spoke not—was not there,—
If ever there, had flown,
And left me talking to the empty air,
On the dark hill alone!

"I am the man whom I have seen," I said,
"I have my story told;
I have a wrinkled face and a grey head,
And I am growing old.

"I have outlived my YOUTH, that was so dear,
Seen MANHOOD pass away,
And now have reached the autumn of my year,
The evening of my day.

"For lo! in the far West, so lately red,
There is no spark of light;
Darkness below, and darkness overhead—
Alone, alone at night!"

SOME JAPANESE MELODIES.

SEVERAL years ago when the troupe of Japanese jugglers were in New York, I happened to remain in town late in the season, and attended a number of the remarkable entertainments given by them at the Academy of Music. The only drawback to my enjoyment of their wonderful feats with ladder, pole, tubs, butterflies, etc.,—and especially those of little All-Right and his father,—was the exceedingly harsh and disagreeable noise made by the Japanese orchestra, consisting of five performers seated on the floor at the rear of the stage. But one night,—after having attended these entertainments ten or twelve times,—I made what was to me a most curious and interesting discovery. At the moment when little All-Right was performing on the pole, which was supported in a socket attached to a belt around his father's waist,—in the midst of the strange sounds made both by the orchestra and by the man himself, who was coolly playing on a "samiseng" while balancing the boy in mid-air,—I suddenly noticed a melody, at first indistinct, but afterward assuming definite shape as I was able to shut out the discordant accompaniment. After listening intently during several performances I at last succeeded in following

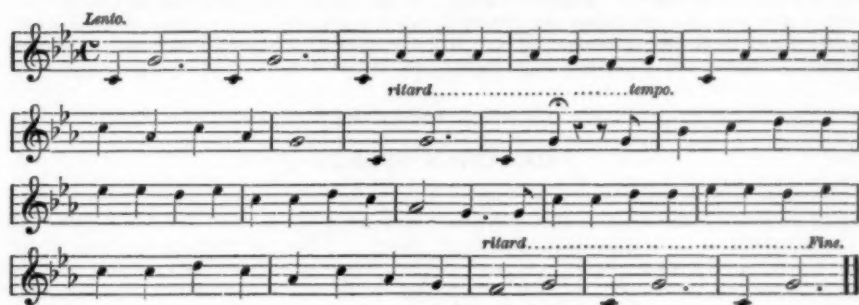
the air and in getting it by heart. Once after this, when little All-Right came to see me, with the interpreter of the troupe, I took his forefinger in my hand and made him play the melody on the piano. He recognized it at once,—although separated from the dreadful sounds he was accustomed to hear with it,—and cried out delightedly, in Japanese: "Oh, that is what my father plays when I am up on the pole!" I met little All-Right after this again in London, and became quite well acquainted with the boy. He had great pride in his profession, and he and his father were grieved at the accident which happened to the youth during the season in New York, not so much on account of the personal injury, but because a fall during a performance brought such mortification to them as artists. I had desired while the troupe was in London, to gather more of their melodies, and expressed my regret at the absence of the native orchestra. All-Right replied that their music was so widely objected to that it had been withdrawn. I was not surprised at this for the same feeling prevailed in this country, and was shared at first by myself.

What shall I say of this melody? It is perfect in construction, original, beautifully

simple, full of sentiment, and suggestive of touching words. The accent of the first two bars is remarkable, inasmuch as I have never met a musician who was able to annotate it at once, although I have repeated it to some

of the most accomplished musical writers both in this country and in Europe. A distinguished London critic did not hesitate to declare the melody worthy of Beethoven.

I have attempted to write it down as follows:



Since finding the above, a friend of mine has taught me another Japanese melody, which, although not quite so striking as the

first, is almost equally novel and charming. The unexpected introduction of the E natural in this melody is a bit of inspiration:



In Léon de Rosny's work on Japanese poetry, I find the following melody, which,

although interesting, does not possess the merit or the charm of the two given above:



I would like to awaken an interest in the music of the Japanese. Judging from the melodies I have given, there should be here

a wealth of suggestion to the artistic musician. A company of performers, such as visited this country, would not be likely to

make use of the highest order of music. I assume, therefore, that these must be popular melodies, of which a prominent London critic justly remarks that however much they may enter into the national life, as being the spontaneous utterance of popular feeling, "they are not art, but rather the material upon which it is the province of art to build." Have the Japanese any higher

development in music, or is it all simple, direct, and suggestive, like their poetry and their decorative art? Certainly there is a resemblance between these three melodies and the poetry, especially, of the Japanese,* in the qualities of artfulness and finish.

* See "A Bouquet of Japanese Verses," SCRIBNER for January, 1875.

CANADIAN SPORTS.

THE blood-born and bone-bred love of open-air sports is the most marked physical characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon heritage in Canada. Nowhere under the sun is climate more favorable for the hardy exercises in which English-speaking people delight to indulge; and there is a freedom from the restraints and conventionalities of the Old World's over-crowded countries—where restraints and conventionalities are necessary to social enjoyment—which is sap to the sportsman's soul. I think the Canadians well typify the hardiness of northern races; and nothing has perhaps helped more to form the physique of the people than the instinctive love for outdoor life and exercise in the bracing spring, winter and fall of the year. The spirit of sport is born in the blood as well as nourished by the clime. And yet you may find here, as in every other part of this grumbling empire, healthy recreants, buried in books or bound to business, whose knees quake at the shot of a cricket-ball, and who hate the very mention of play. But taken for all in all, the English element in Canada has lost none of its wonted fondness for the sports of flood and field; finding fuller vent in the free scope of our woods and waters, and the wildness and abundance of our game. There is indeed a "new world" opened to the lover of gun and rod from the old lands across the sea, who here finds himself the luxurious monarch of all he can bag from sunrise to sunset, with no other let or hinderance than those which the gory pot-hunters compel.

Does he come in quest of the wary moose and running caribou, the quail-thief of the corn-field, the mud-loving snipe, the stupid pheasant, the pine-loving grouse, the cosmopolitan plover, the strategic partridge, the saucy wood-duck, the shy black duck; does he court the bear, wolf, beaver, marten, mink or the otter, or does he woo the salmon,

the trout, *et hoc genus omne*,—here he may find everywhere food for his sportsman's fancy. If his spirit waxeth hot to chase the fox, I can commend him to the courtesy of the Montreal Fox Hunt, who will give him fences to leap harder than any English hedge, and fox to run down, cunning as an Indian. From "find to finish" he will have all his nerve and daring can do, with the clear blue Canadian skies above, and the hard, dry ground below. None of your fogs and swamps, wet to the skin, and mud to the eyes, horses, hunters, hounds, all a color, and a wild splutter of slop when the carcass, head, pads and brush excepted, is thrown to the yelping, frothy dogs. Or doth his fancy turn to thoughts of foot-ball, yachting, rowing, cricket, golf, here he will find acclimatized and natural as life, the recreations, good, bad and abominable, high and low, costly and cheap, princely and plebeian, of almost every country on the face of the earth. Some of the worst immigrants have brought us their best diversions. The foot-prints of the earliest known Indian races are left in their peculiar games; the very Mennonites, the last arrivals, have fixed the imprint of their pastimes among the settlers of the far West.

Canadian sports, however, have a character of their own. They smack more of the ungoverned and ungovernable than the games of the Old World, and seem to resent the impost of regulations. To their popularity and wide-spread indulgence we owe the fellow-feeling which of late years has made public opinion so wondrous tolerant toward the whole kith and kin of honorable sportsmen. I remember the time when scholar and sportsman in Canada were deemed as irrelative as vice and virtue; when a merchant was flouted on 'Change who spent a Saturday afternoon at a curling rink, and a doctor was put under a cloud of suspicion who ventured to show he had brawn as well as brains, and

dared to run the risk of missing a patient to catch a fish; when a hare-shooting parson soon lost caste with his professional brethren. Brave men were they who broke these social Molochs in pieces, and paved the way for the rational estimate of recreation. Even the Canadian Croesus who boasted that he hadn't taken a holiday from business for over thirty years, is beginning to accept the popular verdict which stamped him a fool, and I should not be surprised to hear that he has decided to go to the Paris Exhibition. The common sense of diversion has set its seal upon our education as well. The miserable gospel which wedded narrow-shoulders and spindle-shanks to mental grace and genius has given way, if it ever had much hold in Canada, to the truer manliness of sound thews and sinews upon which to build the sound mind and clear brain. I would rather see wild oats sown at single scull than in billiard saloons; an overzeal in the gymnasium than in the card and gambling-room.

Of the many foreign sports in vogue in Canada, I must fight shy, as I propose to confine this sketch to three which are indigenous to the Dominion, viz.: the summer field sport of lacrosse and the winter pastimes of snow-shoeing and tobogganing. For all of these we are indebted to the Indians.

It is rather a strange feature of our Canadian sports that the French population have so little taste for their indulgence. Any one familiar with the social life and character of the people of France will appreciate the remark of the Duchesse de Berry, at Boulogne, when witnessing a cricket match by the English residents. After some half a dozen fine innings had been played for her benefit, she sent one of her retinue to ask when the game would begin, as "*Madame la Duchesse était terriblement ennuyée.*" It will not be a matter of wonder that the French Canadians show about as much interest in field sports, and that their recreations have more of the Gallic flavor of the *ballet* and the *fête*. I say this in no disparaging mood, but simply as a matter of fact, and as a strange antithesis to the deep personal interest of the "Canuck" of English descent. The French Canadian is hardy and active, and full to overflowing with love of amusement; but I think he prefers to look at rather than join in athletic games. I attribute it entirely to the instinct of race. It may be remarked, too, that during the French régime in Canada, which lasted one hundred and sixty years, history tells us much of

the jovial dance, the merry party, but nothing at all of the out-door game and sport. There was plenty of adventure of a robust and dangerous character, associated with the newness and wildness of the colonial life, but the Indian in his ball play monopolized the genuine sports of the field. Of course there were horse-races in winter and summer, but these were as foreign to the pure athletic idea of sport, as the "Grand Prix de Paris" of to-day. It was left to the Saxons to start the ball rolling. They did it by introducing the cricket crease on the historic Plains of Abraham, and by absorbing several Indian aids to travel and transport, like snow-shoeing and tobogganing, and converting them into amusements.

May I ask the company of an American cousin in our Canadian sports, to whom, with the help of Mr. Sandham's charming sketches, I will be faithful chaperone, be he neither too fearful nor too rash? My triplicate of pleasure knows dangerous as well as delightful features, though no sport is worth a fig if it have not some form of peril. I should not like to pick *mon ami* up for dead between the flags on the lacrosse field, run to ground by a checker's charge, or brought to grief and blackened eyes by a home-man's overhand throw; nor should I care to drag him to never so hospitable a hospital on never so smooth-bottomed a toboggan,—spine cracked, ribs caved in, breath going; nor yet find him a moribund victim to the law of gravitation and the trick of tripping of his snow-shoes, head-foremost in a snow-drift, to be shoveled out blue in the gills, and so stiffened as to snap in the straightening! No, no, Cousin Jonathan! If in search of rarest jollity, and the hey-day in thy blood is still untamed by the mannerisms of civilization; if overwork and worry have not scud to Hades with thy scepter of sport, and love for the open air has not fled affrighted from thy soul, I trow I can give you a healthy holiday, get you, without other tonic than pure ozone, a hungry maw fit to revel in venison underdone, and make your nights a perfect empyrean of sweet slumber!

The game of lacrosse, which was adopted as the national game of Canada on the 1st of July, 1859, the first "Dominion Day," is the only one of the three instituted and still remaining as a pure pastime. I have been frequently amused at the ingenious attempts made to claim this game as of Irish, Scotch, or other than Indian origin. One authority, holding the identity of origin of the Indian and Irish races with the Phœnicians, set

forth a plausible argument to show that lacrosse is identical with coman, or trundling, mainly because of the resemblance of the present stick to that used in the Irish game. But unfortunately for the theory, the original game was played with a stick of so different a shape that nothing is left of the discovery. As seen in the sketches, the present stick resembles a shepherd's crook, or a fish-hook; the original crosse, such as used by the Sacs, Sioux, Ojibways, Dacotahs, Potawatamies, and some others, was a round hoop about twelve inches in circumference, with two strings, bagged to catch and carry the ball. The stick used by the Choctaws, Cherokees, and Creeks was about the same length,—three or four feet,—bent into an oblong hoop. The present players carry only one stick. The original players always used two,—one in each hand,—the ball being caught and carried between them. The ball could be thrown only a short distance; it had to be picked up by a peculiar scoop from right to left. In some parts of the country around Lake Superior, there are Indian tribes still playing with this old Ojibway stick. In olden times, the ball was made of deer-skin, or raw-hide stuffed with hair, and sewed with sinews; sometimes it was merely a knot of wood. The goals were marked trees or rocks when playing for pleasure; but when the contests were of a more national character,—such as in the combats between different tribes or villages, as witnessed by Charlevoix and other travelers,—regular goals were used, consisting of two poles about eight feet high, at a distance of five or a thousand yards apart,—such as used by the Sioux, Dacotahs, Iroquois, and Algonquins,—each pole constituting a goal to be struck by the ball. The Cherokees of North Carolina used one pole, past which the ball had to be thrown. Among the Choctaws seen by Catlin, and the Creeks, seen by Basil Hall (1828), two poles, twenty-five feet high and six feet apart, with a goal-line across the top, precisely like the present goal in foot-ball, were used,—each one of these constituting a goal,—between which the ball had to be thrown. Notwithstanding these differences in the shape of the stick, the composition of the ball, and the style of goal, the aim and character of the game were precisely the same among all the Indian tribes,—viz.: to start the ball in the center of the field, and to carry or throw it through the goal of the opponent.

The original game was, to my mind, the

most severe of ancient or modern field sports, founded purposely for amusement, and not designed to risk death, as the gladiatorial games of the Romans, or the bull-fights of Spain. From what we can learn of it in the vivid descriptions of Charlevoix, Catlin, Hall, and others, it intoxicated every sense of the competitors, and excited them to the maddest feats of human strength and agility. To one who has played the modernized game of Canada against a crack Indian team, and experienced the intense exertion needed to win a match, a very good estimate may be had of the wonderful endurance of the natives of a hundred, or even fifty, years ago. The game was in every sense a genuine recreation, having nothing in it of the religious element of Greece, but intended to quicken and strengthen the body for close combats in war. Certainly no field game invented before or since could better accustom the young warriors to that individual valor and intrepidity upon which depended the success of the Indian mode of warfare. By the Ojibways it was called "Baggataway;" by the Iroquois, "Tekontshikwaheks."

It will be interesting to look back at some of the characteristics and associations of a field sport which, from being extensively played among the Indians of the western and southern states as well as of Canada, has become systematized and adopted as the national game of the latter. Associated with it were some peculiar preparatory ceremonies. The intending competitors were selected months ahead when the contest was between two tribes or respective villages. The players had to avoid all excesses for two weeks before the match, eat little food and inure themselves by a ceremony the night before the event, which would not commend itself to modern ideas of training. Moonlight was always chosen. A fire of pitch-pine wood was lit near the banks of a river, and to the noise of Indian drums, and gourds holding gravel, the competitors would go through the training dance, intended to give the last touch of suppleness to the joints. After dancing for an hour, the players in full heat, jumped into the cold stream. This preliminary dance seems to have prevailed among all tribes, some dancing in a circle around a bonfire, sticks in hand, others around the goals, singing and yelling. The squaws stood in two rows facing each other, between the two bands of players, and joined in the dance, holding the goods to be staked

on the following day. Four medicine-men, or umpires, sat in the center of the field smoking. The players invariably wore their ball-play dress and rattled their sticks together. Catlin speaks of this dance as one of the most picturesque sights imaginable, and says that being repeated at intervals of every half hour during the night, the players got no sleep.

Captain Basil Hall (1828) in his "Travels in the United States" describes a remarkable feature of these preparations which he witnessed among the Creeks of Alabama. After reaching one of the council-squares, he found the Indians in a square court about twenty yards across, formed by four covered sheds in which were seated the natives. A raised, sloping platform, covered with a mat, was occupied by the chief. A huge fire of pine-wood blazed in the center of the court, around which sat some old Indians. Musicians discoursing barbarous strains on drums and gourds, and squaws with their backs to the company occupied other parts of the square. Suddenly a party of Indians seized their sticks and rushed in a wild circle around the fire, screeching, tumbling over one another and turning somersaults. From this, adjournment was made to a hut, in the middle of which a fire was burning, at which the players were squatted, tying cords tightly around one another's arms and thighs. They then threw water upon themselves, and each standing in a sloping position against a wooden pillar, were scarified by some old red-skins with needles or the teeth of the gar-fish fastened to wood or to a corn-cob—two rows of fifteen points. The instrument was drawn as hard as possible along the legs and arms over a space of about nine inches in length. "Five separate scratchings were made on each man's leg below the knee, five on each thigh, and five on each arm, in all about thirty sets of cuts. As the instrument contained about thirty teeth, each Indian must in every case have had several hundred lines drawn on his skin. The blood flowed profusely as long as the bandages were kept tight. This, indeed, seemed to be one of their principal objects, as the Indians endeavored to assist the bleeding by throwing their arms and legs about, holding them over the fire for a second or two. The scene was altogether hideous. For my own part, I scarcely knew how to feel when I found myself amongst some dozen of naked savages streaming with blood from top to toe, skipping

and yelling round a fire, or talking at the top of their voices in a language of which I knew nothing, or laughing as merrily as if it were the best fun in the world to be cut to pieces."

Generally sides of fifty each were chosen, when the very choicest athletes and runners contended, but Catlin frequently saw six and eight hundred, or a thousand young men joining in a grand game, or rather *melée*, while several thousands of spectators were on the ground. It is suggestive that the best warriors were invariably the best ball-players. Before the sun rose, the crowd of warriors, squaws, and children, dressed in their holiday best, gathered on the ground chosen for the contest, making "pools," appointing stake-holders, often hazarding every possession of the wigwam, the women violently betting, and the very children wagering their toys. The men pledged their horses, guns, and sometimes their wives; but the latter having the principal part to play in this feature, seem to have entered into it only when willing to part from a dissipated or cruel lord and master.

The players generally were entirely naked, with the exception of a light breech-cloth, which was frequently torn to shreds before the game was over. They painted their bodies from head to toe in a most grotesque manner, and wore various fantastic decorations of feathers, bead-work, etc.; sometimes wearing Oriental-like cloths for turbans, into which they put feathers. A beaded belt was also used, to which was attached, projecting from the small of the back, a curious tail made of white horse-hair, or quills of the porcupine (see cut on page 512); while a "mane," or neck-collar of horse-hair, dyed, completed the outfit. The Potawatamies seem to have been the only tribe whose feet were tender enough to demand moccasins.

Most of the Indian tribes in this game affected to keep out of sight until a signal was given for play. The two parties were in opposite parts of the wood, yelling defiance at each other. At a signal from the game-director, they advanced leisurely toward the field, stopping at their respective goals to perform a propitiatory dance, brandishing their sticks. Among the Cherokees, the squaws ran out on the field at this stage, and gave their lovers tokens of favoritism. The players then approached each other, laying down their sticks and counting sides, each man choosing his antagonist. After a speech by the game-director, the ball was

either placed in the center of the field, and at a signal a rush made for it, as in polo; or it was thrown high in the air by one of the medicine-men, and attempts made to catch it between the two spooney sticks. Charlevoix says the Canadian Algonquins kept the ball from touching the ground, and that if a player missed a catch, the game was lost for his side, unless he could send it to goal in one throw. The hands were never allowed to touch the ball, except to tap it away from the body,—a privilege now accorded only to the goal-keeper.

With the present civilized game, there is a code which attempts to regulate the irregular course of this game, but the utter wildness and fury of play in the original game surpasses anything ever before or since recorded of any field sport. The players would trip and wrestle, drop their sticks when disputes arose, and, as Catlin says, "unmolested, settle it between themselves with their fists." Often the rush toward the ball would be so impetuous that the players would leap over one another's heads, dart between their adversaries' legs, throwing one another in the air, or dragging one another on the ground. Catlin's sketches show several individual contests of wrestling, and excited squaws whipping lagging husbands into the combat.

Catlin used to ride thirty miles on horseback to see a match, and says he has almost dropped from his horse's back with laughter at the droll tricks and kicks and scuffles. All travelers who have seen the game seem to have been at once struck with the fine athletic figures of the red-skins. Catlin, writing of a match he saw, said it was a school for painter or sculptor equal to any of those which inspired the hand of an artist in the Olympian games or Roman forum. Lanman, among the Sioux, said: "The Olympic beauty of this game is beyond all praise. It calls into active exercise every muscle of the human frame, and brings into bold relief the supple and athletic forms of the best-built people in the world. At one time, a figure will rivet your attention similar to the Apollo Belvidere, and at another you will actually be startled by the surpassing elegance of a Mercury." Hall said of the Creeks, that he before looked upon them as "bow-legged, slouchy, ungraceful and inactive;" but, after seeing them stripped for their ball-play and in full excitement, he says, "They offered some of the finest specimens of the human form I had ever seen." Hall's description of a match is an epitome worth

keeping: "At length, an Indian, more expert than the others, contrived to nip the ball between the ends of his two sticks, and having managed to fork it out, ran off with it like a deer, with his arms raised over his head, pursued by the whole party engaged in the struggle. The fortunate youth was, of course, intercepted in his progress twenty different times by his antagonists, who shot like hawks across his flight from all parts of the field, to knock the prize out of his grasp, or to trip him up,—in short, by any means to prevent his throwing it through the opening between the boughs at the end of the play-ground. Whenever this grand purpose of the game was accomplished, the successful party announced their right to count one by a fierce yell of triumph, which seemed to pierce the very depths of the wilderness. It was sometimes highly amusing to see the way in which the Indian who had got hold of the ball contrived to elude his pursuers. It is not to be supposed he was allowed to proceed straight to the goal, or wicket, or even to get near it; but, on the contrary, he was obliged, in most cases, to make a circuit of many hundred yards amongst the trees, with thirty or forty swift-footed fellows stretching after or athwart him, with their fantastic tigers' tails streaming behind them; and he, in like manner, at full speed, holding his sticks as high over his head as possible, sometimes ducking to avoid a blow, or leaping to escape a trip, sometimes doubling like a hare, and sometimes tumbling at full length, or breaking his shins on a fallen tree, but seldom losing hold of his treasure without a severe struggle. It really seemed as if the player upon these occasions had a dozen pairs of eyes, and was gifted for the time with double speed; for, in general, he had not only to evade the attacks of those who were close to him, but to avoid being cut off, as it is called in nautical language, by the others farther ahead.

"These parts of the game were exciting in the highest degree, and it almost made the spectators breathless to look at them. Sometimes the ball, when thrown up in the first instance by the chief, was reached and struck by one of the party, before it fell to the ground. On these occasions, it was driven far among the pine-trees, quite out of sight to our eyes, but not to those of the Indians, who darted toward the spot, and drove it back again. In general, however, they contrived to catch the ball before it fell, and either to drive it back, or to grasp

it and run along, as I have described, toward the end of the ground. Sometimes they were too eager to make much noise; but whenever a successful blow was made, the people on the winning side uttered a short yell, so harsh and wild, that it made my blood run cold every time I heard it, from being associated with tortures, human sacrifices, scalplings, and all the horrors of Indian warfare. After the game is over, the agent told me, the opposite parties are frequently so much excited that they fall to in earnest, and try the strength of their sticks on each other's heads."

One of the most thrilling episodes of our colonial history, in which the game played an important part, was the surprise and massacre of the British garrison of Fort Michillimackinac by a party of Indians, forming the center around which Parkman has woven the story of the "Conspiracy of Pontiac." After the conquest of Quebec in 1759, and the capitulation of Canada in the following year, Sir Jeffrey Amherst sent an enthusiastic provincial officer, one Major Rogers, with a body of hunters and back-woodsmen to take possession of the western outposts, which still floated the *fleur-de-lis*; Detroit and Michillimackinac were included. Where the city of Cleveland (Ohio) now stands, he was intercepted by Pontiac, who after learning the purport of the expedition, expressed his approval, and seemed to show the sincerity of his movements by saving Rogers and his men from an impending onslaught of 400 Detroit Indians. Upon his arrival at Detroit, the garrison surrendered, and seven hundred Indian warriors, the active allies of France, "greeted the sight with a burst of triumphant yells." The forts Miami, Ouatanon, Michillimackinac, St. Marie, Green Bay and St. Joseph, severally surrendered, and the capitulation was considered complete. The chain of forts from Lake Michigan to Niagara had been built by the French ostensibly as trading houses, and the Indians found them of considerable advantage. The accommodating character of the French race, and the insinuating diplomacy of the Jesuit missionaries, won upon the susceptible hearts of the red-skins, and fed their vanity to the full. There was a time when the French tongue was a sacred passport through the wildest bush. But the times changed when the *régime* changed. The flattery of the French was replaced by English reserve. The red-skin was made to feel that he was an inferior animal to the red-coat. The French added

fuel to the flame, and the proud Indian determined to have his revenge. Several efforts were made to destroy the English garrisons, but were frustrated. A great cloud was gathering, and in 1762 the "Conspiracy of Pontiac" was planned. Parkman attributes its conception to Pontiac. I have always believed from what I have read that it was a bit of French diplomacy; a master stroke of French revenge. All the tribes of the Ohio and its tributaries, the upper lakes, the borders of the River Ottawa and the mouth of the Mississippi, excepting the Iroquois Confederacy, welcomed the war-belt of wampum and prepared for war. The general attack and the capture of the forts which followed brings us to Michillimackinac, where the Ojibways at this time were settled. The fort was occupied by thirty-five men of the 55th and 80th regiments of the British line, with about sixty other inhabitants. It was customary to admit the Indians during the day, and to permit them to stroll through the fort. A French Canadian warned the commander of a plot to massacre the garrison, but no attention was paid to it. On the birthday of King George, 4th June, 1763, discipline was more than usually relaxed, and the Ojibways invited the inhabitants to witness a grand game of *baggataway* (as lacrosse was then called in their language) between them and the Sacs, in honor of the day. The game was to be played on the plain in front of the fort; the gates were opened and arms laid aside. Some of the soldiers stood outside the fort; some leaned over the parapet; groups of Indian warriors were lying on the ground near the gate; squaws standing together in knots on both sides of the entrance, with their blankets drawn closely about them. The players carried one stick each, such as seen in the sketch of the original player by Catlin (page 512). A chief advanced to the center and flung up the ball. At once the wild frenzy of contention began, every player leaping and rushing like mad in the excitement of the play, and in the terrible prospect of revenge at hand. Now and then the ball shot high into the air and fell inside the pickets. Gradually the players got closer to the fort, and made a rush to the gate, as if after the ball; when the fierce war-whoop rang over the plain; ball-sticks were thrown away; the squaws who were standing near the gates opened their blankets and gave the warriors the weapons concealed, and led by the Grand Sauter, the red-skins fell upon the garrison and cut

them down, though not a Frenchman, many of whom were close spectators, was harmed. Only twenty escaped. The same blind was



TULLOCK-CHISH-NO (HE WHO DRINKS THE JUICE OF THE STONE) A CELEBRATED CHOCTAW LACROSSE PLAYER.
[AFTER CATLIN.]

tried and failed at Detroit. Has any other modern field game so tragic a history?

But the Indians' old fierce baggataway has shared the fate of the Indian himself in having become civilized almost out of recognition into a more humane sport. It has lost its wild and wanton delirium, and though restless under regulations, has become tamed into the most exciting and varied of all modern field sports. The two old spoon-shaped sticks of the Choctaws and Creeks have been reduced to one in number, and changed in shape. The Ojibway half-breeds of Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountain Indians still use the original stick and play in the primitive way. On the Saskatchewan, the Prairie, Crees, Blackfeet and Assiniboines still celebrate their returns from the buffalo-hunt by contests of the original game. But the national game of Canada has peculiar features which the original as seen by travelers in the United States never possessed. The Canadian Indians claim to have invented the present shape of the stick long before the discovery of the country by Cartier; and it is notable that the shape seems to have been exclusively confined to Canada. The origin of the name *lacrosse* may be attributed to Charlevoix, who when ascending the St. Lawrence at some point between Quebec and Three Rivers saw the game, which he called "*le jeu de la crosse*,"

played by the Algonquins with the present stick.

The "*crosse*" as used to day is made of ash, hickory, rock-elm or basswood, bent like a fish-hook, about five feet long, and having its bent part interwoven with raw-hide, gut or clock-strings netting, not as close or as tight as a racket-bat, but not so loose as to allow a "*bag*." The illustrations will show the shape and character perfectly. When the "*crosse*" is held out at arm's length from the body, the netting must be flat, and so woven at the lower angle that the ball cannot catch in its meshes. Some players prefer to use the right side in playing, but the majority instinctively take to the left side—that which is uppermost when the tip of the curve in the stick is to the left. Nearly all Indians play with the left side. The ball is India rubber sponge, between eight and nine inches in circumference. There are two goals, one for each side, each goal consisting of two flag-poles six feet above ground and six feet apart, placed at any distance from each other, from about one hundred yards to a quarter of a mile, according to the number and running power of the players. The goal-flags are generally very handsome,—blue and scarlet silk, embroidered with the name and motto of the club. Mr. T. James Claxton, a Montreal merchant, presented a set of four flags and flag-poles costing over \$250 for competition among the clubs of Montreal. The ground needs no rolling or preparation, but the smoother it is the prettier the play. The dress of the player consists of tight shirts, Knickerbocker woolen stockings, and moccasins or light shoes. Two umpires are appointed at each goal. A referee in matches is also chosen, and captains to superintend the play. The players are designated as follows: "*goal-keeper*," who defends the goal; "*point*," first man out from goal; "*cover point*," in front of point; "*center*," who faces and begins the game; "*home*," nearest opponents' goal. The others are called "*fielders*." Twelve players constitute a field in a match. A match is decided by the winning of three games out of five. After each game the players change sides as in cricket. Spiked soles are prohibited. The ball must not be touched with the hand except by the goal-keeper. When a ball is out of bounds it is "*faced*" for at the nearest spot within the bounds, all the players remaining steady in their places. The "*crosse*" must not be thrown at a

player or at the ball. Grasping an opponent's stick with the hands; holding with the arms or legs; deliberately tripping, striking, pushing with the hand; jumping at to "shoulder;" wrestling with the legs entwined; interfering with another who is in pursuit of an opponent in possession of the ball, are strictly prohibited, and in this way the savage character, but not one jot of its intense excitement and boisterous fun has been modified.

Now, my American cousin, you are posted

your opponents and to prevent them putting it through yours. Come along, old fellow! You shall have your wish. I slap you on the back, and admire your pluck. It's the old instinct of race in both of us; only I wish, for your sake, you used your brains less, and exercised—in out-door recreation—your body more.

A splendid Saturday afternoon in autumn. The Iroquois braves of Caughnawaga, under the captainship of Aientonni, who glories in the appellation of "Big John," have chal-



LACROSSE —THE GOAL-KEEPER.

in the laws; you've got into your athletic rig, and feel like an Iroquois warrior. You've done your bit of training, got rid of superfluous fat, can catch, carry, and throw the ball fairly, dodge an opponent at practice, and may be block a grounder shot between the flags. You know that the object of the game is simplicity itself. Your side is to do its best to put the ball through the goal of

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lenged the pale-faces to a contest. John stalks forth, prouder than the first-born peacock, and looking, every bit of his six feet two inches, as genuine an Iroquois as ever raised war-whoop. John had the honor of commanding the Indian team who played with the Canadians before Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle last year. He addressed the Queen, and Her Majesty not only replied



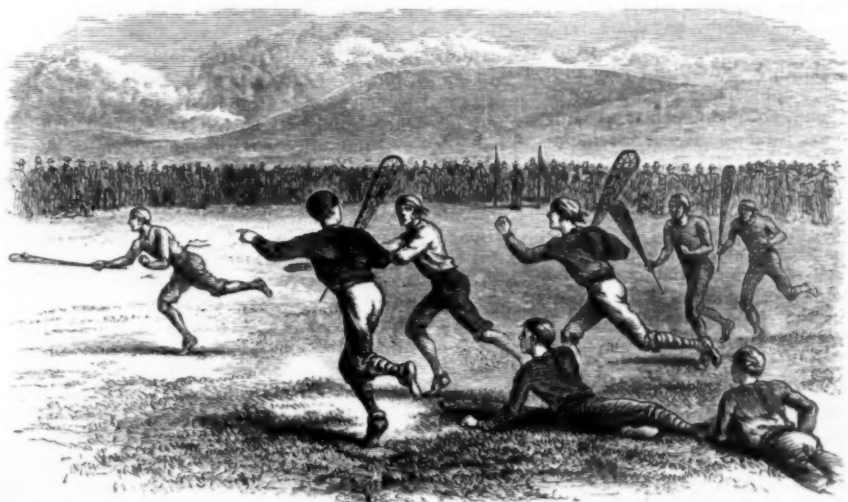
BIG JOHN.

to him and gave him her photograph, but accepted a pretty Indian basket from his hands. John will feel his importance to the day of his death. Now he lets out the fierce Iroquois call to his men to take their posts, and the pale-faces, who have been larking with the ball, throwing to each other and dodging for pastime, to get into their respective positions. "Evergreen Hughes" commands the pale-faces. Karoniare, until lately champion Indian runner of Canada, he of the wild eye and cunning arm, is in the center, and, placing the ball in the middle of the field, is faced by his opponent. The sticks are crossed, the ball being on the ground between their nettings. The captains give the last word of warning to their men, and at the word "Play!" the two centers do their best to start the ball toward the opposite goal. This method of beginning the game originated in Canada, and is only possible with the present-shaped stick. Sometimes the ball is drawn or hooked away to a fielder of one's own side, who no sooner touches it than he is tackled or checked by an opponent, and in a moment the vim has begun in real earnest. Look out, my friend from over the border! Check that fellow! A desperate stroke, that would go through ancient helmet and skull, and ah! you have missed it. The dodger watches

your eye, and as you cut at his crosse he bends his arm, brings his stick, with the ball on the netting, across the front of his body to the opposite side, and off he goes, leaving you to hit mother earth instead of his crosse, and to wonder how you missed it. Now don't chase the man down to your own goal and weaken your position. Stick to him as long as you can annoy him, but let the checking be divided among the chain of players. Ah, there he comes to grief! "cover point" feigns to check, but recovers too quick for the red-skin, and, hitting his crosse upward, knocks the ball into the air, catches it beautifully by a scoop, and is off at top speed to the right and down the field for a run, while the home men close up to the enemy's flags, and red-skins are slashing away at his heels—may be his head—until a trip, and down he goes, losing the ball, and making a soft bed for the nearest Indian to fall on. Now ensues a struggle. A red-skin and a pale-face, well matched in limb and muscle, are almost locked in the frantic effort of cross feet and close body combat to get the rubber. Red-skin tries to shoulder pale-face out of reach, but pale-face sticks to him like a leech. Now the latter has it, but before he has time to tip it away, the former has it again, and there the two stick and struggle until some fielder near by hooks it out, and is off with it in his turn, chased by one or two, and compelled to throw it. Away it scuds like a sky-rocket, one hundred yards up toward the flags, thrown with both hands on the crosse, ball on the lower angle of the netting, a good deal too high for effect, but pretty for appearance,—twenty feet high would have been better,—and away, too, go the skirmishers of the Indians in defense, and the rally of the home-fielders in attack. Down drops the ball within a few feet of the goal-crease; swish! goes the home-man's crosse at it, but the Indian "point" is too sharp for him, and hitting his crosse prevents the stroke, and gives "goal-keeper" a chance to cut the ball clean away to a friend, who edges off with Indian instinct to catch it. And now the face of the game is changed in a moment. Red-skin is fresh, and runs up the field. Out go the links to check him. Our American cousin's blood is a-boil. He will stop that red-skin, or will die in the attempt. He does neither, but falls on his nose, rips his knickerbockers, and looks quite as sore as he feels. "This is a puzzle," thinks he. But, in an instant, the ball is shooting through the air toward

him. Oh for a Presbyterian church-bag, or a fishing-net! Shall he take off his cap, and use it? No! he must try to catch it in the orthodox manner. But the ball is very heterodox. As it descends, he holds out his netting, and, instead of keeping the rubber, it bounds up and off. Ah! you forgot the art you learned in practice,—the knack of meeting it half way,—and letting your crosse yield on the same principle that you'd catch a cricket or base-ball. You soon find out, however, that though you may be the best catch in base-ball, you're a bungler at lacrosse. But now an enemy is upon you. You make a frantic plunge to pick up the ball, miss it, lunge again, slip, and, at last, you've got it, and off you go for a run, when down comes the whirling crosse of a red-skin, whizzing past your ear like a stroke of death, and possibly taking your knuckles on the way, and leaving you an ignominious result,—nonplused, "checked," with a chance to rest your wind and to reflect upon your mishaps. What a beautiful sight! you say, as you look at a bit of a battle near the goals between five on a side. How those red-skins double and turn like snakes, never seeming to tire! What excitement,—every man having his innings at the same time, yet with no scrimmage like foot-ball! No need for spectators to watch telegraph-board. No bothersome scoring. No fagging, no monopoly, as in most other games of ball. There the men go again, spreading out as the long

thrower gets the ball, and is just about to pitch down to the opposing goal. Suddenly an artful Indian leaps upward, blocks the thrown ball in the air, catches it before it touches the ground, turns like a top, and twists like a serpent, and is off with it to one side. But before he gets a chance to throw, a pale-face fielder is upon him, and there they struggle again in close combat. The best man wins. Away goes the victor at top speed, with the enemy at his heels,—some fleet as the deer, some sprawling in the fullness of a slip. Now, Brother Jonathan, take my place between the flags, and see if you think it as easy to stop a ball there as at the cricket crease. Whizz! comes an overhand throw. Instinctively you budge, or shut your eyes and feel for a moment that your end has come. Bang! goes the ball against your belly, and you get credit, at any rate, for saving the game. But look out. That sharp home-man is at you again. Whizz! from the lower angle. Up goes your stick to meet it, but whack goes the ball on your chest. Better be bruised, my friend, than beaten. While you're able to stand up, there's hope! Now the ball is coquetting about your feet. How unmerciful those home-men are to your shins! Your legs are black and blue, and you feel as if you had an osseous tumor in your epigastrium. Ah! there's a cool fellow, who has it all to himself, and running up in front of you, very quietly throws with one hand



LACROSSE.—THE SUCCESSFUL DODGE.



LACROSSE.—THE STRUGGLE FOR THE BALL.

at your side. "No easier ball to stop," think you. But a cheer! Why, that slow grounder has gone between the flags, and the red-skin has won! Very well done, my dear fellow! Better luck next spring!

Lacrosse has rapidly followed in the wake of cricket, wherever the flag of England floats. Last winter an Indian Rajah sent to London an extensive order for the sticks. Nothing has done more to foster this than the visit to Ireland, Scotland and England, last summer, of a picked team of Canadian gentlemen and Iroquois Indians. It will be remembered that a few years ago a base-ball team from the United States went to the old country, but met with poor success. A like result was predicted for the lacrosse teams, but a brilliant series of matches was played in the three kingdoms, and a magnificent welcome was given them at Windsor Castle by the Queen. To-day the game is one of the popular sports, matches having already taken place between England, Scotland, and Ireland, while promises are made of a visit to Canada of a united Old World team. For

many years the Montreal Club, the *alma mater* of the game, held the championship. No doubt many of the readers of SCRIBNER then tourists in Canada will remember the exciting contests between the old club, and the Prescotts, and Torontos, of Ontario, and the Shamrocks of Montreal. Montreal began to rest on laurels already won, but the Shamrocks and the Torontos were making great strides, and the old club suffered defeats.

Autumn has come and gone; the lacrosse field is covered with the young snow of December. The Christmas holidays are over, and Jack Frost has frescoed the window and frozen the streams; the north wind pipes its cold refrain through the bare branches of the maples, and scares the last bird from its nest to a warmer home. Nature puts art to shame again, and the snow makes a better highway than Macadam. Over the clear hard roads the runners glide and the sleigh-bells jingle, and you may see in the faces of the people

ples, and scares the last bird from its nest to a warmer home. Nature puts art to shame again, and the snow makes a better highway than Macadam. Over the clear hard roads the runners glide and the sleigh-bells jingle, and you may see in the faces of the people



HARD LUCK.

you meet and in the trot of the horses a settled satisfaction. Jack Frost means business in Canada. He sends no frail frauds of suspicious slush but a genuine virgin frost, born in the north and loving its native point of the compass.

I imagine I see the shiver of those goose-skin readers who prefer the dog-days to the winter, and who would rather risk a sun-stroke than a frost-bite, and swelter in a New York July than tempt the Providence of a Canadian March. True, our winter is a season of some sadness and suffering for the poor, but it is, too, a season which evokes warm Christian love and charity. But Canada in winter is not "the few arpents of snow" of Louis XV., nor the exclusive

and Laplanders use the snow-shoe, and I have heard that they are used by the tribes in the north-east of Asia! In the museum of St. Ignatius College at Rome, a pair of these Asiatic snow-shoes are to be seen. Santini brought several pairs from Siberia. La Pérouse and Lisseps found them in Tartary. Count Buonaventura remarks their serviceableness to the Siberians. Rosetti had a pair in his collection of antiquities found among the Hurons of this country, and the archæologist may be interested in knowing that the latter once appeared at a masque ball in Rome wearing a North American Indian dress, which closely resembled that of two Tongusian princes present.



HARD TO MANAGE.

home of Indians and icebergs. It is the season *par excellence* for sociable gatherings in-doors and out-doors, and tempts more people out-of-doors than even the warmth and beauty of summer. Whether sleighing, skating, snow-shoeing or tobogganing, young Canada is never happy without the fairer sex, and only in the long tramps of the snow-shoe clubs are ladies supposed to be absent. Can manliness ask better company in his pastimes? I trow not.

The snow-shoe is the only thing I know of ever invented to facilitate walking over soft snow; and it is quite likely that in spite of all the mechanical knowledge of this age, nothing better or simpler will ever be contrived. The Esquimaux

The shoe is made of one piece of light ash, about half an inch thick, bent to a long oval, and fastened closely with cat-gut where the two ends meet. A strip of flat wood is then fitted across the frame about four inches from the top, and another piece about two feet from the ends, to give it spring and strength. The interior of this frame-work is then woven with cat-gut, which allows it to press on the snow with your full weight with little sinking; a hole about four inches square being left behind the center of the front cross-bar for the partial protrusion of the toes in lifting the heel. The center bears the weight of the body, and is bound to the sides of the frame-work to increase the strength. The

original shoe measured from two to six feet in length, and from thirteen to twenty inches in width, but for club races it has been reduced to the regulation measurement of not less than ten inches in width, without limitation as to length. However, a short, broad shoe is preferable for the forest or long tramps on soft snow. The Indian's shoe was always broad, adapted for the chase; that of the Sioux, pointed and turned up at the front; that of the Chippeways, square-toed and flat. In the buffalo-hunt in winter the snow-shoe was indispensable, enabling the hunters to run lightly over the snow and plunge their lances or arrows into the sides of the heavy animals, as they rushed into the hollows and ravines, and sank in the drifts. About twenty years ago Mr. John Murray of the

Montreal Snow-shoe Club, applied the shape of the Sioux shoe to that made and used by the Iroquois, and introduced into general use what has now become the popular shape. Of course a shoe is used for each foot. Moccasins are worn on the feet, and the shoes are fastened by a toe-strap of moose-skin across the back of the toe-opening, leaving the heel free to rise or fall in walking; and a line or string of the same is fastened to the shoe, brought over the front of the foot and around the ankle, and tied behind. The Montreal Club introduced a most ingenious tie, made of the one string by which the foot can be slipped into and out of the shoe in an instant, while at the same time the toe cannot slip forward or backward, as in the old tie. I do not suppose you could



AN ANNEXATION PROJECT.



THE RETURN FROM THE DEER-HUNT.

enter a farm-house in those parts of Canada where the snow falls heavily in winter, without finding a gun and a pair of snow-shoes. The backwoodsman could not well do without them. The troops formerly garrisoned in Canada were allowed about fifty pairs to a company, and were systematically drilled in skirmishing, marching, following an enemy through the snow, etc. Our volunteers are equipped with these valuable additions to a "kit" in winter, and frequently make long marches in heavy marching order. I have seen school-boys and girls in the country regularly strapping on their snow-shoes, and cutting across country over fields and fences, in weather when roads were almost impassible: and even in our cities, when the occasional heavy snow-storms occur, it is no uncommon thing to see merchants and children tramping to business and to school with evident enjoyment. Doctor Rae, the Arctic traveler, once walked on them from Hamilton to Toronto—forty miles, between breakfast and dinner; and I have been on tramps with the Montreal Club across country, and over fences, when seven miles was done in an hour and five minutes; and once saw them envied by a train full of snowed-up passengers,—which gave birth to the following verse of the "Snow-shoe Tramp:"

"Men may talk of steam and railroads,
But too well our comrades know
We can beat the fastest engines
In a night tramp on the snow!

They may puff, sir; they may blow, sir;
They may whistle; they may scream;
But gently dipping, slightly tipping,
Snow-shoes leave behind the steam!"

Last winter, parties of the Montreal and St. George's Clubs walked to St. Andrews—fifty miles. The various clubs hold annual races, when prizes are given for flat and hurdle races, between pale-faces and Indians. The Montreal Club was organized in 1840, and every Saturday afternoon in winter, tramps distances from six to twenty miles or more, and indulges in dinner and jollity at a rural inn. Of the twelve organizers "Evergreen" Hughes was perhaps the most active, taking a leading interest on as well as off the shoe, and winning many races. To-day he is the honorary president of the club, and it is a treat to hear him recount in song and story the doings of his younger days.

For many years the club has held its weekly tramps over Mount Royal to Côte des Neiges, and on Saturdays to Lachine, Sault aux Récollets, St. Vincent de Paul, etc. The instinct of race has seized again upon our plucky American cousin. He has watched the club start from the head of Union avenue in Indian file, and thinks the sight picturesque and the sport most jolly. He has enrolled his name, and stands in the full glory of a new rig: white and scarlet-tipped blanket coat, scarlet stockings, white knickerbockers, scarlet sash around the waist, neat fitting moccasins.

sins on the feet, and blue worsted *tuque* with scarlet tassel, in lieu of a cap. "Evergreen" Hughes takes him under the shadow of his wing; ties on his shoes, shows him how to make them glide one over the other in walking, so as not to keep his legs unnaturally apart and tire his loins. With the inspiration of good company, our friend falls into line, well up to the front, as he will there escape the worrying halts and trots of the laggards who spurt and tramp

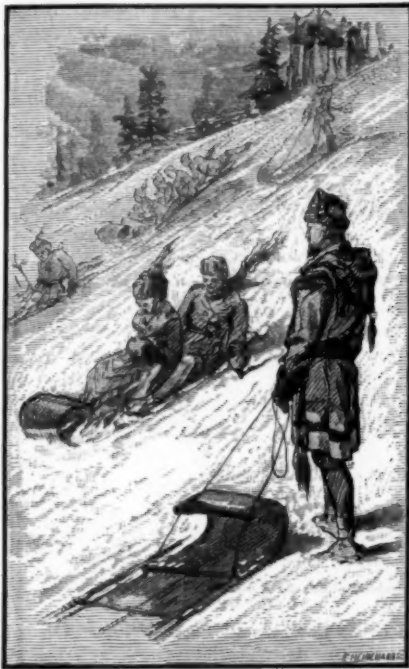
have worn their winter colors and Bruin has been feeding on his paws for over a month, and the snow falls like fine sand through the net-work of the shoes. It's going to be cold work, you think at first blush; but soon your gloves come off, and are put in your pocket; your *tuque*, thin as it is, begins to feel hot and heavy; you feel like opening your coat, and you envy Grant's faithful dog "Monday," who rollicks in the drifts in his native nakedness.



OVER THE HURDLES.

lazily by turns. A glorious moonlight, by which you can read fine print; the galaxy of stars reflecting their glimmer in the clean carpet of snow; the aurora shooting in magnificent beauty like a thing of life. The sidewalks in town were cracking with the cold like the report of pistols, and you can trust the snow for tramping. Hares

Up the hill, following the traditional track known by heart to our leader, every man bending forward and breathing hard in the difficulty of the ascent, on and up between the well-known trees, with a bit of help from "Evergreen" and a cheery word of encouragement from Canadian cousins, never losing his order in the line, till at



COUSIN JONATHAN DETERMINES TO TRY THE TOBOGGAN.

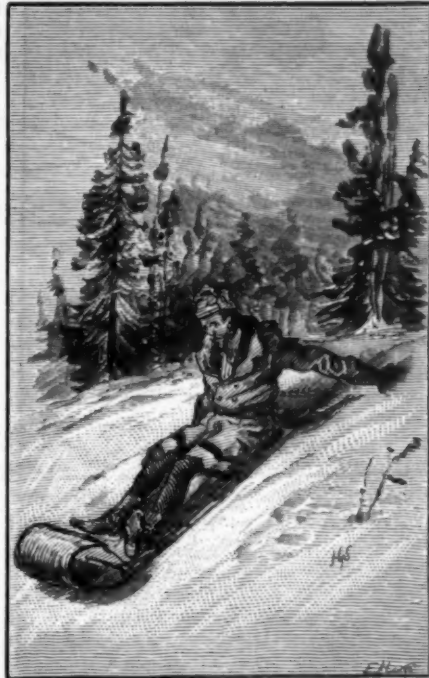
last he reaches "The Pines," and, dropping on his back, feels as if his very last breath was gone, and pathetically appeals to the fellows:

"Do you Canucks call this fun?"

The cheery club-call rouses him as it echoes from the leading files who have dashed on ahead, and as "Evergreen" leads him down the little hill he picks up his courage for a trot, but ah! there they've got him, and the tip of one of his shoes catching in the snow, upsets his center of gravity and over he goes flat on his face. He forgot to hold up his head and keep his shoulders well back. Look at that fellow behind. Doesn't he come down hill grandly? Well, hurry up my friend, roll around and up if you can, if not, give "Evergreen" a call; shake the snow before it melts down your sleeves and neck; never mind the cramps in your instep and your calves. Limp along, old boy. There, ahead, are the lights of the club rendezvous at Côte des Neiges, and by and by you will drag your tired legs after you under its hospitality, slip your toe out from the toe-strap of your snow-shoes with delightful relief, pull the icicles off your mustaches and whiskers, pitch off coat and *tugue*, and luxuriate in a rest.

Soon we sit down to our homely fare of coffee, bread and butter, with a few *et-ceteras*. After refreshments, the tables are cleared, and these apparently fagged out fellows make the house shake with the joyful dance and song. Our club-house has its piano. Crosby sits on the stool, pipe in mouth, fingering to order with a voluntary happiness perfectly sublime. McGregor gives the Highland fling, Stewart the sword dance; then follow the many club songs with grand choruses, some choice bits of opera, some very original quadrilles, wonderful liveliness of legs and laughter, never a breath of vulgarity, perhaps too much smoking, but never any drinking; always the restraint of gentlemen with the *dan* of healthy athletes—what better for the blues? Sharp at ten o'clock, snow-shoes are strapped on again, and in Indian file homeward they go, some novices and lazy-bones walking home *sans* shoes by the road.

Our American cousin is stiff and sore next day, but recovers in time for the Saturday afternoon tramp to Sault aux Récollets, where Lajeunesse's for many years has been sacred to the snow-shoer. A real Canadian winter



GETTING THE HANG OF THE THING.

day, my friend! How the nipping wind whistles and the crisp snow crumbles under your shoes! Boreas is rampant, and the snow blows a blinding storm like a shower of needles in your face, obliterating any track if there was one. But stiffening your lip you never once think of giving in, though Lajeunesse's is six miles away, and you have to cross country, taking fences and brush on the way, directly due north. You get out of the city limits, and by and by some one drops out of the ranks to fix a loosened thong, or ease a pinched toe. The leaders keep on steadily and as many as can follow, whippers-in being appointed to look after the stragglers and give them a lift if needs be. The snow has filled the roads, and in many places tracks are made for sleighs through fields, marked with trees, but the snow-shoers turn up their noses at beaten tracks, and keep on due north. As you cross a highway some *habitant* chaffs you with offers of a drive in his sleigh, but



A SIDE MOVEMENT.



MAKES A GOOD START.

to drive now would be dishonor. On go the white coats, scarlet sashes, and tassels flying picturesquely in the wind. What is that ahead? Two snow-shoes in distress. Five miles from home and one with a broken shoe, and three feet of snow underneath! Well, old boy, you must limp it as best you can, and you'll have a good excuse to drive home. The lay of the land is indistinct in the sweeping storm. The wind whistles as at sea. But for your snow-shoes you might resign yourself to an untimely cold end, and lie there till spring or a thaw uncovers your corpse. Some one steps on your shoe behind, and you get a twist which sends you over on your back, and there you are again in a worse fix than before. Now you are utterly at the mercy of "Evergreen." Up, my boy! As the old song says:

"See the novice down once more!
Pull him out so. Lift him out so.
Many's the fall he's had before!"

A last race in to our rendezvous! You thought you would have died once or twice on the fields, but now, here you are hungry as a bear, and hearty as a buck, ready to join in the dance and enjoy the song, not to mention the substantial dinner which Lajeunesse knows so well how to provide.

And so, my cousin, you go on, till some

fine day we meet you returning from a deer-hunt, looking for all the world a born snow-shoer, having learned the value of snow-shoes in hunting moose, and proud of your first shot in Canadian woods, as well as your ten-mile tramp. And—tell it not in New York, whisper it not in Washington, we meet you some finer day on snow-shoes at another sort of deer-hunt, hand-in-hand no less, with one of our fair lassies. Come, come, cousin Jonathan, I fear you mean annexation. You're a sly as well as a progressive snow-shoer, in truth! I cannot play eavesdropper. I leave you both to your fate. Now, would I not be amazed to see your agile form flying over the hurdles at our races, clearing them like a deer or a Murray; and even so in love with our winter-sport, that you feel as if you could win the club cup.

We have had two days' suspicion of a thaw; the snow has sunken; when the wind changes again, and a sharp frost sets in, the hills are in splendid order for tobogganing, and the moonlight "rolls through the dark blue depths," making the night as bright as day. But, pray, what is the toboggan? It is simply a piece of birch or bass-wood, a quarter inch thick, from five to eight feet long by one or two broad, bent up in front like the dash-board of a sleigh,



OVER A CANOT.



AN UNMANAGEABLE STEED.

and braced by several cross-pieces of hard wood a foot apart, and by two round rods, one on each side, on top of the cross-pieces, all fastened by cat-gut to the sleigh. The bend at the bow is strengthened by two cross-pieces, and kept in shape by cat-gut strings at the ends bound to the front cross-piece and rod. Grooves are cut on the under side of the toboggan to let the knots sink below the wood. I remember seeing a very good drawing of a toboggan in *Sr. NICHOLAS* last year. When the sleigh is intended for mere pleasure, it is cushioned and christened. It was originally used by the Indians to drag home the results of their hunt, or to carry furs and provisions over the snow. It cannot upset like an ordinary sled, and can be dragged through the bush easier than any other sleigh, and on soft snow, where any other sleigh would sink and stick. On the hills it is steered by the rider (who sits at the stern), either with his hands, his feet, or a short stick in each hand. The toboggan will turn in front to the side on which you press your hand or stick. To steer one going down a steep hill at top speed, needs nerve and experience. Weighted with two or three riders, gaining in speed as it gains in progress, it seems to fly along like a high-

way comet as it flashes past you where you stand on the hill, and your blood curdles at the seeming recklessness of the occupants. This is sport gone mad. What an improvement upon Mazeppa, you think, to strap a foe on one of these winged sleds, and send



TRIES AGAIN AND FEELS LIKE A LARK.

him with a plunge into eternity down some steep cliff into some yawning chasm of death! Yet, my friend, I would modify your imagery, and strap a dyspeptic to said toboggan on one of our Canadian hills with a steady friend to steer him, and I would stake my life that I should either scare away or cure blue devils and dyspepsia. But I should not drag him up-hill again. I should unstrap him and force him to walk; for after the wild delight of the swift flight down, there's a world of health and enjoyment in the chatty walk up, arm-in-arm, perhaps, with a rosy-faced Canada girl,—covered with snow, and heart and lungs filled with the joy of healthy, vigorous life.

"Well, I must confess," says our irrepressible cousin, as he stands on the hill holding the leading-line of his toboggan, and studying the way they do it, "this sort of thing looks more like madness than method. There is a dare-devil sort of delight in it I like, though; so here goes for a trial."

Somehow or other, he has the look of one who is green in experience, and a Cana-

dian friend offers to pilot him down. He seats himself in front, tucks his toes under the bend, and holds on by the leading-string; his friend gives it a shove, jumps on behind, steering with one foot, and away they go, the snow scared into maelstroms and whirlwinds about our cousin's face,—here shooting like lightning over glare ice, there leaping in the air as the toboggan bounds over a *cahot*, or ground-swell, and coming down flop, as if thrown from a catapult, as it lands on the level; now scudding away again in maddest velocity, a mile in a few seconds, the sport of the law of gravitation and a steep hill, our cousin's breath sometimes almost whisked out of his body, until he reaches the bottom, toboggan shaking, and he quaking, as if Death had had him by the shoulders, and had given him a rough shake.



BUT FORGETS TO HOLD ON AT THE CAHOT.

Yet he gets up, and finds that, unlike the traditional Turk, whose head had been severed with such nicety and sharpness, he can sneeze without losing his head, and, in fact, is more anxious to try again than to go home.

Côte des Neiges and McTavish's Hills, in my school-days, were the grand hills for tobogganing in Montreal; but by and by the encroachments of building drove the tobogganists to Brehaut's Hill and Clarke avenue

at Côte St. Antoine, or to an open and more public space called Fletcher's Field. At Kingston, they have a fine ride of over a mile on Fort Henry. Quaint old Quebec is fit for tobogganing wherever you go. But one of the most unique rides is down the ice-cone of Montmorenci Falls, about seven miles from Quebec,—as great a resort for tobogganists in winter, as it is for tourists in summer. Indeed, I wonder that no one has as yet begun to rave on the picturesque in ice, especially as seen at Niagara Falls and Montmorenci.* It affords a perfect world of wealth for description and sketching. You get into the funny little, low carioles in Quebec, almost like a box on

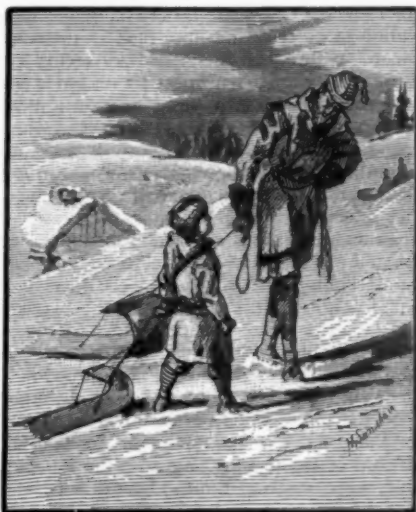


LEFT IN THE LURCH.

runners, and with your toboggan dragging behind, off you go for your half-holiday, generally in a party of single horse and tandems, with gay robes, bright faces, and sprightly horses. It is hard to say which enjoy it more,—you or your horses.

Instead of taking the orthodox road, you go on the river, now frozen, and soon reach the semicircular bay hemmed in by huge cliffs, in the center of which are the Falls. One of the most magnificent pictures of ice I ever saw was on a bright afternoon one winter just as we reached this spot, and saw the water—*La Vache* ("the cow"), as it is

* We beg leave to remind the author of the illustrated paper on Niagara in last year's "Midsummer Holiday" number.—EDITOR OF SCRIBNER.



TAKES ADVICE FROM A YOUNGSTER.

called by the French *habitants*, on account of its resemblance in color to milk,—pitching over the rock nearly three hundred feet high, while all around the cataract and hanging from the cliffs, massive icicles of all shapes shone like pendants of glass in the sunshine; while here and there on the rocks clumps of light snow were gathered, and at the foot of the fall the ice-cone rose to a height of a hundred feet. This cone



HOLDS ON AND PASSES THE CANOT SUCCESSFULLY.

of solid ice is formed by the daily accumulation of spray on a small rock in the river near the foot of the fall, and seems by nature to have been specially designed for the toboganist. The sight here on a gala-day is something very picturesque. The cone is covered with ascending and descending parties of toboganists, while on the dry snow below you may see a party enjoying their sandwiches, etc., in their sleighs. Nothing astonishes our winter visitors more than the indifference to danger, and the genuine delight in hard, rough pleasure, shown by our Canadian girls. A few years ago a party of Quebec ladies tramped on snow-shoes into the bush with their husbands, camped for two nights in the snow, and returned better than ever; and any fine moonlight night you may meet such parties reveling in the pastime on our mountain, or in the full bloom of health roughing it on the tobogan hill, even steering the tobogan down alone for the fun of it, and taking the occasional upsets with a laughing *nonchalance*.

"Is there any real risk in toboganing?" Of course there is, and that's half the vim of it; but accidents happen in the best

came the toboganist on the flat of his back in some mysterious way no one could understand, with a broken spine, and death



AND COMES TO A DEAD STOP.



BUT FORGETS TO STEER.

regulated sports. Three years ago one of our club was sliding down Brehaut's, when his tobogan bounced over a *cahot*. Down

before him in two weeks. Once I had a friend in the front seat of my tobogan, backed by two ladies and myself. We were enjoying the sensation of running against a fence at the end of our descent, and I had warned him to keep in his legs, and not fear the concussion; but at once he thrust out his right leg, and got a compound fracture which laid him up for twelve weeks. Toboganists are always bunting against something. It gets monotonous without an occasional upset, and if you cannot get them accidentally, half the fun is in making the sleigh swerve around when at top speed so as to get them on purpose. It's sometimes very sore when you make a sort of hop, skip and jump, over glare ice and a *cahot*, and rattle your bones almost out of joint as you come down with a crash. But there's no danger at all on a large hill without *cahots*, and not any anywhere if you are really careful. You'll get jolted and jerked, and covered with snow from head to toe, but that's healthy. But you'll get many a fascinating and thrilling ride without a single upset, and scarcely a joggle. It all depends on the condition of the hill, and the character of your steerer. I remember once coming down Côte des Neiges Hill, when at the bottom, standing square in the way of crossing the street, was a *habitant's*



TRIES AGAIN AWAY FROM THE HUT.

horse and sleigh. A man stood on the road with his back to the hill, talking to the farmer. Two of us were on the tobogan, and within a few yards of the horse; the road was smooth ice. We both laid back our heads and like a flash shot under the belly of the horse between his legs. All we heard was a fierce neigh of fright from the horse. "If he had kicked?" It would have been bad for the horse, methinks.

But now Cousin Jonathan is in for a day's sport for himself. He has had his own tobogan, and is determined to steer and control it. Freely I concede to my friend Sandham the art of telling the story with pencil better than I can with pen; how Cousin Jonathan made a capital start, till a smooth bit of track made the sled wriggle to one side; how, in the frantic effort to bring it again to its position, he brought it back foremost; how he slid back until he came to a *cahot*, and slid in heels over head and tobogan over all; how he escaped again to try his luck, and overcame the wriggle, and felt like a lark as he reached that *cahot* again; how, for lack of holding on to the side-rods, he was bounced into mid-air like a rubber ball, and came down

flat on his back on the snow, to find his tobogan careering away down the hill like a runaway colt; how he took advice of a young "Canuck," who showed him how to hold on tight to the sides; how he marched up again, hope unbroken, but back nearly so; how he held on with a vengeance till he got over the *cahot*, and held on so long and so tight that he forgot to steer; how his *tuque* fell over his face in the jolt of the tobogan, and he nearly ran over a snow-bound hut; how he tried again on another part of the hill, away from that *cahot* and that hut; how he espied a tree ahead, and found when too late that the track was narrow enough to test the steering skill of a veteran; how he lost his presence of mind, and forgot to roll off; how, before he had time to reason it coolly, he shot plump against that tree, and he and the tobogan got the worst of the encounter; and, finally, how plucky Cousin Jonathan, with sprained hand in sling and wrapper over blackened eye, left that Indian basswood almost grafted on the trunk of the tree, and limped home, disgusted for the nonce with Canadian sports, let my friend and artist tell. But the brave fellow writes us that he's coming back to try his luck when his wounds are healed. He frankly blames his own rashness and inexperience, not the merit of the sports. I like that Saxon spirit in him. It's the old Norse

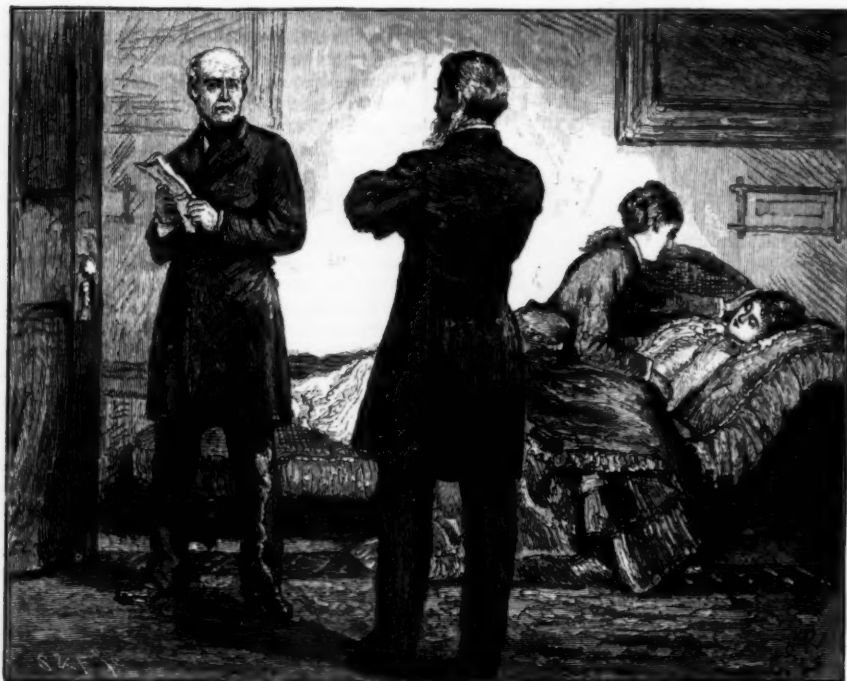


AND CONCLUDES TO WAIT TILL NEXT SEASON.

pluck, which has carried our race and our language throughout the world.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.



MISS LARKIN FAINTS AND MR. BENSON FAILS.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE last leap of Mr. Benson toward the darkness was a long one, and he realized that there was a great difference between trying to save himself from falling and endeavoring to defend himself after having fallen. The passage downward was marked by frantic efforts to catch at crags and jutting trees, by spasmodic hopes and fears, by wild prayers and exclamations, but he was at the bottom, and found the ground unexpectedly firm. As a man in a nightmare falls from some beetling cliff, and, with the very grasp of death at his heart, plunges toward the profound, and alights, in breathless surprise, like a feather, and without a conscious wound,—so had Mr. Benson fallen. He was half paralyzed with fear at first, but he felt the firm earth under him, and it was actually pleasant to him to know that he could fall no further. Whatever he had to

do could be done at that level. There was nothing worse to be done than he had already accomplished. He could stand there and fight for his life, with such weapons as might be necessary for his purpose.

When he arrived there and realized his position, and saw how much respectable company there was around him, he was strangely content. He did not understand it. It was conscience—already wounded and lame—that made the outcry in his long descent. It was conscience that inspired him to catch here and there at the feeble stays scattered down his headlong progress. It was conscience that had filled him with fear and pain; but conscience, unknown to him, had perished with the fall; and he was left alone with his pride and his blind sense of duty toward religious things, unmindful that the divine voice within him was dead.

The first thing to be done, after he had

paid his creditors with the money secured by the hypothecation of bonds that did not belong to him, was to raise money for their redemption at the earliest moment. To do this, he would be obliged to sell property at any sacrifice, or obtain a loan. His own property, acquired during his prosperous and speculative days, was so heavily mortgaged that he found it a hopeless resource. He could not deal with men, because they knew too much for him. He did not like to go to Miss Larkin, because she had lost faith in him, and had humbled him; but he seemed to be driven to her for help. He had made her investments carefully, and she was comparatively safe. The interest on some of these had been defaulted, and they were at his mercy.

It did not take him long to conclude that his most hopeful way of securing his grand object was in obtaining a loan from her. The first thing to be done was to make up a schedule of her possessions, and a statement of their condition, in accordance with her wish, that had been so frequently and urgently expressed. With these in his hands, he called upon her one morning, and, in his calm and confidential way, went over the whole matter with her, and secured her hearty thanks for the service.

"You are all right," said Mr. Benson, with a sigh, "but I am all wrong. I ought not to hide from you the fact that I am in the most urgent distress. I am threatened with bankruptcy, and my family with beggary. I tell you, in confidence, that I am so pressed that I do not know which way to turn for relief. If I could raise money on my own property until times change—and times always do change—I could carry through everything, but, as it is, I see nothing but ruin before me. I have so many widows and orphans depending upon me—I shall carry down with me so many livings and so many hopes—I shall be obliged to surrender a reputation so precious to myself—that I might well choose death as a happy alternative."

Mr. Benson's voice trembled as he said all this, looking sadly out of the window,—for he could not meet Miss Larkin's questioning eyes,—and at the close of his revelation he leaned back in his chair and buried his face in his handkerchief.

"Is it so bad as this?" inquired Miss Larkin, in genuine sympathy.

"My child, it is worse than I can tell you," replied Mr. Benson. "I don't know why I should have said all this to you. You

have troubles enough to bear without any burdens of mine; but I get weary, sometimes, of carrying my load alone."

Miss Larkin was much distressed. She had no doubt that her guardian was in great trouble. Her heart sprang up with an impulse to help him, but with her knowledge of the man, and her keen instincts, there was something about the whole performance that she apprehended as a trick. He had never approached her with any confidences before. He had steadily shunned her and refused compliance with what had been her most strenuous wish. She knew him to be profoundly selfish, and while it was hard for her to believe that he would wrong her deliberately, it was quite as hard for her to doubt that he had come to her for a selfish purpose.

In truth, the more she thought of it, the more plainly she saw that Mr. Benson had been playing upon her sympathies, in order to draw from her a voluntary offer of assistance. He was sitting and waiting for this offer, in painful but earnest expectancy. His nature was a strong one, and it wrought upon her quick sensibilities with a power that almost determined her to lay her fortune at his feet, and risk the consequences. How could she gain time? How could she fight the approaching fatal determination?

Then there came to her aid an opposing tide of remembrances.

"Mr. Benson," she said, reddening, "do you know that you have treated me very badly?"

"My child, I confess it. Do not upbraid me. I have had great trials to carry, and until this hour I have tried to hide them from you, and spare you pain."

"Do you remember that I owe you nothing—that for every morsel of food I have eaten, and every service you have rendered me, you have been royally paid—that you have almost lived upon me?"

"Why do you put me these questions?" inquired Mr. Benson, roused into a moment of petulant anger.

"Because, as nearly as I can apprehend the object of your visit, you have forsaken the ordinary ways of a business man, and come to a girl who would be utterly helpless but for what she possesses, to obtain her aid—to get her voluntary offer of money. If I felt under the slightest obligation to you—if I could trust you—if you had been an affectionate father, or even friend, to me—I would give half my fortune to save you."

Mr. Benson's plan was not prospering, and he saw that he should be obliged to change his tactics.

"Grace," he said, "I came here relying upon your forgiveness—upon your generosity. I have never dreamed that you could harbor a spirit of revenge. I thought it would be sweeter to you to offer the help I need than to grant a formal request. But I must have the money. I must have it soon; and you compel me to put the responsibility for my future upon yourself. You can save me, or you can ruin me. You can save or ruin my poor family. My fate—their fate—is in your hands. Circumstances over which I now have no more control than I have over the waters of the sea, force me to put the awful responsibility on your shoulders. Shall I die, or live? Shall a hundred widows and orphans curse me to the last day of their miserable lives, or bless me and my memory? The decision is with you."

"Oh, Mr. Benson!" almost screamed Miss Larkin. "Must you be so cruel? Horrible! Horrible!"

She rose upon her sofa, sitting upright, staring wildly into his eyes. Then she burst into a fit of crying, and fell back and buried her face in her pillow.

Mr. Benson sat and coolly watched her. He had made an impression. After her sobs had begun to die away, he said:

"My child, I have told you the simple truth. In the stress of my trouble I do not see how I could have said less."

"Then you must give me time to think about it," said Miss Larkin.

"Unhappily," responded Mr. Benson, with a firm, dogged voice, "I can do no such thing. My needs are desperate—this day, this hour, this moment."

Miss Larkin, during all this interview, had held in her hand a note. It had been read, but it had been unconsciously crumpled in her hands, and was wet with her tears. It was from Nicholas, saying, in a few words, that he would call upon her during the morning, on a matter of business. Why did he not come and interrupt this awful scene? Whither should she turn for help?

"I must have time to think—two hours—one hour," she said.

"Grace, this is a very simple question, and one which no person, whether friend or enemy of mine, can help you to answer. Besides, it is a matter that is not to be bruted. The question simply is whether you are willing, on security that I believe to be good,

to lend me the money that will carry me over to a time of prosperity. If you will not lend it, I shall be a hopeless bankrupt within ten days. If you will, I firmly believe that I can reimburse every dollar to you and to every person I owe."

"Go to your library ten minutes, and let me think of it," said the distressed girl.

"Very well," said Mr. Benson, looking at his watch as he left the room. "In ten minutes I will return."

Miss Larkin kissed the note she held in her hands, and exclaimed:

"O my friend! my friend! why don't you come!"

But the ten minutes passed away, in a tumult of apprehension and expectation, and then Mr. Benson returned, with a pen and ink in one hand, and written documents in the other.

"Well, my dear," he said, "I'm sure of your conclusion. A nature like yours can possibly come to but one."

"But I ought to ask counsel," said Miss Larkin, appealingly. "You cannot be my counsel in this matter, you know. You are personally interested in it. You are so much interested in it that your advice is good for nothing."

"Will you sign these documents, my child?"

"What are they?"

"They are a power of attorney for selling property, and a pledge to me that you will lend me the proceeds. The deeds will be brought for your signature in good time. The pledge I propose to use to get extensions with, until I get hold of the money."

Mr. Benson moved a table to the side of his ward, placing the papers before her, dipped the pen in the ink, and, without looking into her face, tried to place the pen in her hand. She did not take the pen, and when his hard eyes sought her face she was in a fainting fit, and the crumpled note had fallen in her lap.

He first grasped and opened the note. The moment his eye apprehended its contents, he understood her hesitation. Crumpling the note again, and restoring it, he rose, without calling for assistance, and, sprinkling water in her face, brought her back to consciousness.

"Here is the pen, my dear," he said. "I am sorry you should permit yourself to be overcome by so insignificant a matter."

She took the pen in her trembling hand, and then she heard the door-bell ring.

"Now! Before interruption!" sharply exclaimed Mr. Benson.

The servant knocked at the door, partly opened it, and announced Mr. Minturn.

Not a word was said.

"Shall I ask him to come up?" inquired the servant.

"No!" said Mr. Benson, spitefully.

"Yes! oh yes!" half screamed Miss Larkin.

Mr. Benson was so angry that he could have smitten her upon the mouth, if he had dared to do so dastardly a deed with retribution so close at hand.

Nicholas was at the foot of the staircase, and had overheard every word. His quick apprehension detected the tone of distress in Miss Larkin's voice, and he did not wait for the servant's return, but mounted the staircase in a breath, and presented himself at the open door. Miss Larkin gave a cry of joy, and sank back into another swoon.

The young man and the old man bowed stiffly to each other, Mr. Benson saying quietly:

"Our friend does not seem to be quite well this morning. Perhaps you had better call at some other time."

Without saying a word, Nicholas stepped to Miss Larkin's side and rang her bell. It sounded the knell of Mr. Benson's purposes and expectations, for, in a moment Miss Bruce appeared, and entered with profound alarm upon the ministries of restoration.

Mr. Benson bit his lip, gathered up his papers, his pen, his ink, and, with an angry glance at Nicholas, started for his library.

"Can I see you a moment, this morning, Mr. Benson?" said Nicholas, as the latter passed him.

There was an air of restraint about both. They would not quarrel in the presence of Miss Larkin, but both recognized the elements of a quarrel in the situation.

"It doesn't strike me that it is advisable for us to meet this morning," said Mr. Benson, coolly. "I'm in no mood for it. I doubt whether you are."

"Miss Bruce," said Nicholas, "if Miss Larkin can see me before I leave the house, I will return." Then to Mr. Benson: "I shall beg the privilege of a few minutes in the library with you. You know I don't trouble you very often."

Mr. Benson found himself under a strange self-control. He had deliberately proposed to lie, in the event of detection in any of

his fraudulent transactions, and to take the consequences, whatever they might be. He would never submit to a confession of his misdeeds. When he had reached this point, he had found what seemed like solid ground.

The two men passed into the library together. Nicholas helped himself to a seat, and Mr. Benson took one between him and the sharp light that came in at the window.

"Will you be kind enough to tell me what has so agitated Miss Larkin this morning?" inquired the young man.

"No; it's none of your business."

"Shall I tell you?"

"No; I know it already; and if a man may be permitted to speak his mind in his own house, I may say that your presence in Miss Larkin's room this morning was an impertinent intrusion, and that your presence here possesses quite the same character."

"I have not the slightest objection to your opinion on these points," said Nicholas, reddening with choler in spite of himself, "but it seems to me that you and I have quite a fund of knowledge in common. We both know why it is that you dare not resent my presence here. We both know that you were in Miss Larkin's room for the purpose of cheating her out of her fortune to save yourself. We both know it was one of the meanest acts of your life. But there is one thing that you do not know, and that I propose to tell you. I am here for the purpose of saving her from you. I apprehended this before I left home, and I have come here for no other object than that of thwarting your schemes. I propose to accomplish this object before I leave this house. I have just left Mr. Glezen's office, and if she will accept him, he will henceforward act as her adviser. Have you any objection to this?"

"Not the slightest."

Nicholas expected an explosion, but it did not come. He had no doubt that Mr. Benson lied, but his apparent complacency with his plan embarrassed him.

Mr. Benson, seeing that his words had had the effect he desired, then said:

"You ought to know that my time is very precious to me, and that you have no justification for compelling me to tolerate your presence here for another minute. Shall I bid you good-morning, and leave you to your plotting against a man who never did you harm?"

"Not yet," said Nicholas, who began to feel very uncomfortable. "You have been kind enough to profess some interest in the recovery of the bonds that were stolen from me at Ottercliff."

"Well, what of the bonds?"

"I have a clew to them."

"Have you?"

Nicholas watched his *vis-à-vis* very closely, but he did not start. There had been a change in him which he did not comprehend. He had seen the plastic lime harden into stone. He had seen the molten iron flowing like water, and cooling into unimpressible forms. He had drank of the water in summer upon which he had stepped in winter; but never before had he seen a man in whom nerves had once tingled with vitality and blood had coursed warmly, transformed to adamant.

"Yes," said Nicholas, "I have a clew to them. I have a letter now in my pocket which I know to have come from one of the robbers. He has told me—or rather the lawyer to whom I committed the matter has told me—just what has been done with the bonds. I know the night on which they were transferred to the hands that now hold them. I know who has them in his possession."

"Does the man who holds them know them to be yours?" inquired Mr. Benson, in the most quiet manner possible.

"I have no doubt that he is morally sure that they are mine," said Nicholas.

"So you haven't found the record of the numbers yet?"

"No."

"Then what are you talking about? If you know where your bonds are, and know who holds them, why don't you claim them by due process of law? Perhaps you are morally sure where your bonds are, as the holder may be morally sure that they are yours; but moral certainty will not answer in a case of this kind. You are undoubtedly a sharp man,—for one of your age and experience,—and although I have not much reason for favoring you, I will give you some advice that you can use to your advantage. You have taken the word of a confessed thief, and believed it against some man whom I do not know, of course, but one who is likely to be a man of good standing. *The thief is after money, and he has proved to you that he doesn't care how he gets it. Practically, he has confessed this to you, yet you talk as if you were sure that he had told you the truth. Now if he

had known me, he would be just as likely to charge me with holding the bonds as anybody. No matter whom he charges with the act of purchasing, it is an affair that it will not do for you to talk about. I don't want you to tell me whom you suspect, for, if I should find a man slandering me in that way, I should prosecute him for libel at once. Take care of yourself, my good fellow, even if you lose your bonds."

Poor Nicholas was at his wit's end. He could make no headway against such flinty assurance as this. He had expected to bring Mr. Benson to his knees, as he had done on former occasions. He had pictured to himself this trembling victim of his righteous wrath, begging for his mercy and restoring his property. Glezen had been right, for once; and he was mastered, though he was just as sure of Mr. Benson's guilt as he was when he entered the house. In the present condition of Mr. Benson's mind, he saw that his plan was hopeless. Moral certainties were of no more account. There was no way by which Mr. Benson could be reached, except by legal process and legal evidence. He saw that his case was weak,—utterly hopeless, in fact,—that his moral certainty was a legal uncertainty and that his evidence, in a court of justice, without such corroboration as he could not command, was not worth a straw.

He saw that charging Mr. Benson with guilt would not help his case, and so—disappointed, stunned, helpless—he rose to take his leave. He had learned that the lion running for his life, and the lion at bay, were two very different animals.

After Nicholas went out, Mr. Benson was filled with a strange emotion of victory. He had lost Miss Larkin, but he had reached the point where he was ready to fight for the hypothecated bonds as his own, which made him independent of Miss Larkin. She was quite at liberty to choose her own advisers, and he would take care of himself, in the only way that she had left possible to him—at her friend's expense! He found himself enjoying a subtle sense of revenge in this, and went out of his house at last in a state of mind more collected and calm than he had experienced for many weeks.

When a man is lost in a thicket, and all the ways which lead toward the light are closed against him, he has no choice but to go on in such paths as he can find, and take the chances. The path he takes may lead him to a precipice, and it may not. He will die if he remains—of that he is sure. There

is, at least, excitement and hope in action. This was precisely Mr. Benson's condition. He would fight for life to the last. He apprehended the fact that Nicholas believed in his guilt, and knew that he had made no change in the young man's convictions; but he had learned that no reliable legal evidence was at command for fastening conviction upon himself, and he believed that at this far distance from the robbery, the probabilities were all against the discovery of the only evidence that would place him *hors de combat*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MISS LARKIN had felt for many weeks that a malign influence was upon her. She knew that Mr. Benson was in trouble, and she strongly suspected or feared that she was to be disastrously associated with it. She had endeavored in vain to get from him a knowledge of her affairs, and she had dwelt upon the trial of her faith and patience until she had found herself morbidly depressed. Her progress toward the recovery of her strength seemed to have been arrested, and her hope had begun to die out. Her attendant had noticed with alarm the waning of her courage, but there was one cause of depression which even the keen eyes of Miss Bruce did not discover.

Miss Larkin could not but be aware of the fact that Nicholas was her lover; and she had come to a determination with regard to it which had cost her the most heroic effort of her life. The moment her hope began to waver, under the depressing circumstances which environed her, this determination was always ready to crush her into the dust. She wept in secret over her awful sense of sacrifice—a sacrifice of which the quick heart of Nicholas had given him a prophecy. She was sure that, sometime, Nicholas would reveal what had long since ceased to be a secret to her, and she intended, for his sake, to refuse him. Her heart had discounted the great trial, and she had taken the result into her bosom long before its time. Of course it was poison to her. In her sensitive organization, brain and nerve that responded so readily to the quickening influence of hope, slackened and sank back before the front of despair. In some natures the mind lives upon the body, in others the body seems to live upon the mind. It drops before the fall of a hope as quickly as before the blow of a hand.

It was in her depressed mood that Mr. Benson found her when he sought her on

the morning of the events which have been narrated. She was poorly prepared to resist his unyielding demand, and nothing but her fainting fit had saved her from the accomplishment of his scheme.

When Nicholas had come and retired, and she, returning to consciousness, realized not only that her fears in regard to her fortune were groundless, but that she had been saved from endangering or ruining it by her own hand, she was inexpressibly relieved. A great burden was lifted from her mind, and all her vitalities reacted, as the grass rises after a rough foot has pressed it. Then she wanted to see Nicholas again, and perfect and confirm the work which had been so happily begun.

When the young man emerged from the library, after his fruitless interview with Mr. Benson, he saw Miss Larkin's door ajar, and recognized the seeming accident as an invitation. As he knocked, and quickly entered, Miss Bruce retired, and he found Miss Larkin sitting in a chair. Her eyes showed that she had been weeping, but she met him with a cordial smile, and a blush that proved that her heart was beating bravely once more.

Nicholas had met with a great discomfiture, and his heart was heavy; but her welcome warmed him and invited him to confidence.

"You have escaped a great danger, Miss Larkin," he said.

"For which I am indebted to you," she responded, with a grateful smile. "Isn't it strange that in the great emergencies of my life you always come?"

"Especially when you are to be saved from your guardian," he said bitterly.

"Have you quarreled again?"

"No; I feel that there are to be no more quarrels between Mr. Benson and myself. I am positively awed by the change that he has undergone. I must not tell you of what has happened, but I am just as certain that a great calamity is coming to him and to this house as I am that a great sin has been committed here."

"You astonish me, Mr. Minturn."

"I have been astonished—almost terrified—myself. I want you to get away from him. I cannot bear to have you live another day under this roof."

"You are nervous," she said, looking smilingly into his solemn face.

"No, I'm not nervous. My nerves seem almost dead. It is a conviction, and not an impression. You must see that I am

perfectly calm. Miss Larkin, there is a cloud over this house, and there is lightning in it, and vengeance in the lightning."

"I have noticed the change in Mr. Benson of which you speak," she said, "but I'm not afraid now."

"Do you know, Miss Larkin, that all my life went out of me this morning? I can deal with men, but not with the devil, or a soul in his possession. I cannot tell what the influence was. I shrank before it as if it came from one whom God had forsaken,—one so given up and bound to sin that I could not willingly give him occasion for further perjury."

"You distress me. Let us not talk about it any more."

"One thing you must promise me first," said Nicholas. "Mr. Benson has come to the conclusion, I think, that it will be of no use to seek aid from you, after this morning, and the interview which he saw I was to have with you; but you must promise that whatever may be his demands and importunities you will not yield to them without consulting Mr. Glezen. I have told Mr. Benson that Glezen will act as your adviser, and he has assured me that he has not the slightest objection."

"Then he has made it easy for me to give the promise, and I do it most heartily and gratefully," said Miss Larkin.

Another burden was thus lifted from her heart, and the business of Nicholas was completed; but he lingered. He had been full of pity and apprehension for her, and his love for her had sprung to her defense. He had her promise, but he wanted something more. He had watched her, as she sat before him, in her momentarily freshening beauty, and felt that the hour of his destiny had come.

"Miss Larkin," he said, while the color forsook his trembling lips, "I have carried a thought in my heart from the first day of our meeting, and I must speak it now."

Miss Larkin apprehended the long-dreaded announcement. She had warded it off more than once, and intended to do it again, and always; but she saw that there was no help for it now, without an interruption which she was not rude enough to make. She turned away her face, that grew pale under his earnest gaze.

"I must tell you that you have changed my whole being. When I first met you, I was aimless and, of course, useless. The touch of your hand has fructified my life. Whatever I am to-day, and whatever I am

doing, are the record of your work upon me. I can no more help loving you than I can help breathing. Whatever may come of it—whatever may be your feeling toward me—you must permit me to tell you this, for you are a constant presence in my daily work and my nightly dreams. You are my angel of inspiration. It seems as if God himself had expressed his love for me through you, and that my return for the gift has been made through the same channel. Humbly, and without boasting, let me say that what I have given has been as pure as that which I have received. And now that I see you in danger,—when I know that you are in hands unworthy of your keeping,—my heart and hands spring to your defense. I wish to shield you. I long to make you mine—to hold the right to stand between you and all danger."

These words, inspired to such winning eloquence by the passion that moved him, came so swiftly and impetuously that Miss Larkin could not have interrupted him had she attempted to do so. At their close, she gave a convulsive sob, as if her heart had risen to her mouth, and she had forced it violently back to its place. Overcome by her emotion, it was a long time before she could speak.

"Mr. Minturn," she said, after a period of painful silence, "it is a hard return to make for such a confession as yours, but I must say to you—however much it may cost me—that you have given me the most terrible pain of my life. It cannot be! It cannot be!"

"It must be!" exclaimed Nicholas, starting to his feet. "It shall be! What have I lived for? Why did God bring us together? Does he delight in mocking his poor creatures? Does he rejoice in their torture? Does he set traps for them, and beguile them into bondage, that he may laugh at them? Why has he spoken to me through you? Why has he held you before me as a prize and a reward, and made every moment of these last months more precious than gold with the thought of you? It must be! It shall be!"

Nicholas walked the room, back and forth, like a tiger newly caged, pausing at Miss Larkin's chair, and looking into her upturned eyes to emphasize his wild questions.

"My dear friend, do not talk in this way," she said, at length. "You cannot know how much you distress me."

"Then why do you say it cannot be?"

said Nicholas, pausing at her side. "If you say"—and his voice grew low and tremulous—"that you do not love me—that you cannot love me—I will try with God's help to bear it, and bear a life shorn of hope and every aim except forgetfulness, but there is no other reason in God's world that I will accept. Do you tell me that you do not and cannot love me?—that all the blood that has flowed out of my heart has gone into the sand? Oh, my God! my God! why was I born?"

Miss Larkin had dropped her eyes, and did not dare to raise them. Oh, that she could feel at liberty to respond to this tide of passion, every drop of which was filled with life for her!—every drop of which was feeding her at life's fountain!

"Mr. Minturn!"

He came back to his seat, arrested and calmed by her quiet voice.

"You are a man," she said. "Can you bear pain? Can you bear pain like a woman? Can you bear pain with me?"

"I can bear anything with you," he responded.

"Can you bear separation with me?"

"I can bear any separation that is necessary. I should be a fool to bear any that is not."

"You have done me a great honor," said Miss Larkin.

"Don't! You humiliate me," exclaimed Nicholas, almost fiercely.

"Oh, what shall I say to you? What can I say to you? What would you think of me—what would your friends think of me—if, in my helplessness and uselessness, I were willing to appropriate your life? I should forever be ashamed of myself were I to do so base a thing."

"You do not love me! You cannot love me!" exclaimed Nicholas, hotly.

"I don't see why that should matter," she said.

"Are you so cold? Is it all a mistake? Do you suppose that I could be so base as to forsake and deny the woman I love, or permit her to sacrifice herself for any such considerations as seem to have weight with you. Why, your helplessness is to me the very glory of my love. It forever sets the seal of genuineness upon my passion. I'm thankful that God has put the purity of my love beyond question. I tell you that the contemplation of the task of taking care of you, and ministering to your pleasure and your comfort, has filled my future with its sweetest light."

"My friend,—my best friend,—cannot you understand that the measure of a woman's love is to be found in the measure of her self-denial?"

"What are you saying?" said Nicholas eagerly.

She looked up into his eyes while the tears rained down her cheeks. He read it all. What divine intuition gave him light, what revelation of the power of love was whispered in his ear, what miracle had been wrought upon her for which he had been made unconsciously ready, he did not know, but he extended his arms where he stood, and she rose and was folded in his strong embrace.

"Mine!" he said. "Mine forever!"

He held her to his breast in a long transport of happiness, and then, for the first time, he realized the change in her.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, putting her head away from him. "Do you know that you are on your feet?"

"Am I?" she asked with a start.

This was too much for Nicholas. He had fought his way through all the difficulties of the hour, sometimes desperately and always bravely, but this miracle touched the deepest fountain of his emotions, and, leading her back to her chair, he abandoned himself—like the simple-hearted boy that he was—to his tears.

All her burdens were lifted now. The hand of Love had touched her, and healed her. "Maiden, arise!" it had said; and she had obeyed the command, and felt that she was whole again. Full of gratitude, possessed by a glad peace that made heaven of the little room where she had so long been a prisoner, she sat and watched the young man at her side whom Heaven had bestowed upon her, and realized with ineffable joy that despite herself her life had been united to his. How long her new strength would last, she did not know. Her hopes had been roused more than once, to be crushed; but she could not but believe that the new stimulus from without and the refreshed and strengthened faith and courage within, would confirm the cure so auspiciously begun.

She touched his hand.

"Why do you weep?" she said.

"My dear Grace, God has been here this morning," he responded. "He only knows how almost madly I have prayed for this; and now that, by what seems to me to be a veritable miracle, he has answered my prayers, I am awed and

humiliated. I hardly dare to lift my eyes, and look around me; and when I think how precious a prize I have won, with what boyish petulance I fought for it, and how unworthy of it my impatience proved me to be, it almost makes an infidel of me. It seems as if God could not have respected such greedy and inconsiderate beseechings, and that all this change must have come through some happy chance."

"You'll soon run through this mood, I am sure," she said. "Let us walk."

She rose from her chair, steadied to her feet by his strength, and clasping his arm with her locked hands, they paced slowly back and forth through the room.

The newly recovered powers did not fail, and it was only after the persistent persuasions of Nicholas that she consented to resume her seat.

Then he said:

"It can be?"

"Yes."

"And it shall be?"

"Yes."

"Now," said Nicholas, "I must get you out of this house. I do not wish to enter it again. It is a house in which I have experienced the greatest happiness of my life, but something terrible is going to happen here, and you must not be here to witness it, or share its consequences."

"Why, Nicholas! It seems to me that you are unreasonable—almost superstitious."

"I cannot help it," he responded.

"How can I forsake Mrs. Benson?"

"God pity her!" exclaimed Nicholas, sadly.

"And why should not I?"

"Pity her, by all means, and leave her to her griefs and mortifications undisturbed."

"But where can I go?"

"Leave that to me."

"Very well, since you so strongly wish it."

"Can I speak of this?" inquired Nicholas.

"Our engagement?"

"Yes."

To the man—glad and triumphant—this would be an easy matter. To the woman, there came considerations which embarrassed her. The cure and the engagement came too near together.

"Only in confidence, for the present," she said.

She rose to her feet, and bade him good-morning, and Nicholas went out into the cold sunshine, and saw men hurrying by

on their petty errands, heard the empty roar of the streets, saw the vulgar traffic that was going on on every hand, and wondered that nobody had known about, or cared for, the events which had wrought so powerfully upon himself. His memory went to and fro between the darkness and the light of the two rooms in which he had spent the morning—between the chamber that had seemed forsaken of the divine presence, and that which was flooded with it; between the man who was sinking in the darkness, and the woman who was rising into light; between the man who had robbed him of his gold, and the woman who had given him herself, until, almost before he knew, his hand had rung the bell at the door of the Coates' mansion.

He could tell Miss Coates all about it, "in confidence." He found her at home, and watched her swimming eyes while he made his revelation. He could not tell her why he wanted to have Miss Larkin removed from her home, but he assured her that it must be done.

"I should be delighted to have her here," said Miss Coates, quickly. "I think my mother will consent to my inviting her to make us a visit."

"Suppose we ask her," said Nicholas, anxious to have the matter disposed of.

Miss Coates was too familiar with her mother's weakness, to trust any hands but her own with the management of that question. Mrs. Coates did not approve of having young ladies in the house who would divide attention with Jenny, and fearing an awkward scene if she admitted her to the conference, Miss Coates said:

"If you will leave the affair with me, I think I can arrange it."

Nicholas was profuse with his thanks.

"No, you owe me nothing. I am only too glad to be of the slightest service to one to whom I owe so much," she responded. "You have made me very happy by your confidence, and by telling me of the fulfillment of a hope that has been one of the strongest of my life. I have seen it all from the first in both of you."

"Have you?"

"Yes, and I have approved of it."

She gave him both her hands at parting, and said:

"I am profoundly grateful for your happiness, and I congratulate you. I could wish for both of you nothing different and nothing better."

Before night, Miss Coates, charged with

her invitation, called on Miss Larkin, and the following morning was fixed upon for the commencement of the visit.

Mr. Benson received the announcement without a frown and without a smile,—in the business way in which he would have received any statement on 'Change. He realized that she was dead to him, and that her affairs would soon pass out of his hands. Still, he would appear to be interested in her; and when Nicholas and Miss Coates drove to the door, he was there with helpful service and polite attention to see her off. He bore into the street, as she entered the carriage and drove away, a semblance of his old, courtly manner.

"Don't stay long, my dear! Don't stay long!" he said, as he lifted his hat at parting; and then he went back into the house, past his sad wife, to whom he did not even give a glance, up the staircase, into his library.

But Miss Larkin did stay a long time. Indeed, she never returned.

CHAPTER XXIV.

NICHOLAS, with all the hopefulness of his temperament, and all the confidence that was engendered by his persistent activities and their grateful results, had many hours of doubt and discouragement. The longer he lived in the city, the larger it seemed to him. The more he became acquainted with the sources of pauperism, and comprehended the influences which fostered it, the more incurable it appeared. The unwillingness of the pauperized masses to be lifted from their degradation, the organized falsehood that prevailed among them, their disposition to transform all the agencies that were employed for their help into means for enabling them to live without work, their absolute loss of all manly and womanly impulses and ambitions, their intemperance, their apparent lack of power to stand even when placed upon their feet with a remunerative task before them, were circumstances, which, in some moods of his mind, so sickened and disgusted him that he felt like retiring from the field.

He saw great rascalities in progress of growth, or in the descent of disaster, every one of which was bending with its crop of pauperism—organized bodies of speculators making haste to be rich without the production of a dollar, and getting rich at the expense of the impoverishment of large masses of men—single operators rising upon the topmost waves of affluence, while

down in the dark hollows their victims were crying for help or drowning—great industries overdone through the strifes and competitions of capital, and then thousands thrown out of employment and reduced to beggary!

He saw at the corner of every street the magazines of liquid death doing their poisonous work on body and soul, licensed and cherished by the politics of a great city, and intrenched behind the strongholds of law and public opinion. He saw comfortable men going in, day after day, and coming out poor and debauched, imbibing with their intoxicating and debasing draughts the habits of idleness which inevitably made paupers of them and of their wives and children. He saw ten thousand grog-shops absorbing not only the hard earnings of the poor, but the mistaken gifts of the benevolent, who were trying to give them bread. He saw uncounted masses of men, women and children, poisoned through and through with drink, and dark figures moving among them inflamed to cruelty and crime; and he realized that the little he had done to stem this tide of degradation was only to be compared to the holding of his hand in the rapids of a Niagara. He looked around him, among the rich and the good, and saw them apathetic—overawed by, or content with, the respectability of a traffic and a practice which were the daily source of more misery, debasement, poverty and crime, than any which he knew, and felt that he was regarded by them either as a weak enthusiast, or an impracticable fanatic. No voice of warning that he could raise would be heard amid the jeers of the scoffing crowd. No importunities for reform that he could utter would be thought worthy of a hearing!

Then he looked about him to count up the influences for relief. He had studied these in every aspect, with persistent inquiry. He had visited the hospitals, the charitable guilds, the great societies. He had found much conscientious labor in progress, but everything was for relief, and next to nothing for reform. Pauperism had been accepted as a fixed fact, and the great anxiety of the benevolent societies seemed to be to ward off suffering. Their work was done if nobody starved or froze. The causes of pauperism had little consideration, and less attempt to remove them. On one side lay the great world of poverty, and suffering, and deliberately chosen helplessness. On the other, the benevolent endeavor to shield this world of helplessness

from the consequences of its dissipations, its idleness, and its misdeeds. Now and then, undoubtedly, worthy poverty was helped; but in nine cases out of ten, pauperism was cherished. People had learned to live upon these societies. They knew that in the last resort—however basely they might part with their means of living earned in fitful labor, or picked up in the street from door to door—they would not be permitted by these societies to starve. He saw, too, that the disease of pauperism was infectious, and that even those who had the means of living hid them, and, with the basest lies, cheated the societies into their support.

More than all this, and sadder even than all this, he saw that these associations were in competition with each other for the public support, and that their officers were magnifying their importance at the expense of their neighbors,—that they were the nurseries of political and church influence, and schemes for office, and personal support and aggrandizement. He saw petty jealousies among them, and heard the bruining of rival claims to consideration and usefulness.

Outside of these he saw an army of devoted Christian workers, engaged in the almost fruitless attempt to make Christians of those who had not the energy, or truthfulness, or ambition, to be men. Even these were engaged in rivalry. Sect was striving with sect for the possession of children,—for the privilege of teaching them,—holding them by the power of gifts and amusing entertainments. Sympathizing profoundly with the aims of these workers, but distrusting their means and machinery, he could hope for but little in the way of useful results. Here and there he could find a man who understood the work to be done—a man who understood that he could do little for a child whose home, in every influence, was wrong. Where there was one of these, however, there were a hundred whose influence was tributary to, and confirmatory of, the pauperism in which the children of their Sunday charge had their birth and daily life. They were instructed without being developed. . . The chapels and school-rooms instituted by the churches had the fixed and everlasting fact of pauperism for their corner-stone. There the teeming generations of paupers were to come and go, without even the opportunity to develop themselves into self-supporting schools and churches, or to attain any influence that

would be tributary to their sense of manhood and womanhood. Building without a basis for issues without value there were thousands of Christian men and women spending time and comfort and money. They were winning much for themselves; they were doing but little for others.

This awful chasm between the rich and the poor!—what would come of it? This nether world and this upper world!—how could they be brought together? Envy upon one side, pity upon the other!—how could these widely separated realms be made to understand each other? How could they be brought into mutual sympathy and mutual respect?

These were the great facts and great problems that stared the young man in the face at every angle of vision. Surface views, surface work, surface results, everywhere! Nothing radical anywhere! much for palliation, nothing for cure! A world of benevolent intent and beneficent action, more than a moiety of which went to the nourishment of the monster who held the pauperized poor in its toils!

Yet, when Nicholas undertook to push his views, or express his apprehensions, or criticise the movements and operations of the benevolent people around him, he was always met with protests and discouragements. He was assured that the great charities were in the wisest hands the city possessed; that the men who directed them had had great experience and long observation; and often it was kindly hinted to him that he was young, and told that he would probably change his views somewhat after having lived a little longer and seen a little more. He could not point them to what he had already done, for the final outcome of that was not yet apparent.

It was fortunate for him that he was young—that his heart was not dead, that his insight was not blunted, and that he had no preconceived notions to influence his judgment, or hinder his action. It was fortunate, too, for him that he had that boldness of youth which does not pause to consider personal consequences, or the possibilities of failure. To a certain extent, he was conscious that he was working in the dark, but he definitely saw something to be done, he had no question that the instrumentalities which were in operation around him were incompetent to produce the desired result, and he was quick and fertile in expedients.

A great scheme unfolded itself to him;

how could he accomplish it? How could he even propose it?

With the exception of the little speech he had made upon the spur of the moment at "The Athenæum," on the night of the opening of that institution, he had never undertaken even the humblest public address. Still, he believed that he could talk if he could keep his head. He realized the difference between an audience of ignorant men and men of the class whom he wished to reach; but he believed that if he could get his idea definitely into his own mind, he could at least express it in a manner to be apprehended, though he might do it somewhat clumsily.

His first thought was that he would invite a number of gentlemen to his own rooms, but as he wrote out the names of those who were engaged in benevolent efforts, in private and official positions, he found that his apartments would be too strait for the number he desired to call together. Then he determined to invite every man connected with the different societies, every clergyman, every missionary, every agent and almoner, and a large number of private citizens, to meet him at "The Athenæum." So he immediately secured the printing and the distribution of his invitations.

The men whom he invited had all heard of Nicholas and his operations, and many of them knew him personally. His wealth and social consideration, his unique devotion to benevolent efforts, and a personal reputation which began with his heroism upon the lost "Ariadne," and had been fed by the reports of his operations at "The Athenæum," brought together not only a respectable and willing, but a very curious audience. He trembled when he saw it enter,—the men of age, the men of substance and social importance, the men of eloquence and influence, the officials of the societies,—the great and learned and good, and those who lived in their shadow or their sunshine; but he was sure of his motives, at least, and he needed not to be afraid.

Without any formality of organization, Nicholas came modestly forth upon the platform, and was received in blank silence. He looked so young and assumed so little, as he appeared before them, he had seemed so old and presumed so much in calling them together, that his audience naturally assumed a critical and questioning mood. The atmosphere in which he found himself was not calculated to re-assure him; and

during the first minutes he became aware that he was standing face to face with immovable prejudice and jealous conservatism. They had come to see him and hear what he had to say, without the desire to learn, and without a doubt that they knew more than he upon the subject of his communication. They had come to hear an interesting school-boy declaim, to pat him on the shoulder with approval if he should do his work well, and then good-naturedly to go home to their own plans, and self-complacently to resume their labors.

"It has occurred to me," said Nicholas, making his modest bow, "that you, who have had so much experience in dealing with the poverty of the city, and you who are interested in all benevolent enterprises, may like to know what I have been doing here, and with what results. It is possible that I ought, at the beginning, to ask your pardon for not having consulted you upon my plans, but I beg you to remember that where there are so many rival claims to pre-eminence, and so much conflicting wisdom, a young and inexperienced stranger would have a difficult task in determining the truth."

A smile went around the audience, who appreciated the very palpable hit.

"I confess, however," he went on, "to having discovered in myself a certain inaptitude to work in an organization which I cannot myself direct. This may look to you like presumption, but I do not think it is. At any rate, I am satisfied with my experiment, so far as it has gone, and now, with your leave, I will give you a brief account of it."

Then Nicholas gave in detail the history of "The Athenæum" enterprise, with which the reader is already familiar.

Every friend and official representative of the charitable societies listened to the story with profound interest, trying to find something to ingraft upon his own enterprise. Each was alert to pick up suggestions which would add capital and practical working power to his own scheme, and, at the close of the narrative, Nicholas was almost overwhelmed with questions from the various dignitaries before him.

When these questions were answered, and the brief discussions to which they gave rise had died away, Nicholas said:

"Gentlemen, the story of my work here is but the prelude to a proposition which I have to make. It should come through weightier words than mine,—from an older

man and a man more widely known,—but if the proposition has any strength, it has it in itself and not in me. It is well, perhaps, that it will come to you without any great name and influence behind it, so that you may consider and handle it on its own merits.

"I have, during my few months of experience, become most discouragingly aware of the utter incompetency of the present modes of dealing with pauperism, and I have come to the profound, and what seems to me the irreversible, conviction, that there need not be one hundred willing paupers, at any one time, in the city of New York."

"Oh!" "oh!" "oh!" came up in tones of incredulity from every part of the hall.

Nicholas felt the sting, and it did him good.

"If there had ever been in this city," he went on, "a single great organization, either of benevolence or police, which embraced every district of the city in its surveillance and its offices of administration, and that organization had fallen into a hundred pieces, which had been grasped at and appropriated by opposing sects and rival guilds and associations, we could come to but one conclusion, viz, that the great enterprise of helping the poor was in a state of organized disorganization. That, as I apprehend it, is precisely the condition of this great enterprise to-day. Our organization is disorganization. These warring parts, informed and moved by discordant aims, vitalized by differing and often jarring motives, seeking incongruous ends, ought to be the factors of a harmonious whole. What are you doing now, gentlemen, but paddling around among palliations? What are many of you doing but nourishing—not designedly, of course, and not directly, perhaps, but still nourishing, in spite of yourselves—the very vice whose consequences you are endeavoring to assuage? What are you doing but trying to build up separate interests in a cause which, in its very nature, has but one? How much of private, church and political interest stands organized, aggressive and self-defensive at the head of your great charities? And what have you done? The station-houses are thronged every night with disgusting tramps and paupers who haunt your kitchens for food, who hold out their hands to you in the street, who refuse work when it is offered to them, and who shame the sun-light with their filthy rags.

Does your work grow less with all your expenditures? Is pauperism decreasing? Is it not coming in upon you and beating upon your sympathies and your efforts in constantly augmenting waves?"

Nicholas was entirely aware that he had assumed a tone and directness of address that were unbecoming to him, but he had been stirred to them by the sneers and the quiet, amused glances that he witnessed before him.

"I do not intend to make myself offensive to you," he said, "and I beg you to forgive such extravagance as may spring from my deep feeling on the subject."

"Will Mr. Minturn kindly give us his scheme?" said a bland-faced gentleman who rose in the audience.

"With pleasure," Nicholas responded. "I would like to see every charitable organization existing in this city, including my own enterprise, swept out of existence. I would like to see established in their place a single organization whose grand purpose it is to work a radical cure of pauperism. I would like to see the city government, which is directly responsible for more than half the pauperism we have, united in administration with the chosen representatives of the benevolence of the city, in the working out of this grand cure. I would like to see the city divided into districts so small that one man can hold in each, not only a registry of every family living in it, but obtain and preserve a knowledge of each family's circumstances and character. I would have a labor-bureau in every district, in connection with this local superintendent's office. I would have the record of every man and woman even more complete than any that has ever been made by your mercantile agencies. I would have such vagrancy as we find illustrated by the tramps and dead-beats who swarm about the city, a sufficient crime for condemnation to hard labor in prisons and factories built for that purpose. I would make beggary on the street a misdemeanor punishable by imprisonment. I would have every helpless person understand where help in emergencies can always be had by a representation of facts, subject to immediate and competent examination. I would see the matter so arranged that a premium would be put upon the truth, and a ban upon falsehood. Temperance and intemperance should always be considerations in dealing with the poor. There is no limit to the benefits which such an

organization as this would have the power to inaugurate and perpetuate, and, gentlemen, I verily believe that under its intelligent and faithful administration we could banish beggars from the streets, introduce a new era of prosperity and virtue among all the suffering poor, and save ourselves forever from the terrible pauperization that curses and almost kills the cities of the old world."

It was a great scheme, or a great dream, and the audience listened to it in profound silence.

"Such, roughly sketched and with but few details, is the outline of a plan in which I have such perfect faith that I am willing to pledge for its support all the money that I feel at liberty to spare from my fortune. I believe in it so entirely, that I should be willing to give my life to it. No argument could heighten my conviction, no demonstration could make me surer of my conclusion."

A curious change had passed over the audience during the quick sketching of this grand scheme. The men who had come in, representing various organizations and enterprises, were at once united in a common front against a plan which would abolish their offices, level the eminences on which they stood, and not only subordinate but destroy their hold upon the public. There was perfect mutual understanding among them in a moment.

One after another rose, uttered his little compliment to Nicholas, expressed his conviction that the people were not ready for so sweeping a measure as this, admitted that the policy of cure had not yet received the attention which its importance demanded, and then each agreed with somebody else that this great army of laborers in the field of public beneficence, fighting their way toward one great end, under different generals, with different motives and watchwords, was a most inspiring sight. Sentiment and rhetoric were harnessed together to draw the dead bull out of the arena, and flowers were tossed upon the carcass as it disappeared.

Nicholas was sick at heart. He had seen the old, shabby trick of attributing to the people the lack of readiness for a desirable reform by leaders whom such a reform would carry out of business too often to fail to gather its meaning. He had been complimented and tolerated; but the scheme from which he had hoped so much, and to which he was willing to sacrifice so much,

had been carefully and politely pooh-poohed out of the realm of possibilities.

So far as he was concerned, the work of the evening was done; and he was about to say this to the audience before him, when an old gentleman in spectacles arose, and, in moving a vote of thanks to the young man to whom they were all so much indebted, begged the privilege of saying a word on behalf of his Master.

"I have deeply regretted," he said, "that in the whole course of the discussion I have heard no reference to the religious aspect of the matter before us. Christianity, as I apprehend it, is the only available cure for the evils which we are trying to mitigate, and so far as we may be able, to remove. There is a great harvest before us, and what we want is reapers. We want the truth preached to these benighted masses. We need to have the quickening motives of our holy religion implanted in these dead hearts and unworthy lives. When we accomplish this, we accomplish the only radical cure that seems to me to be possible."

Nicholas could not understand, with his view of the case, why these remarks should receive the secret approval and open applause with which they were favored, but he had no time to reply before a thin man with a thin voice rose to indorse the speech, in all its length and breadth,—a task to which a very small man was quite equal,—and to second the motion of thanks.

After the vote of thanks was rendered, Nicholas rose and said:

"Gentlemen, I accept your thanks for all that they mean, and more; and you will confer a still greater favor upon me if you will all go home and read the parable of the sower. I think that in it you will find that soil is quite as necessary as seed,—indeed that the seed is thrown away, where the fowls of the air pick it up, unless a soil is prepared in advance. I regard an able-bodied pauper as beyond the reach of Christian motives. You might as well preach to a dog as to a liar by profession, which is what every able-bodied pauper is. Christianity is for men and women, and not for those in whom the fact and sense of manhood and womanhood are lost. Don't comfort yourselves with the idea that you are doing what you can for the cure of pauperism by preaching to it. I have a friend who believes in external applications. I do not agree with him entirely, but if I am to choose between a sermon and a rawhide, I am inclined to think that the rawhide

will produce the deeper and more salutary impression. I believe in Christianity, but before I undertake to plant it I would like something to plant it in. The sowers are too few and the seed is too precious to be thrown away and lost among the thorns and the stones."

Strangely enough, this pertinent speech, with its very patent truth, received quite as much applause as the speech that drew it forth. Nicholas did not smile. He was not even pleased. He saw that his audience was ready to be moved in any way except that in which he had tried to move them with regard to his scheme. That scheme

was dropped by unanimous consent; and while many pressed around him after the breaking up of the meeting, and tried to assuage his sense of disappointment, he was sick at heart. After all had departed, he went out into the street, weary and despondent. Whither should he go for comfort?

Whither does any young man go, in like circumstances, when there waits for him the affectionate and sympathetic welcome of one who believes in him, trusts him wholly, and never doubts the wisdom of his schemes any more than she doubts her possession of his heart?

(To be continued.)

"MOSES AN' AARON."

MOSES and Aaron was, without doubt, the worst investment I ever made.

He came to me on this wise. When the late rebellion broke out, Aunt Ursula, who had been my husband's nurse, was yet on the old plantation home in the cotton-fields of "Dixie." Early in the war, I received from her, through the mail, a most pathetic appeal, imploring me to buy her "pore pickaninny" of Marse Louie—her owner at that time—and to take him home, lest the Yankee soldiers, of whom she stood in mortal terror, should capture her one lone treasure, and bring her gray hairs in sorrow to the grave.

At this later date I find myself often wondering whether in this thing Aunt Ursula showed herself more devotee or diplomat. In the sublime ignorance of that earlier period, I reflected only that but for Aunt Ursula's loving care for her helpless charge, I should never have had my husband; and I responded favorably. Marse Louie was willing to sell, and moreover, was not exorbitant in his price, seeing the not very remote prospect of a "contraband of war" edict, or an emancipation proclamation; and the money being forwarded, I was assured that my personal property had been duly shipped per river and railroad, and was on the way to point of consignment.

Time passed; the blockade was effected; the mails were very uncertain; and no farther news came to us from the old plantation home, or from the chattel. In the exciting events of those sorrowful days, I quite forgot all about poor Ursula's pickaninny, and was much surprised, to say the least, one Saturday afternoon, shortly after

the siege of Vicksburg, by the sudden appearance, in the garden shrubbery where I was walking, of an ill-looking black boy, apparently about fifteen years of age.

"Good eben, Missy," he said, pulling at his hat, and making an attempt at the salute *à la militaire*. "Is you de lady dat dun bought a cullud boy ob Marse Louie—Aunt Usly's boy, 'bout fre' fo' yeahs ago?"

"Scarcely so long as that," I answered. "But, yes, I suppose I am."

"Well—I de boy."

"Indeed!" said I. "You've been long a-coming, at least. I supposed that the boy I bought was a little child—a pickaninny, his mother called him. You are —"

"I de boy," insisted he.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Moses an' Aaron."

"Moses Aaron?"

"No, Mistis. Moses an' Aaron. Dat ar my name. Dat a 'ligious name. Ise pow'ful 'ligious, I is."

And he rolled his eyes and looked upward.

"When did you leave Aunt Ursula?" I asked.

"Yankee soldiers dun mawched me off, monst'ous time ago," he said. "Ise sich a pow'ful good body-servant. De Yankee lootenant wanted a mose oncommon good body-servant, so he dun tuk me." Then rolling his eyes, which were greenish-gray in hue, and of a villainous expression, he added in sepulchral tones, "Aunt Usly dun dead an' gone to tawment."

"What do you mean?" I exclaimed. "How dare you?"

"Ya-as, mistis," replied he. "It de sollum fac'. She would git drunk an' swar; an' she wouldn't git 'ligion nohow; an' my pappy, he de Baptis' preacher, he whooped her, and whooped her 'bout it, but it wa'n't no use. So now she dun dead an' gone to tawment."

Remembering the serenity of Aunt Ursula's life, I was about to give the boy a shake when he continued:

"T'ings is pow'ful changed like, sense de Yankee soldiers dun come 'roun'. Usly dun changed monst'ous, too. But, ef you wants a boy to turn 'roun' an' 'complish wuk, why, I de boy. Ise jis wukked my way up from Vicksbuhg. Ise Ginerl Grait's body-servant all de time he befo' Vicksbuhg. De Ginerl gim me dis yer watch for 'member him by, when I dun come 'way.' And he drew an immense silver watch from his pocket.

I hesitated before taking Moses and Aaron into my family. It was nearly night-time. If I did not take him in some one else must. Much as I disliked his looks, I yet felt that more than likely he was, after all, poor Ursula's boy, and for her sake I would give him a trial. So I bade him enter the house, assigned him a room and a place for his clothes, which he carried in a huge bundle, and then sent him to the barn to take a bath. In due course of time he returned to the kitchen quite freshened up, and asked what "wuk" he should "un'take." I bade him sit down and rest until supper-time, meanwhile I busied myself about certain domestic duties.

"Dat a pow'ful fine 'pearin' fiddle an' bow, hanging on de wall in dat dar room you dun put me in," presently remarked the boy.

"Yes," I replied. "It is a good violin. Do you play?"

He shook his head in a solemn way.

"No, mistis. My pappy, he de Baptis' preacher, he nebber 'lowed no such wicked-niss. He dun fotch me up pow'ful 'ligious. But I dun heerd it heap o' times w'en de Yankee soldiers tuk me off. I dun tole you Yankee soldiers mawched me off. Marse Louie he dun jine the Southerin army. He Major-Ginerl, 'long o' Gin'l Beauregyard. Marse Louie he dun tole Aunt Ursly Miss Jinny she dun sint de money fur pay fur Moses an' Aaron, an' he gwine ter sind him to her fus chaine. But dat dar chaine nebber cum, kase de Yankee soldiers jis mawched up an' s'rounded de house, an' druv off all de fine stock an' tuk dey pick

o' de niggers an' formed a hollow squar an' mawched we alls off in de middle ob it. Marse Louie he tuk to de bush, an' I nebber see him no mo' till I sees him 'longside o' Gin'l Beauregyard in de battle. Heaps o' Yankee soldiers played de fiddle. Spec I mout pick out dat ar Yankee Doodle ef I had a chaine at a fiddle. I dun heerd it heap o' times."

A few days before this new arrival my girl had gone away, sick. I was already beginning to feel her loss. As I was commenting upon the fact, Moses and Aaron hastened to re-assure me:

"Den I jis dun happen 'long in de proper time. Jis show me whar dem dishes is, an' I'll set de table, an' turn 'roun' an' cook de supper. All yo' hab to do, jis gib out de victuals."

I declined his assistance in the cooking department, but told him he might bring some water from the well. As he went out of the door, he said:

"Yer's some deesh-towels-out yer, a-soakin' in de tub, I'll turn 'roun' an' rub em out when I dun totin' de water. Whar de rubbin'-bo'd, an' de b'iler? Dese yer towels'll be a hobblin' on de sto' while y'all's eatin' yo' supper; den arter I clars de deeshes I'll ine 'em up slick."

He took hold of the work deftly enough, and soon had the towels, as he said, "hobbling." After supper he insisted on showing me how he could "clar deeshes," and really managed that delicate but odious art with such neatness and dispatch that I was ready enough to surrender it. He scoured the kitchen table and sink, as well as the knives and the copper bottoms of kettle and coffee-boiler. When I commended his neatness he said he "dun learned dat ob de Yankee soldiers."

Sunday morning found me with a bad headache, and only too glad to let Moses and Aaron attend to the dish-washing and tidying of the kitchen. When the children were all off to Sunday-school, and I sat holding my throbbing head in my hands, the boy came to the sitting-room and solemnly advised me to lie down on the sofa and try "fur to git some sleep," assuring me that he would keep "puffickly quiet, an' watch de clock in de kitchin, so's to make de fire fo' de dinner, time dem chillens gits back."

And keep still he did, for the only sound I heard after lying down, was a sound of softly stepping feet, ascending, and then presently descending, the back stairs.

When the children came from church there was neither dinner, fire, nor Moses and Aaron to be seen. On Monday, my little son went to the familiar place for his violin, but it too had disappeared.

Three whole years passed before we heard again of Moses and Aaron. When next my "investment," as our folks facetiously styled him, appeared again, it was in pitiable guise indeed. Borne upon a shutter, with broken limbs, he was carried groaning and helpless to our door. He had been found under a choice pear-tree in a neighboring orchard, though how he came there he afterward declared himself unable to tell—"reckoned he'd been tuk wid a fit."

Somebody brought the doctor, and we had a season of it, nursing him through the serious illness that followed. After his recovery he made himself generally useful for about a month, and we began to have high hopes of him; but one day he suddenly disappeared again, and with him the market basket and three dollars with which he had been intrusted for the purchase of groceries. He was back again in about six months, saying that he had been robbed of the money, and knowing he would not be believed if he returned with such an account, had gone across the river and hired himself out to a farmer. In one way and another we have managed to put up with him until the present time. His last performance, however, renders it uncertain that we shall endure his peculiar style of demeanor much longer. He looks neither older nor younger than when I first saw him. Neither is he one whit more attractive-looking. He rolls his gray-green eyes in the most hideously solemn manner; his assumptions of piety are as disgusting as ever, while his faculty for lying is unsurpassed. His one redeeming trait is his neatness about household work. He has what some housekeepers call "knack," while others dignify it by the term "faculty." Whatever he undertakes of domestic work, he executes with "neatness and dispatch." Up to a late date it has been his misfortune never to be detected in any misdemeanor, though doubtless he has committed many. He is a born demoralizer,—and yet one never can fix the fact upon him. Since his advent in our community, the demoralization of the youthful portion of our colored population has been alarming. Yet through it all Moses and Aaron has successfully maintained a most virtuous and innocent

guise, even expressing his utter disapproval of the young offenders, in the voice and manner of a Puritan. At last, however, he has been taken in a net of his own spinning.

For several weeks all the young persons held to service after the post-bellum fashion, *i. e.*, for board and wage, had been more than usually worthless and trying to the patience of their respective employers. They were never on hand when wanted. Not one of them ever had the remotest idea of where any other might be found. When it chanced that they were in their places, they were utterly valueless and trifling,—in fact demoralized to that degree that the whole neighborhood of employers were united on one point, and that was that the shortest way to be rid of the whole of them would be the best.

While this state of things was at its height we were visited by friends from abroad. During their stay Moses and Aaron was, if possible, more solemnly proper than usual. In general, he attended to his duties, which were but few, in such a manner that no fault could be found. In particular, he was always ready to forward any expedition for the entertainment of our guests. If an excursion was proposed, he would volunteer to stay at home and "tend de kitchin," and he was never more helpful than in the preparations for our departure.

Alas, one day we took a new departure of which he little dreamed! Early in the afternoon of a day on which our party had purposed to remain away all day, some of our guests desiring to return, we decided to shorten our journey and reach home in time for tea. As we neared the village on our way we made a slight detour from the carriage-road, and entered a lane but seldom traveled, in order to visit a charming old mill, now a vine-wreathed ruin, the mill-stream having long since dried up. The cottage in which the miller once lived stood yet hard by, embowered in a low, thick growth of ailantus trees. Several rods from the house we left our carriages and proceeded to a closer inspection of the ruin. As we drew near the cottage, our attention was attracted by strange sounds of music, laughing, stamping, and clapping issuing from the place.

"Some raree-show going on in there," suggested one of the party. "Let's steal a peep." And he darted forward into the ailantus thicket. In a few moments he returned with the report that there was indeed a show, and urged us to come and witness

it, as he had done, through the chinks in the wall. We followed his lead, and our eyes soon witnessed a sight most novel and surprising. Standing in rows in the forepart of the room were three-fourths of the children belonging to the best people of our neighborhood. These were intently gazing upon the dozen rude chairs or stools on which were ensconced as many nondescripts gotten up in the most grotesque and varied fashion, and each furnished with some sort of an instrument of noise. In front of this "Gideon's Band,"—costumed in flowing white wig (which my first glance assured me had once been worn by my honored ancestor) and further accoutered in a flowered-velvet vest (the property of our Dutch gardener), wielding a baton that would astonish Theodore Thomas,—stood Moses and Aaron!

Before I could speak the leader's voice announced that "de awjunsse now be entertained wid de exploitshons ob de sillybrated Marmsselle Jermarree, in de monstressible can-can." Immediately in one corner of the room arose a curtain (my best Paisley shawl) and with indescribable gyrations the danseuse vaulted forth. My next neighbor at the chink in the wall gave me a little tug. "Our Cassy," she whispered. "And that is my Mechlin lace collar and bow that I've spent hours in searching for. Only this morning she innocently assured me that she 'dun seed it somewhars not so mighty long time back.'"

There are dances and dances; but I think this can-can of Ma'm'selle's must stand alone,—

"Like Adam's recollection of his fall."

I cannot describe it. I freely confess that "monstressible" comes as near to it as anything in my poor vocabulary.

When at last the Marmsselle can-canned off to her Paisley corner, the baton announced:

"Now den, dis yer lustritious jamboree company troupe gibs dis awjunsse a puffawmunse in de united consut style. Min' yo', dis yers a 'ligious servis, an' de member ob de awjunsse dat is sassy-moufed enuf fo' to make spo't is dun boun' to go to tawment, sho."

This in Moses and Aaron's most solemn voice, and delivered to the white children with an awe-inspiring gesture, and a fearful rolling of the eyes.

"Now, Brudder Bones, start up dat ar awkistry."

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Forthwith began a direful din, neighbor Baker's Sam beating on an old tin saucepan with a broken tea-bell; friend Crane's Joe rattling two pairs of the noisiest bones; one of the performers squeaking an ear-splitting accordeon; another blowing a piercing fife, and still another scraping a fiddle sadly in need of strings, with a bow equally in need of rosin, while my next neighbor's "contraband of war" stood vehemently blowing a French horn, my neighbor's particular pet and pride. This, in addition to a vocal performance of a youth who could imitate a Scotch bagpipe to perfection, came near routing the whole party of outsiders at the first, fierce blast.

All of a sudden the "awkistry" paused.

"Fus brudder, gib yo' sperience," solemnly commanded Moses and Aaron.

Promptly, in a rich, sweet baritone voice, neighbor Baker's Sam sang to a chanting tune by no means at discord with his theme:

"A Mefodis, Mefodis I was bawn,
An' a Mefodis I will die.
I was baptize in de Mefodis church,
An' I eat dat Mefodis pie."

The whole troupe then joined in the chorus:

"Oh, hard try-ulls, gr-reat tribulations—
Aint dem hard try-yuls,
Suvvin ob dell law?"

"Now den, brudder Hawn!" from the baton. Upon which the blower of the French horn, in a gruff, unmusical voice, sang:

"A Babtis, a Babtis I was bawn,
An' a Babtis I will be.
I was baptize in de Babtis fait',
So go 'way an' le' me be."

Cho.—"Oh, hard try-ulls, gr-reat tribulations," etc.

After which the baton signaled Brudder Bones, who was possessed of a fine falsetto voice, and moreover, had a gift of acting. His rendering of this "experience" was irresistibly droll:

"A Pris-be-te-rian I was bawn,
An' a Pris-be-te-rian I will be.
I was baptize in de Pris-be-te-rian fait',
An' de Pris-be-te-rian chu'ch fo' me."

Then the whole troupe gesticulating animatedly at one another, sang, each on his own account:

"Yo' pull dis way, I pull dat,
We pull from do' to do',
But ef yo' aint got dat lub in yo' haht,
De debbil will git yo', sho!"

Cho.—“Oh hard try-yulls, gr-reat tribulations—
Aint dem hard try-yulls,
Suvvin ob dell law?”

After this “ligious puffawmunse,” came some wonderful and really dangerous trapeze exhibitions, at which the young and impressible “awjunge” clapped and shouted enthusiastically—the whole concluding with some acrobatic feats by special artists, and a miscellaneous performance somewhat in the style of a Memphis Mardi Gras. The baton had evidently seen something in his day.

“Awdah!” he shouted suddenly and peremptorily. “Dis high-toned jamboree company troupe hab now de satumfaction ob receibin’ de conterry-booshins ob de awjunge fo’ de berry hi s’perior intertainment dey hab ’fo’ded um. De awjunge, big *an’* little, now chalk up to de cap’n’s awfus.”

The children crowded into line, and filed up past Moses and Aaron, who had taken a seat and spread out a large bandanna handkerchief over his knees. As they reached him, each deposited some offering in his lap, in many cases pulling it out from under jacket or apron. I am sure that Johnny Baker never came honestly by that lace necktie of his sister Kate’s, nor did Queenie

Laidlaw by her mamma’s Japanese card-receiver.

After an inspection of the various articles the baton arose, and seizing a heavy umbrella-stick from which the silk and ribs had been stripped, he held it aloft, and bidding “de awjunge hole up de right han’ fo’ take de oaf ob secretsy,” he began in a sepulchral voice the formula, “By de holy poker —”

“By the holy poker,” repeated the children, every little right hand up.

“I swars —” continued he.

I did not wait to hear more, but, trembling with anger, darted around the house, burst open the door, and before the astonished group could comprehend the position, I wrested the “holy poker” from Moses and Aaron’s hand, and with it let fall such a shower of blows upon my ancestor’s white wig, as that once honored but now profaned relic had never before experienced. Moses and Aaron howled and begged, but mercy had no lodgment in my heart as long as the “holy poker” held its own.

The Jamboreetroupe has never been re-organized, nor, I fear, has Moses and Aaron. As I said at the first, Moses and Aaron is the worst investment I ever made.

MADRIGAL.

(DORUS to LYCORIS, who reproved him for inconstancy.)

WHY should I constant be?
The bird in yonder tree,
This leafy summer,
Hath not his last year’s mate,
Nor dreads to venture fate
With a new-comer.

Why should I fear to sip
The sweets of each red lip?
In every bower
The roving bee may taste
(Lest aught should run to waste)
Each fresh-blown flower.

The trickling rain doth fall
Upon us one and all;
The south wind kisses
The saucy milk-maid’s cheek,
The nun’s, demure and meek,
Nor any misses.

Then ask no more of me
That I should constant be,
Nor eke desire it;
Take not such idle pains
To hold our love in chains,
Nor coax, nor hire it.

Rather, like some bright elf,
Be all things in thyself,
Forever changing,
So that thy latest mood
May ever bring new food
To Fancy ranging.

Forget what thou wast first,
And, as I loved thee erst
In soul and feature,
I’ll love thee out of mind
When each new morn shall find
Thee a new creature.

SWART AMONG THE BUCKEYES.

I.

CICERO CENTER, May 20th, 187-.

DEAR OLD FRED: So you are back again at last! It does my soul good to know it. The continent has looked quite deserted since you turned your back on it. Since your cheery old laugh died out of my ears, I have had strange misgivings regarding the wisdom of Providence; for it never was in the original order of creation that we two should dwell in separate pavilions.

I suppose you know that strange rumors are abroad about you. Your progress through the effete monarchies has, I understand, been verily a triumphal march. You have scratched the eyes of a blind nobleman (or prince, was it?) in such wise as to re-admit the broad light of heaven into his benighted Catholic soul; you have written a thesis on some polysyllabic medical subject which has made the ashes of old Hippocrates stir with envy in their urn, and performed sundry other miracles which have filled the German universities with the glory of your name. You see I have kept a friendly watch over you in spite of your silence; I know of all your far-resounding deeds, and what is more, I believe them. My faith, which, as you are aware, has always been of the mountainous sort, accepts your greatness as a fact of American history which in due time will have its place in "Bancroft" if Heaven is kind enough to spare him for another century. And even, leaving all your European achievements out of the question, you still possess a claim to greatness which our Concord sphinx has duly emphasized—I mean inconsistency; for your late career has, in my humble judgment, been an uninterrupted contradiction of the statement you had the audacity to make in your valedictory, viz.: that it was the mission of America to repeat on a larger scale the blunders which have sent European republics to the deuce. If you had been consistent—but I will spare you the sermon I had intended for you, until I can deliver it with due unction *in propriis personis*.

Now, dear Fred, the point I am coming to is this. After having sniffed so long the musty smells of the Vatican and Auerbach's "Keller" (for a little bird has sung to me that you have detected the charm of the Mephistophelean Johannisberger) a whiff of pure wholesome Ohio air is just the thing for you. It will, to use a medical metaphor, stimulate all the latent American juices in your composition, and bring you out a good sound patriotic spread-eagleist in less than a fortnight. And that fortnight you must spend with me. This point, I beg you to understand, admits of no argument. My demand is peremptory. The name of the town, I admit, does not sound very attractive (and if Europe has corrupted your Latin pronunciation and you insist upon calling it Kikero Kenter, which I hope to Heaven you wont, it is positively forbidding), but if you would kindly consent to regard me in the light of an attraction, I think you might find it endurable. By the way I took it for granted that you knew that I have lately added to my attractiveness by the introduction of the feminine element into my life, as it (I mean the element) is fond of asserting, for the purpose of protecting myself against the aggressions of the rest of its sex. May be it is

true; my modesty forbids me to decide. Now this little wife of mine, who is at this moment standing at my elbow, begs to observe that she dotes on cigar smoke (*sotto voce*, except in bedrooms), that she cherishes a peculiar weakness for bachelor friends, that she will ungrudgingly keep your breakfast waiting for you until noon if you dislike early hours, that (this you understand is the climax) she will not even be offended if you criticise her cooking, that in short she possesses all the virtues and accomplishments which a well-trained clergyman's spouse should possess.

I will not deny that I have some ulterior aim in asking you to make this visit. Both my wife and I are hoping that you may be induced to make your home here among us, at least for some years to come. Like all Western towns, we are of course literally deluged with doctors of every conceivable stripe and variety, most of whom are equally deficient in spelling and gentlemanly breeding. My wife, who has a talent for making herself miserable in a quiet way, once spent a whole day in debating whether in case of illness she would not prefer dying modestly and resignedly rather than have Dr. L— feel her pulse. "For then you would have to bow to him whenever you met him in the street, you know, and stop to shake hands with him in the vestry," etc., etc. For know that this obnoxious doctor is a parishioner of mine and really a very worthy man, even though he does chew tobacco. But without flattery, Fred, there is not one among our leeches who could hold a candle to you. It is my opinion that you would sweep the field before you, and my heart would rejoice to see you making havoc in the ranks of these mediumistic charlatans and Indian quacks, and whatever else they may be called—these impostors that prey upon the credulity of our people. If none of my former arguments have had the power to move you, then look upon this journey as a crusade against quackery and charlatanism; you see it is your plain duty to come and plant the standard of medical orthodoxy among us. Until then, allow me to embrace you (metaphorically speaking) and remain your devoted friend, countryman and lover,

LUTHER NORMAN.

II.

THE above letter had the effect of rousing in the bosom of Dr. Fred Swart some of the sentiment which, since his college days, he had carefully shelved. He spent an hour or two in mental debate of his friend's proposition, and ended with packing his trunk and starting for Ohio. He had no very fixed plans for the present, and a couple of weeks spent in the genial company of his old chum were sure to do him good.

Fred Swart was a young man of about twenty-seven, with a large, well-knit, and finely proportioned frame. He gave the impression of being strong, though not athletic; his strength was that of Apollo, not Hercules. The type of his face was Teu-

tonic, though softened and spiritualized by a century or more of American transplantation; and actually, a couple of generations back, it had its root in the soil of the Fatherland. The features were of a clear and decided modeling,—the brow high and well arched, the nose slightly curved, and the mouth drawn with a generous distinctness which was equally removed from sensuality and asceticism. The chin and the upper lip were covered with a full, blonde, Teutonic beard. The eyes were clear, blue, and sagacious, and with a pleasant suggestion of humor in them. On the whole, it was a strong, healthy face, such as Rubens would have delighted to draw, which Van Dyck would have been tempted to soften or sensualize, and which Fra Angelico would have pronounced to have too strong a flavor of earth in it.

As Dr. Swart emerged from his Pullman car at Cicero Center, he was received by his friend, the Rev. Mr. Norman, who was dithyrambic in his expressions of delight at seeing him.

"What a glorious old boy you are, Fred!" he exclaimed for the fifth or sixth time, as they were seated together in an open carriage, being jerked up and down over the uneven pavement. "I never felt so strongly the disadvantages of our American understrativeness as I do at this moment. I should feel inclined to embrace you, if it didn't look so ridiculous. All the rest of the world looks sallow and dyspeptic by the side of your massive and genial health and good-nature. And then you always bring with you such an historical air of good breeding! I never look at your face without imagining a long procession of well-bred ancestors behind you. And here I have been living for three years seeing nothing but the angular and ungracious types which our Western civilization produces. Ah, Fred, if you would only conclude to stay with us now, we might just as well abolish our drug-shops. The daily sight of you would be enough to cure most of the disorders that flesh is heir to."

"Spare my blushes, Luther," retorted Swart, laughing (and his laugh was exactly what you would have expected from such a face and frame,—a mere audible epitome of his whole being). "The clerical cloth, I see, has not subdued your tendency to hyperbole, as I was afraid it would; and not even matrimony seems to have quelled your natural buoyancy. But how the deuce do you get on in the pulpit with your hyperbol-

ical ardor? The old Luther himself, as I used to tell you, would hardly have been a match for you in that line, although I believe his intimacy with Satan and some of the other stories about him are gradually lapsing into the region of the mythical."

"You mustn't suppose that my cordiality toward you is a fair indicator of my everyday behavior," said Norman, gayly. "Moreover, I always preach from a manuscript; and any hyperbolic tendency that may be in me is duly restrained by the sobering effort of committing my thoughts to paper. And, as I have said, the sight of you rouses the boy in me again, and I promise myself many a glorious evening discussing old times with you, singing our old songs, and reviving the musical memories of former days. I suppose you play as well as ever?"

"Rather better, I hope. I have been taking up Chopin of late, and have been attending the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig regularly."

"Good. There is a mine with a golden ore of pleasure. My wife, by the way is a capital musician, although she can't muster much enthusiasm for Chopin."

"Never fear; I shall do my best to convert her."

The carriage now stopped in front of the parsonage, a two-story slate-colored cottage of a nondescript architecture, in which bay-windows, projecting gables, and Swiss balconies fairly ran riot. Norman dismounted first and conducted his friend over a neatly graveled garden-walk, and with fresh assurances of welcome, opened the door of his house before him. He was a tall, spare man, with dark and somewhat dreamy eyes, dark hair and a smoothly shaven face, to which the repressed beard on his chin and cheeks gave a slightly bluish tint. His dress was of the conventional clerical cut, and his whole manner and bearing had that air of gentlemanliness which pre-eminently distinguishes the clergy of his denomination. He was every inch an Episcopalian, and, I believe, cherished a well-bred, but well-concealed contempt for the noisier and less genteel religions. Although in no sense bigoted, he took care to confine his friendships and associations to his own church, while displaying at the same time considerable liberality toward those who stood outside the pale of all churches. Although ardent enough in other things, he seemed to have no taste for proselyting, and would probably have made a very indifferent mis-

sionary. He liked the good things of this world, preached sensible but not very remarkable sermons, was scrupulously honorable and conscientious in all his dealings, and had fine æsthetic tastes which were the result of culture rather than of native talent. During his college days his musical enthusiasm had drawn him strongly toward Fred Swart, whose magnificent tenor had made him a sort of local celebrity. In their junior year, he and Swart had agreed to try the experiment of rooming together, and as they had proved mutually congenial, they had continued the arrangement until both were graduated. Norman prided himself on knowing a good thing when he saw it, and Swart had struck him as being the finest combination of music and manliness that had ever come within his vision. Since the day of their separation when Swart went abroad to study medicine and Norman entered the divinity school, their correspondence had been rather desultory; but then the state of a man's affections can never be judged by the frequency of his letters; with women, I believe, the case is different, and with them the arithmetical ratio of love to letters, would at all events not be an inverse one.

III.

A FEW days after his arrival in Cicero Center, Swart was invited by his host to accompany him to what was termed a "church sociable." It was to be the last of a long series which had extended through the winter and usually closed with the beginning of the summer vacation. The entertainment consisted of music, singing and small talk *ad libitum*, and frequently a little dance was improvised with the pastor's consent. Twenty-five cents was exacted from each of the gentlemen in return for a rather scanty repast of sandwiches and coffee, the proceeds of which were employed for church purposes.

The present "sociable" was held at the house of Mr. Brewster, a prominent church-member, distinguished as the founder of various short-lived insurance companies. As Doctor Swart entered with Mrs. Norman, the host advanced to greet them with that dignified suavity of demeanor which was habitual with him on state occasions, shook them cordially by the hand and made some spasmodic remarks about the pleasure he felt at seeing such rare guests under his roof, about the wonderful growth of the country, etc.

"Isn't he dreadful?" sighed Mrs. Nor-

man, as they retired into the comparative privacy of a sofa-corner. And she fixed those large, handsome eyes of hers upon the doctor with such an urgent appeal for sympathy that he could not find it in his heart to withhold it.

"Well, he is not attractive," he responded, somewhat guardedly.

The lady's face brightened. Crossing her hands in her lap and leaning forward in that peculiarly feminine attitude of confidence, she cast a reconnoitering glance around the room and continued in a tone of sympathetic distress.

"Do you know, Doctor, Lew wont allow me to criticise any of the queer people here at all. He always tells me that they are so worthy, and the queerer they act the surer he is that they have some exceptional Christian graces to compensate for their oddity. Now, if I had only happened to think of it before I married him, I should have stipulated that I was to have absolute liberty in finding fault with my neighbors, that is, of course, in a good-humored way. It takes half the spice out of life, if you are to be so dreadfully conscientious and shut your eyes to all the funny things you happen to notice. When I come home from a party of this sort, I like to talk over the people I have seen, but Lew always ruthlessly checks my advances in that direction. Now, don't you think that is cruel?"

"Cruel?" ejaculated Swart laughing. "Why cruel is no name for it. It is atrocious, it is immoral!"

"I knew you would say so," replied Mrs. Norman with a contented little pout. "And when you get a wife, Doctor, I hope you will act on my suggestion and give her all the latitude in that line that she may wish."

"Your advice is timely, although I have no immediate prospect. I promise to do everything in my power to stimulate with aid and sympathy all the latent feminine uncharitableness in her character."

"Good. You will make a model husband. Now, tell me, when Lew and you were in college together, didn't you use to have nice times ridiculing your friends? Or was the clergyman already then sufficiently developed in him to check his tongue when you knew he was laughing inwardly at other people's absurdities?"

"If I remember rightly, he at all events didn't extend his charity to the faculty."

"How charming! He shall have that as soon as we are alone to-night."

Mrs. Norman was a slender, graceful woman with brilliant eyes, blonde wavy hair and a perfect complexion. She was very girlish in appearance, and the severer matrons in the parish who took a motherly interest in the pastor's affairs asserted that she was "a mere chit of a thing" and deplored Mr. Norman's taste in having made such an injudicious choice. Some even insinuated that the attachment must have dated back to his unregenerate days, that he was too honorable to break his word, that possibly he could not get rid of her, etc., which was all very remote from the truth. The young lady having been but a few months married, had hardly had time, as yet, to assimilate with the less congenial elements of Western society; and perhaps found it a little hard to realize her novel responsibility as the wife of a man whom everybody (with all due respect for his blameless character) thought it his right and duty to criticise. Moreover, she had a good deal of the New England pride about her, and had been wont to look upon the West as a remote and barbaric region, including all that part of the continent which God had not seen fit to bless with the superiority of mind and culture which distinguished New England. Although not in the strictest sense "intellectual" herself, she had, nevertheless, a great reverence for the term and used it somewhat lavishly, indicating its presence or absence as the touch-stone of human worth. It was therefore, a great luxury to her to be able thus to sit down with her new friend and quietly discuss the people around her with a freedom which at home she would have pronounced unpardonable. But she had a vague idea that she was here living, as it were, under a new dispensation, and that the rules of etiquette which prevailed in New England could have no application to the crude society of the West.

"Now, Doctor," she was saying, "Lew tells me that you have a most wonderful talent for guessing at people's character,—that, in fact, you have mistaken your vocation, and that you ought to have been a novelist instead of a physician. I have no doubt you have analyzed me to the core already; but, as I don't like to hear complimentary things said about me, I shall not ask you to tell me what conclusions you have arrived at. But I wish you would give me some proof of your power. Take, for instance, that young lady who is standing at the piano, there,—Miss Sylvia Grimsby is

her name,—and tell me what sort of a person you would take her to be."

"I see she is just going to sing," answered the doctor, grateful to gain a respite. "When she has concluded her performance, I shall have better foundation for my judgment."

The young lady in question,—a very slight little body, with pale yellow hair, dark blue eyes full of hidden pathos, and a sweet, tender, and clear-cut face,—opened one of those popular green-covered music-books containing a ragout to suit the most miscellaneous tastes, from the Stabat Mater to Yankee Doodle and the latest Strauss waltz. She sat down at the piano, preluded with a few softly timorous chords, and began to sing a well-known sacredly sentimental song, in the accepted sliding and tumbling down style, which may be appropriately illustrated in something like the following manner:

o-o your mou-
as a bird to- ou-
"Fle—e a- oun-
ry of si-
ea- in,"
u who art wea-
Thou-u- etc.

It was not to be denied that, as regards execution, it was about as bad as it could be,—a protracted *legato* climbing, interrupted by sudden *staccato* descents, and little tremulous interludes which really belonged nowhere. And, for all that, when the young lady rose from the piano and modestly blushed in response to the enthusiastic applause of her audience, the doctor exclaimed, with an ardor which quite startled his fair interlocutor, "By Jove, that girl has a voice which a prima donna might envy her! Who would have supposed that such stores of melody could find room in that narrow little chest of hers?"

"You don't really think it was good, Doctor?" inquired Mrs. Norman, in amazement.

"Good? No. In one respect it hardly could have been worse. The style was of course hopelessly bad and sentimental. But the voice—why that voice has pathos and power enough in it to make the fame of ten singers. It has a marvelously genuine ring. I should like to know that young lady. I must help her. She needs teaching more than any one I ever met, and I think she would prove an admirable pupil, if I could only get the sentimentality out of her."

Swart was about to rise, when Mrs. Nor-

man laid her hand on his arm and reminded him of his promise.

"But really," he said, resuming his seat somewhat reluctantly. "I don't think we are quite generous in sitting here and having our amusement at the expense of the company."

"But this isn't a private party, you know," remonstrated his companion. "You pay for what you eat, and have consequently the right to amuse yourself as best you can."

"Well then," he began; "I think I have caught pretty accurately the key-note of the young lady's character, and you or Luther shall tell me whether I am right. First, she writes stories and prints them surreptitiously in the 'Waverley Magazine' and the 'Chimney Corner.' They all have frightfully tragic endings which explode upon you with the suddenness of a bomb-shell. Her heroes are all tremendously heroic, and her heroines terribly virtuous. She signs herself 'Rosalyn,' or 'Desdemona,' or 'Lucretia,' or something in that strain. Secondly, I should say that she dabbled in painting, producing landscapes with volcanic sunsets, and woods with mystic depths of gloom. On the whole, she deals largely in mystery. Once a year she sends three or four canvases to the County Fair. Her scrofulous peaches with opaque dew-drops on them are especially admired, because they look so natural. The art committee reward her industry with prizes ranging from a dollar and a half to three dollars, and her mother frames the certificates and hangs them up on the walls in the parlor, for the admiring inspection of friends and visitors. She is fond of —"

"Hush, Doctor," whispered Mrs. Norman, suddenly. "Her sister is standing there right in front of you. I am afraid she has heard every word you have said. But it was all my fault. I hope you will forgive me."

"I should be sorry to pain the young lady," continued Swart in more subdued tones. "It was rather unfortunate; I didn't consider the possibility that I might have more listeners than I had bargained for."

The conversation was here interrupted by Mr. Norman, who apologized to Swart for his seeming neglect of him, and expressed the hope that his wife had been doing her duty as a hostess in his stead.

"Never you fear, Lew," said Mrs. Norman, in her peculiarly emphatic manner. "I have been very charming, Doctor, haven't I?"

"I should have been insensible as an oys-

ter, were I to deny it," answered the gallant doctor.

"There now, Lew, do you hear that?"

"I do, my dear, and I should be the last to dispute the verdict. But, Fred, is there no one here whom you would like to be introduced to? You see I consult your own taste, although everybody here is anxious to know you."

"Thank you. I should like to make the acquaintance of the young lady who sang 'Flee as a Bird.'"

"Poor thing! If she had known what a relentless critic she had among her audience, she would have sung even worse than she did, if that were possible."

They pressed their way through the crowd and stopped before Miss Grimsby, who was still standing at the piano, listlessly turning over some pieces of music.

"Miss Sylvia," said Norman, "this is my friend Doctor Swart, who wishes to make your acquaintance. He is my guest at present, so I hope you will treat him well."

She looked up gravely to the tall doctor's face, and extended her hand to him; but the moment his fingers touched hers, a slight shock seemed to be tingling through her frame, and her face became suddenly illumined, as if a strong light had been kindled within, shimmering out through its translucent surface. Swart noticed it, and a strange sense of wonder stole over him. It was as if he were standing in the presence of something vague and exalted, which he was forced to reverence, even though he did not know it. He had never seen such a complete expression of happiness upon any human countenance. All the ruthless criticisms he had been framing in his mind "to take the sentimentality out of her," died away before that ecstatic glance, and for the first time in his life he was conscious of something resembling timidity.

"You have a very remarkable voice, Miss Grimsby," he said, by way of introducing a topic of conversation. "I have been listening to you very attentively."

"But you did not like it," she answered simply. "I felt, the moment I sat down to the piano, that there was some one in the room who disapproved of me, and now I know that it was you."

"You are quite mistaken, I assure you," he replied, with a good deal of earnestness. "I did think that your style was capable of improvement; but your voice nevertheless pleased me. It has a very rare quality,—a quality of purity and sincerity, the absence

of which no amount of execution could have compensated for."

"I know very well my deficiencies," she said after a pause, still regarding him with a certain innocent directness which was as beautiful as it was unconventional. "No one ever taught me to sing, and, what is worse, there is no one here who can teach me."

"I can teach you, if you will grant me the privilege."

"I will ask papa, and I think he will give me leave. I once had a German music-master; but he could not sing at all, and he used to fly into a passion and tear around the room, whenever I made a mistake."

"You needn't fear any such explosions from me," said he, smiling at her mistake. "Moreover, I don't propose to take any pay from you. Teaching music isn't my profession, you know. I only wished to help you, —to give you some hints that you might profit by. Then I should like to give you a taste for better things than 'Flee as a Bird' and 'I cannot Sing the Old Songs,'—for I am confident yousing that, too. It is a pity that you should waste your fine voice on such trash as that."

He had expected her to show some embarrassment at her mistake in taking him for a music-master; but, to his astonishment, her face remained as placid as ever. When, however, he referred so contemptuously to the songs, upon which she had probably expended a good deal of admiration, an expression of vague bewilderment and distress spread over her features.

"Then you don't like them," she murmured appealingly. "Are they then so very bad?"

He saw that he had been cruel; but sincerity forbade his abandoning his position.

"Yes," he said, "from a musical point of view they certainly are bad. If you have the patience to listen to me, I will tell you why."

"My time is not valuable. I can listen to you as long as you will be kind enough to talk to me. We seldom see people here who know as much as you do."

He then gave her a little disquisition upon what he conceived to be the sound principles of art: upon the difference between sentiment and sentimentality in music, choosing his illustrations, as far as possible, from the life that was familiar to her. And she stood listening to him, at first with a sweet, troubled look, as he ruthlessly broke her cherished idols, then with a wide-eyed eagerness, as

if a new world were opening before her. She started up as if roused from a trance when Mrs. Norman came to divert a share of her friend's attention to the rest of the company.

"Now, Doctor," she demanded, laughingly, "how does your sentimental little goose strike you?"

"I never dreamed," answered he, suppressing a look of displeasure, "that such a rare flower could blossom in such a barren soil."

IV.

FRED SWART was perhaps not what young ladies would call an ideal nature. He was not troubled with any excess of spirituality. In his college days he had been fond of saying that Venus rocking on the foam of the sea was to him the finest type of womanhood. He liked to talk about the healthy pleasures of the ancient Greeks, the perfect equilibrium of their physical and mental development, and the joyous philosophy of life which had bloomed on Mount Cithæron and in the vales of Tempe. Since then the spirit had been waging a disastrous war against the body, and had gained a series of Pyrrhic victories, from the effects of which the nineteenth century had not yet recovered. This was once a fertile theme of controversy between him and his friend Norman, who in his clerical capacity was bound to combat such heretical opinions. If, however, a man's principles invariably held the key to his affections, it would do away with a good deal of the needless tragedy which now encumbers our lives. In spite of all his admiration for "blooming and throbbing flesh," Swart could not banish from his heart the image of a shy and slender little maiden, who bore about as much resemblance to his cherished Venus as Fra Angelico's saints do to Rubens's and Titian's duchesses. He had now at last yielded to Norman's persuasions, and had determined to settle temporarily in Cicero Center; he had hired an office down on the square, but still retained his private rooms at the parsonage.

One morning early in July, about two weeks after his arrival, Swart had been called out to see a patient at a farm-house some two or three miles from the town. As the farmer's horses were in demand for the haying, he had good-naturedly consented to find his way home on foot. In his usual cheerful mood he was trudging along the dusty road, whistling softly a German student song, and allowing his thoughts to wander to things

remote and near. The last breath of the morning coolness had just vanished from the air, and the luxurious drowsiness of noon was settling over the landscape. Round about him the wide plains of fertile field and meadow spread out in long, undulating lines toward the dim horizon, and a warm, whitish shimmer hung low over the tops of the motionless wheat. Large blue and red butterflies hovered in aimless flight along the road-side, and the bees hummed in lazy contentment in the hearts of the flowers. Here and there clumps of beech and hickory broke the line of vision, tracing themselves with their broad crowns in massive relief against the pale-blue sky. Suddenly, amid all these languid summer sounds, a clear, silvery human voice was flung forth, vibrating for some moments upon some high note, then running rapidly through the chromatic scale, stopping abruptly, rising again with a sharp and clear accentuation, striking in quick succession the first and third, first and fourth, first and fifth in the scale of A, and at last resting upon the dominant, swelling it by a finely gradated *crescendo* until it filled the air far and near. Swart, who had instantly recognized the voice, leaped over the fence, and walked with long, eager strides toward a small hickory grove on the edge of the field. All of a sudden it had grown very still; but a faint memory of the voice, too subtle to be called an echo, seemed still to be quivering in the air, or in Swart's ears, or somewhere. Then the grasshoppers had a fresh attack of musical zeal, and the bees, who had apparently also stopped to listen, resumed their listless monotone. Swart, who for some reason found himself walking on tiptoe, bent aside the outer twigs of a hawthorn bush, and cautiously explored the grove. Leaning against the trunk of a huge tree he saw the lithe figure of Sylvia Grimsby, clad in a light, freshly-starched calico; her eyes were fixed upon the ground, and she was not aware of his presence until he was within a few steps of her.

"Why, Doctor Swart, how came you here?" she cried, while the pleasure of seeing him suddenly illumined her face. "If I had known that my critic was so near, I should never have dared to sing so loud."

"It was your singing which attracted me," answered he, extending his hand to greet her; "you have improved wonderfully since——"

But here a male personage, which he had come within an inch of stepping on,

rose from the ground and loomed up between them.

"Excuse me, Sol," she murmured in confusion. "I quite forgot you. Doctor Swart, Mr. Solon Snell."

Mr. Solon Snell turned a round, surly face toward the intruder, and made him an elaborate bow with a vague intention of sarcasm in it. He was a tall, ungainly young man with long limbs and very sloping shoulders. His black hair was carefully combed down over his narrow forehead and pushed straight back from the temples in the accepted Ohio style. The outlines of his mouth were loose and indefinite, such as one invariably observes in people who lounge around railroad depots; his brown eyes were soft and watery, suggesting unfathomable depths of crude sentiment.

"Guess you have never been in these parts before, Doctor," began Mr. Snell, who felt it incumbent upon him to make himself agreeable. "If you could have seen the wonderful growth of this place since the new railroad was opened——"

Mr. Snell here lost the thread of his discourse and lapsed into silence.

"Mr. Snell means," said Sylvia, evidently with a sincere desire to make the latter's lack of ideas less conspicuous, "that if you had grown up with the place as he has, you would feel a sort of personal pride in its prosperity and that again would breed attachment."

"Precisely, precisely," answered the young man with energy. "Sylvy and I always understand each other; she always somehow knows what I mean, when I get hold of things by the tail end, and——and——choke up, you know," he concluded with a frank appeal to Swart.

"What an unutterable fool!" was the latter's mental comment. "How in the world can she endure his company?"

"It is very curious," began the girl, after a while, with a meditative little smile. "I went out here to be alone, and then first Sol finds me and then you, Doctor. You said sliding was very bad in singing and I have been trying hard since I saw you to learn to accentuate my notes clearly. I have been practicing here every day, and it seems to me that to-day I succeeded better than I even dared to hope. Am I right, Doctor?"

"You have accomplished wonders," answered he gravely.

"There is sincerity in the sound of your voice. I should be sorry if you thought it necessary to flatter me."

"I never was more in earnest."

"Then tell me," she resumed, after a pause during which her unobtrusive little face had been settling into pathetic seriousness, "how can you think so poorly of me, as you said you did the other night at Mr. Brewster's, and still believe that I can really accomplish something? I am not taking you to task, you know. Only when Lucy told me what you had been saying to Mrs. Norman, it made me appear so silly and ridiculous to myself that I couldn't help crying. It was wrong in Lucy to listen and I told her so. I wish she hadn't."

The frank simplicity of her words, the look of distress in her eyes, and the utter absence of anything like resentment touched Swart keenly. It made him feel as if he had wantonly hurt some defenseless creature that did not possess the power or the will to retaliate. His only excuse, that he had pronounced his judgment before he had known her personally, appeared so flimsy that he did not deign to utter it. His emotion seemed to be gathering in his throat and came near choking him. He had never in his life detested himself so cordially as he did at this moment.

"I was a brute," he murmured. "I know I was. I won't ask you to forgive me. I don't deserve it."

"I didn't mean it so, Doctor," she answered, in the same tranquil undertone. "What you said was true. I do write verses and even romances. I do send pictures to the County Fair and, and—" she whispered, blushing to the edge of her hair, "even what you said about the prize certificates—was true."

"Well, where's the harm?" he muttered doggedly. "It was no business of mine, and if I had been generous I should have interpreted it in a very different way."

They seemed both to have forgotten Mr. Solon Snell, whose great brown eyes had all the while been regarding them with a baffled air of mystification and vague jealousy like that of a dog who sees a rival establishing himself in his master's affections; but in the pause which now followed his presence once more became obtrusively prominent. He moved about restlessly upon the earth where he was sitting, and was ill at ease.

"I guess you don't want me any more, Sylvy," he broke forth at last, with a petulant groan. "I will go home, Sylvy, if you say so."

"Yes, do, Sol," she answered, sweetly.

"You may come and see me to-night, if you like."

The young man rose, broke somewhat fiercely through the hawthorn bush, and swinging his long, uncouth limbs, sauntered away over the fields.

"Who is that man?" asked Swart, in amazement. He knew the question was inopportune, but for all that he could not forbear to ask it. Her answer, however, soon re-assured him.

"Why, Sol," she said, with her usual straightforwardness, "is a very good boy; but since he had the scarlet fever, people think, he hasn't been very bright. Since he was a little boy he has always had a strange fancy for me, and he follows me about like a big Newfoundland dog, as if he were afraid that I should come to harm if he didn't protect me. He isn't quite like other young men, as you see; but I suppose I am not quite like other young girls, either. So we fit well together. My mother is always so distressed because I don't like to act as others do, and I often try my best, just to please her; but I always fail miserably. There is something wrong about me, Doctor, but I don't know what it is. I am always dreaming that something strange is to happen to me, and I am always yearning for it to come; but it never does come. I want to do something great—something—I don't know what, and mamma says it is wrong for girls to wish to do anything that other girls don't do. I am sure I don't know why I tell you this; but somehow it came to me before I quite knew what I had been saying. You, too, seem so different from the people I have met, and I thought that perhaps you might help me. The thought flashed through my mind the very first time I saw you."

There was so much unconscious pathos in her words and look as she spoke, that all the grim struggle of her daily life rose with portentous realism before Swart's vision. She was evidently grappling bravely with the unsolved problems of existence, and the struggle was to him none the less pathetic from the fact that it is so common. She felt vague but strong forces stirring within her, but she did not know what they meant or whither they pointed. It is an easy thing to call this aspiration to rise above the commonplace sentimental,—to discover its comic side when coupled with inadequate strength; but for all that, it is inextricably interwoven with all that is noblest and best in our natures. It is the lingering spark of the Promethean fire which warms the human

clay into a closer resemblance to the divine image and likeness.

They sat long talking together in a subdued, eager fashion, quite heedless of the thrushes that warbled in the tree-tops above them, and the orioles that darted like golden flashes through the air. When at last they rose to return to the town, it was with a feeling as if a barrier had been broken down between them, and that, for the first time, they saw each other face to face.

v.

As the last long months of summer waned toward their end, it was becoming more and more evident to Mrs. Norman that the doctor had turned traitor to his Greek ideals. He talked no more of the healthy pleasures of artistic paganism, had no lofty rhetoric to waste on the superb physical splendors of Venuses and Junos and Ariadnes, and he even acquiesced with passive good-humor in Norman's exaltation of Christian asceticism and the mortification of the flesh. To Mrs. Norman this radical change of principles had a very ominous look; but with her usual tact she had soon (after a few cautiously experimental remarks) discovered that there was a certain newly opened region in the doctor's mind which it was not safe to pry into. There were, of course, moments when her curiosity nearly drove her distracted; when her destructive fingers itched to pick the lock to the forbidden sanctuary, but as she prized Swart's friendship highly, she would in the end conclude that the experiment was too hazardous. In the privacy of her own thought, however, she would take her revenge in pelting the unoffending Miss Grimsby with little volleys of acrimonious epithets, while she ardently defended the doctor against her own imputations of disloyalty. Miss Sylvia, she insisted, had guilefully alienated him from her, and she meant to make her feel it when the chance presented itself.

In a country town which depended almost solely upon its lovers, actual and potential, for social excitement, an attachment so pronounced as that of Swart for Miss Grimsby could not long remain a secret. When in the afternoon he walked with his usual well-bred nonchalance up toward Mr. Grimsby's dwelling, groups of feminine faces might be seen in excited converse behind the green window-shutters and ripples of feminine laughter would follow in his wake. And when he entered the grimly

adorned parlor with its bad prints of General and Mrs. Washington, its big-eyed "Christian Graces," the everlasting chromos "Asleep" and "Awake," and sundry other barbaric ornaments, the garrulous Mrs. Grimsby would greet him with uncere- monious cordiality as if already recognizing his prospective title to membership in the family. She had perhaps that very moment been discussing his many shining qualities with some sympathetic neighbor who like herself looked upon the inevitable consummation of his courtship merely as a question of time. Her presence always bewildered and distressed him as that of no other human being ever had. For in her maternal zeal she often chanced to forget that the much hoped-for event had not as yet actually taken place and she would at such times put the boldest questions to him which would drive the blood to her daughter's cheeks and make her seek a pretext to hurry out of the room. At other times, her vulgar anxiety to smooth the way for him, her transparent devices for hastening the *dénouement*, and her broad hints spiced with feeble humor nearly drove him to despair. Mrs. Grimsby unfortunately had been flattered into placing an unquestioning reliance upon her own sagacity, and amid all her bungling machinations plumed herself on being by nature the subtlest diplomatist. She moreover assumed that in affairs of the heart, the doctor, like most young men, lacked self-confidence, and her benevolence would not permit so slight an obstacle to stand in the way of his happiness.

It is only just to Swart to say that his manner toward Sylvia was never that of a lover. He had been drawn toward her, at first, by a sincere desire to benefit her, and he had, as he had expected, found her an apt and a grateful pupil. In the few months he had been with her, he had succeeded in revolutionizing her tastes, ever directing her toward better and nobler things in return for the things he had made her despise. His æsthetic judgment was unerring, and she had gradually come to look upon it as something absolute and final. From his decision there could be no appeal; she would as soon have thought of questioning the correctness of the planetary courses as the finality of his verdict. If he declared that "Flee as a Bird" was musically objectionable, she found herself wondering the next day how she could ever have liked it. If he condemned an author whose high-

colored sensationalism had but yesterday been her delight, she would ere long smile at her own simplicity in having ever countenanced him.

This ready adaptability of hers, however, had a certain serious side, which Swart, in his æsthetic zeal forgot to consider. It did not occur to him that he was unfitting her for the life and surroundings among which her lot was cast; that he was daily opening her eyes to the vulgarity of her own immediate associations, that in time she must apply the exalted standard of taste, which he had furnished her, to those whom Nature had placed nearest to her; that, unless he himself removed her from her lowly sphere, he was sowing into her life the seeds of future misery. For instance, how could that obtuse little mother of hers, with her impregnable conceit and her blundering cheerfulness, hope to keep her place in the affections of a daughter whose critical acumen had been sharpened by daily intercourse with a highly fastidious and accomplished man? Here was a tragical possibility which might puzzle the ingenuity of a greater philosopher than Swart. It was not his way to trouble himself much with the future. He obeyed the generous impulses of the moment, and left the morrow to take care of itself. He had, indeed, often wondered how so finely organized a being as Sylvia could have sprung from the union of such utterly coarse and commonplace elements; he would as soon have expected a sky-lark to have been hatched and bred by a pair of stolid respectable barn-yard fowls. But beyond that, his meditations had never extended.

VI.

It was early in December. A thin layer of snow covered the moon-lit square, but a languid dripping from the water-spouts on the roofs announced that it was not destined to last till morning. The air was raw and cold; great herds of clouds of fantastic shapes were sailing along the western horizon, but the upper regions of the sky were swept clear, showing a wide sea of deep nocturnal blue. Swart was walking rapidly down the main street toward the corner of the square where he had his office; the sound of his footsteps echoed dismally from the houses opposite. He had been sitting up with a fever patient who was in a critical condition, and he was only intending to take an hour's rest on the lounge in the office, expecting every moment to be summoned

again. He unlocked the door, threw off his overcoat, rubbed his hands violently, and stooped down to revive the fire in the grate. He then lighted the drop-light on the table, drew his easy-chair close up to the fire and sat down, resting his heels on the fender. He had that very afternoon received a letter offering him in flattering terms a professorship of anatomy in an eastern medical college; but he had in the absorption of his professional duties been purposely checking every thought on the subject, until he should have a moment of complete solitude, when he might weigh the proposition fairly. He felt no disposition to sleep; and the hour seemed favorable for reflection.

"It is absurd enough for a novel," he muttered to himself, "my entangling myself with that little girl, who has evidently no more in common with me than a butterfly has with a rhinoceros. And," he reflected further, "it would be as unfair to her as it would be to myself, were I to act on the first foolish impulse. This offer is an evident godsend, it is the very thing I have been wishing for ever since my inclinations grew strong enough to formulate themselves. I shall accept. Yes, I must accept."

And he arose and began marching briskly up and down the floor.

"I must break loose from these cramping associations," he continued, half-aloud, "or my wings will be clipped before I shall have tested their strength."

At this moment there came a thump against the door, and a distressed voice seemed to be calling him from without. Swart, well accustomed to visits at this hour of the night, walked impatiently to the door and opened it. Then, as if he had received a blow, he sprang back in terror; it was Sylvia, pale, half-clad, and shivering.

"In heaven's name, what has happened?" he cried, lifting her up in his arms and carrying her to the easy-chair before the fire. But she bounded up instantly, and stood erect, panting and gasping for breath. Her bosom labored violently, but she could bring forth no sound. Swart stood aghast; a chilling fear—a presentiment of some dire calamity shook his strong frame; a great weight seemed to be pressing on his breast, and his breath stopped in his throat. A scarlet-striped shawl was drawn tightly across her shoulders; her long yellow hair streamed in wild disorder over it; one of her feet was bare, and the other half covered with a small slipper. Her whole figure looked so unnaturally thin and lithe, and her scant drapery

clung to her limbs, revealing their form as if they had been cut in marble.

"Something terrible must have happened, Miss Sylvia," he cried, as he regained the use of his voice. "Speak quick, that I may help you."

"Burglars—in—the house," she gasped, giving a little pant between each word. "I heard a scream—ran away—out of the window—through—the garden—saw light in your—window—mamma—mamma——"

"Remain here till I return," he said calmly, taking down a pair of loaded revolvers from the wall. "Now, be a rational little girl, and——"

"Oh, let me go—with you," she begged piteously.

"No; you must do as I tell you. Now, there. Sit down in this chair. Let me cover you up with my overcoat."

Before she could frame another protest, he was out of the door, and she heard him turn the key in the lock. She fell wearily back in the chair, and closed her eyes.

Mr. Grimsby's house was only a block from the square. As Swart was half-way up the street, he saw a figure sauntering along the pavement on the other side. He rushed toward it, and by the dim light of the moon recognized Solon Snell.

"Listen," he said, under his breath. "There are burglars in Mr. Grimsby's house. Come along with me. Here is a revolver."

Solon was too startled to answer; he stared blankly, first at Swart, then at the pistol, turning it slowly in his hand, as if wondering what its use might be.

"Come quick!" said Swart, grasping him by the shoulder.

"I—I am coming," stammered Solon, bewildered.

In another moment they were at Mr. Grimsby's door.

"Now, brace yourself up," whispered the doctor sternly. "Stand here at this door, and if any one tries to escape, shoot him down. But beware you don't shoot——"

A low whistle sounded around the corner; the doctor burst in through the door; then there was a brief, wild scuffle; the report of a shot reverberated through the house; then the noise of breaking and shivering glass. Somebody was seen darting out through a window and running up the street. In an instant the house resounded with voices calling and crying, with slamming of doors, hurrying footsteps, and universal commotion. Hearing the doctor calling loudly for help,

Solon cautiously and hesitatingly entered the parlor. There in the dusk two men were seen struggling desperately on the floor.

"Tear the pistol from him!" Swart was crying. "There—under my knee—I have pinned him to the floor. The beast came within an inch of killing me!"

Solon obeyed, and succeeded in wresting the revolver from the hand of the prostrate burglar.

"Now, if you dare stir," roared his assailant, "you are a dead man."

The noise had now fairly aroused the neighborhood. Men and women, half-clad and with excited faces were hurrying in; and at last the tardy policeman arrived and the captive was well secured with ropes and removed to the police station. His confederate who had escaped, was arrested a few days later in a neighboring town.

Swart did not wait to receive the thanks of the family. After a few brief words of explanation to Mrs. Grimsby he hurried back to the office, unlocked the door and entered. Sylvia was standing in the middle of the floor with an unnatural glitter of excitement in her eyes. But suddenly as her gaze met his, the blood sprang to her face, she dropped her eyes, pulled nervously at her dress, and made a few spasmodic gestures to smooth her hair. He understood her unspoken thought, and with a quick, silent movement put out the gas. But the burning heap of coals on the grate still spread its vague, red glow through the room.

"Is any one hurt?" she asked, in an anxious whisper. "Are you hurt?"

"No one is hurt. I have a few scratches, but nothing serious."

"I must go home," she faltered, while a tear stole down over her cheek. "You will forgive me, Doctor, wont you? I don't know how it came about—I don't. I was so wild—and then your light——"

"My dear child," interrupted he, warmly; "what have I to forgive?"

She looked so small, and slight, and helpless as she stood there before him, appealing to him with her large innocent eyes. A great wave of remorseful tenderness swept over him, and still a tenderness such as strength feels for helplessness, a man for a child.

"It is not the time to stand on ceremonies, Miss Sylvia," he said. "Of course you must be taken home. But it is snowing and you are but half-clad. Pardon me, if I take the law into my own hands."

He spoke gravely, almost commandingly; and still she detected a faint tremor, like a

warmer tinge breaking through the cool surface of his speech; and it quivered through her soul as a strong sound quivers through pure metal. Ere she knew it, he had lifted her up in his arms, wrapped a large plaid about her, and she felt his heart beating against her bosom.

As Swart stepped out upon the square, the clouds had spread over the sky, the snow was falling in large, wet, feathery flakes, and the street was silent and deserted. As he turned the corner, some one started out from the shadow of a wall, moved toward him, and then fell behind. It was Solon; he did not know why, but the sight of him suddenly made it dim before his eyes; the earth moved beneath his feet, and a remote sound as of rushing water broke upon his ears. He only felt that he was hurrying onward, onward. Then there was a sharp report,—something flew hissing past his ear, and again all was still. He was standing in Mr. Grimsby's hall. There was light in the upper windows, and some one was speaking agitatedly above. He thought he heard his own name mentioned. While he was trying to gather his senses, she had slipped out of his arms; he heard her rapid breath coming and going, and saw her head dimly outlined in the dusk.

"Who was it?" she asked, in a voice which the fright made unsteady.

"Some poor villain," he murmured. "Good-night!"

"You did not answer me."

"I cannot."

He had already laid his hand on the knob and the door was ajar. But some irresistible impulse drove him back. He caught her face between his hands and kissed her. He felt her arms winding tightly about his neck.

"Good-night!" he heard himself murmur, (for the voice hardly seemed to be his own) "and farewell! I leave to-morrow."

VII.

FOUR months had passed and the year was once more in its genial mood, though it was unsafe as yet to put any trust in the constancy of its good-humor. The day that was just sinking away out of sight had been brilliantly illustrative of what one might call metereological coquetry, one moment overflowing with tranquil happiness and in the next truculent with restrained wrath, venting itself in explosive little showers and unexpected thunder-claps—in fact

a day as full of chaotic intentions as a page of Browning's blank verse. And Swart's temper had somehow caught its tone from the weather. He had begun in the morning with a lecture on shoulder-blades and clavicles and vertebrae, and had handled the clean-scraped bones with an affectionate and unprofessional touch, which must have convinced at least some of his students that his thoughts were wandering; by an unaccountable *lapsus* he fitted an arm-bone into the joint of the pelvis, attached it there by the wrong biceps, and made several other novel improvements in the anatomical system, all of which had the effect of throwing his audience into uncontrollable fits of laughter. He had of course the grace himself to join in their merriment, excused himself with a headache and broke off the lecture. The fact was he had waked up that morning with the resolution to pay a visit to Cicero Center, and during his anatomical vagaries his imagination had persisted in depicting with great vividness the reception he was to meet with in a certain stuccoed brick house on Main street. And all the day he went about, whistling, singing and talking in a restless, irresponsible mood, wondering all the while at his own strangeness as if he had been a sick and delirious patient intrusted to his own care. And at last, when the turbulent forces within him were spent, he yielded passively to his passion, as a man shakes hand with an adversary who has proved too strong for him. He had struggled long enough; he had protested with inward anger; he had ridiculed, reproached and pitied himself—but all the while the inexorable fact remained; he loved her and could love none but her.

In the evening he sat down to write to Norman. He felt anything but gay; but for the first time in his relation with his friend he felt it incumbent upon him to assume the comic mask. He feared that Norman might suspect the purpose of his visit, and he shuddered at the thought of exposing his darling to Mrs. Norman's scathing criticism. The letter ran as follows:

DEAR LUTHER: You know I never had anything against you,—except your name. And since, no doubt, feeling your deficiency in point of euphony, you have allied yourself with so much liquidly polysyllabic music in the name of Arabella, your spouse, I am conscious that you have abandoned the only vice with which nature endowed you. This, you understand, is to serve as an artful introduction to a request I have to make. I want you to invite me to come and see you. I am feeling terribly lonely here among my pickled anatomical specimens, and

I yearn for a glimpse of your face and the fragrant breath of the Ohio beach and hickory groves * * *

At this moment the door-bell was rung violently, and a telegraph messenger entered and threw a yellow envelope on the table. Swart tore it open, and read :

"Miss Sylvia is very ill. In Dr. L——'s opinion, your presence here may save her life. In her delirium she is constantly raving about you. I know you will come. Lose no time, or it may be too late. Of course you will stay with me.

"NORMAN."

Within an hour Swart was standing with his valise in his hand at the Erie depot, and the next evening he arrived in Cicero Center. He drove immediately to Mr. Grimsby's house, and was admitted to the sick-room.

A heavily shaded lamp was burning on the table, and a clear twilight pervaded the room. The nurse was dozing in a chair before the bed. A thin, sweet face, pallid as marble, lay in vague relief against the white pillow. She seemed to be smiling to herself, and her eyes were unnaturally large and brilliant. A splendid wave of yellow hair broke over her right shoulder, and shone with a dimly bright ripple on the coverlid. It seemed strange that so much golden magnificence should have drawn its strength from that poor, feeble little body.

Swart walked noiselessly up to the bedside and motioned to the nurse to go. He sat down, and ere long Sylvia's eyes sought his; they had a strange feverish glow in them that filled him with dread, but no sign of surprise; for, in her feverish imaginings, he had all the while been with her. She made an effort to stretch out her hand to him; he seized it; it was dry and hot.

"Ah," she whispered, "it is the same touch—the touch I knew when I met you long ago,—the first time. And it thrilled through me—through me. You saw it, didn't you? Yes, you did. I was afraid you would at the time. But now—now I am glad. For, long ago, when I was a child—I dreamed—dreamed that some one touched me in the dark—touched me like that—and I knew that it was he whom God had given to me. And I waited, Doctor,—waited for years for that touch,—and at last it came—it came with you. I have been so glad ever since."

"Hush, you must not speak," he commanded gently. "Close your eyes and sleep. You know I am here. I shall hold your hand all the while."

"Yes, hold my hand—so. What a good, strong, cool hand you have! But when you went away from me—how could I know but that God had forgotten—and the touch of your hand—the strange blessed touch I had felt in my dream—it was no more there to give me strength."

"Now, do as I bid you. Be a good child and close your eyes."

She caught her breath, heaved a little sigh, and her eyelids slowly drooped.

"Yes, the touch of your hand," he heard her murmur, "your strong—beautiful—hand."

An hour later, when the nurse entered, she found her sleeping the healthful sleep of a child. A light dew was resting upon her brow. Swart was sitting grave and watchful at the bedside, holding her hand. And I verily believe that there was healing in his touch.

May God grant that it be so!

GUESTS.

SUNFLOWER tall and hollyhock, that wave in the wind together,
Corn-flower, poppy, and marigold, blossoming fair and fine,
Delicate sweet-peas, glowing bright in the quiet autumn weather,
While over the fence, on fire with bloom, climbs the nasturtium vine!

Quaint little wilderness of flowers, straggling hither and thither—
Morning-glories tangled about the larkspur gone to seed,
Scarlet-runners that burst all bounds, and wander, heaven knows whither,
And lilac spikes of bergamot, as thick as any weed.

And oh, the bees and the butterflies, the humming-birds and sparrows,
That over the garden waver and chirp and flutter the livelong day!

Humming-birds, that dart in the sun like green and golden arrows,
Butterflies like loosened flowers blown off by the wind in play.

Look at the red nasturtium flower, drooping, bending, and swaying;
Out the gold-banded humble-bee breaks and goes booming anew!
Hark, what the sweet-voiced fledgling sparrows low to themselves are saying,
Pecking my golden oats where the corn-flowers gleam so blue!

Welcome, a thousand times welcome, ye dear and delicate neighbors—
Bird, and bee, and butterfly, and humming-bird fairy fine!
Proud am I to offer you a field for your graceful labors;
All the honey and all the seeds are yours in this garden of mine.

I sit on the door-step and watch you. Beyond lies the infinite ocean,
Sparkling, shimmering, whispering, rocking itself to rest.
And the world is full of perfume and color and beautiful motion,
And each new hour of this sweet day the happiest seems and best.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

More Protestant Vaticanism.

THIS time it is the Presbyterian body that undertakes to prove Dr. Blauvelt's charge of Protestant Vaticanism; and the Rev. John Miller is the victim. Does any one now doubt how this matter stands? Does any one now claim that there is anything like free thought, or free speech, within the precincts of a creed? Is there a Christian minister who does not realize that his brain is imprisoned and that his hands are tied? Can there be one who does not see that it is positively disastrous for him to look outside of his creed for truth? It is not a pretty position for a man to be in—much less for a man whom Christ has made free to be in. We do not wonder that ministers are vexed with us for alluding to it. It must be exceedingly humiliating, not only to realize one's bondage, but to feel bound to justify it; and we assure them that they have our profound commiseration.

Now let us see exactly what has been done. Mr. Miller, with a keen intellect, with competent learning, possessed by a great love of the Christian denomination with which he has for many years been associated, tenderly inquisitive of truth, and heroically loyal to conscience, investigates three questions suggested by the Bible. He comes to certain conclusions at variance with those that have found expression in his creed. Whatever these new opinions of his may be, they are "trophies, not traditions." He found them, and formed them, in the conscientious exercise of Christian liberty. He proclaimed them, knowing that they would harm him in the eyes of those whom he loved; but better than these he loved God and truth, or what he believed to be truth. The consequence did not lie far away. His case was taken up with a promptness worthy of the Inquisition, and he was suspended from the ministry. We do not learn that any flaw

has been found in his moral character, or that any fault is discovered in his Christian spirit. Exactly what we do learn, is, that in this nineteenth century, inside of the Christian church, there is proscription for opinion's sake,—that, practically, Protestantism undertakes to fasten bands upon the Christian conscience and the Christian intellect. Men may try to disguise the nature of this act to themselves and the world in any way they choose, but proscription for opinion—an organized and instituted suppression of Christian liberty—is just what it is, beyond all possibility of denial.

We look back, in these days, upon the blunders of our fathers with pity; but as we turn the pages of colonial history, we find a touch of manliness about the old trials for heresy which our degenerate heresy-hunters do not seem to possess. When Mr. Pynchon of the Massachusetts Colony wrote a book in which he attempted to prove that "Christ suffered not for us those unutterable torments of God's wrath, commonly called hell torments," the authorities deposed him from the magistracy and publicly burned his book in Boston Market; and then they had the decency to appoint Mr. Norton of Ipswich, under very handsome pay, considering the times, "to write an answer to the book." Mr. Pynchon's heresy has become modern orthodoxy, and now, if any minister dares to assert that Christ suffered genuine hell torments, down goes his house! The whole matter is pitiful, because it is so childish. How does this case look, for another instance? Robert Breck, less than a hundred and fifty years ago, said: "What will become of the heathen who never heard of the gospel, I do not pretend to say; but I cannot but indulge a hope that God, in his boundless benevolence, will find out a way whereby those heathen who act up to the light they have may be saved." That utterance was considered such a breach of orthodoxy, that he was arrested by

an officer with a drawn sword, to be carried from Massachusetts to Connecticut for trial, and refused bail on the ground that the offense with which he was charged was "high treason not only against the King of England, but the King of Heaven!" And the poor ass who made this utterance, and compels us to laugh at him, was tremendously in earnest,—as much in earnest, say, as the bodies that have placed their little ban on Dr. Blauvelt and Mr. Miller! And the time is rapidly coming when the action of those bodies will be regarded precisely as we regard these mistakes of our forefathers. The world does move. Opinions are modified. Creeds are broadened or shortened or thrown away altogether, and a generation of preachers is even now coming forward who have discovered that the Christianity of the head is the Christianity of the past, and that the hold of our religion upon the world, and the hope of its progress and prevalence, are in the heart, the character, the life.

As for Mr. Miller, we congratulate him on the reception of his certificate of Christian manhood. Dismissal from the ministry, as a punishment for the independent study of the Bible, is getting to be quite common, and, barring its monotonousness, quite popular. People now would like to know what Mr. Miller has to say. They have heard all there is to say inside of the creeds, *ad nauseam*, and they are not fond of official mouth-pieces. There was a time when proscription for opinion tended to blast and blacken a man,—when there was a measure of disgrace connected with it. Now, it is an honor among all men who are free, and who are determined to be free. The best and brightest men in the world will rejoice in the spiritual enlargement of all who, breaking away from everything that hinders, investigate for themselves and come to their own conclusions. God gave them their reason for just this work, and all pity should be saved for those who, for any cause, consent to be hampered in its exercise.

The Tax for Barbarism.

THE world groans with poverty. Wherever, in the cities of the old world or the new, a well-dressed, comfortable man moves through a street, the hand that asks for alms is extended to him. He can hardly walk a block without being painfully reminded that there is a great world around him that lives in mean conditions, from hand to mouth. The tax upon a benevolent man's sensibilities is constant and most depressing. The consciousness that, while he is enjoying the reward of honest labor, there are millions whose minds are charged with anxiety concerning the barest necessities of life, is full of bitterness. It matters not that the most of this poverty is the result of vice and improvidence, for that only makes the matter more hopeless. The immediate causes of this poverty are apparent enough, and great efforts are made in various directions for destroying them; but the reformers work against what seem to be almost hopeless disadvantages.

There is one cause of the world's poverty, how-

ever, which the ordinary mind very rarely considers. We recognize the personal vices of men, but we pay little regard to the vices of governments. To-day, the world is spending on war—on national contests for power, and on the preparations for possible contests in the future—enough to feed the poor of the world. England, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, are full of soldiers. Russia and Turkey and the minor powers immediately interested are, at the present writing, absorbed in a great and awful war. The thoughts, policies, energies, resources of all Europe seem to be absorbed in this barbarous business. England is jealous of Russian progress in the East. France is smarting under the sting of lost prestige, and watching her opportunity for revenge. Germany, conscious that her old enemy is not yet humbled, holds her army organized, and ready for another trial. Italy is drawing the life-blood of her people to sustain a standing force that shall make her power respected by the subtle agencies which are contriving its destruction. Spain, herself the field for easy revolution, is pouring out her treasure and her blood in trying to preserve her precious island of Cuba. The American people are still staggering under the terrible burdens which their recent civil war laid upon their shoulders. The waste of life, the waste of labor, the waste of the materials of life, the waste of the hoarded results of labor, produced by these gigantic quarrels, and these stupendous preparations for quarrels, cannot be calculated.

It is easy to say this and see this; yet, right here in America, there are many men who look upon a European war as a godsend to our industry and our commerce! It is a grave mistake. The world is now so closely woven together in commercial interest and sympathy, that no war can occur without carrying its depressing influence to every nation, state, county, town, and fireside on the civilized globe. The country that, in the necessity of war, buys our goods to-day, will to-morrow, in consequence of its war, be either weakened or bankrupt, and our customer will be gone. The time of depression and adversity through which this nation has been passing for the past five years, and from which it has not yet emerged, has produced its result in Europe. Every country with which we trade has severely felt our reverses, and the hard times we talk of here have been the common topic in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Paris, Lyons, and the other commercial and manufacturing centers. Those producing and trading peoples of Europe thought they made something out of our war, but what they made is gone. If we make anything out of a European war, we shall lose it all in five years. Any war that cripples them will cripple us. In short, war is never profitable to anybody. It is not a legitimate business. It is a barbarous business. It is a constant drag upon the prosperity, not only of the nations immediately involved in it, but of the world; and the whole world has a vital interest in bringing it to an end. There is not a poor man in America who will not be made poorer by a European war. Its suspension of productive

industry, its destruction of vital resources, its waste of valuable material, are all losses from the world's wealth, and all the world will feel them. War, too, is a natural breeder of vice. What a legacy of vice, of idleness, of immorality, has war left to us! Where did all our wretched army of tramps come from? Whence has come all this overwhelming accession to the ranks of pauperism? These frequent murders and suicides and robberies, in what did they directly or indirectly originate? These are all the natural children of war. We cannot outlive them in a generation. We never can outlive them, entirely. Why, if we could do away with all war, and with all standing armies for half a century, the world would become so comfortable and respectable that it would not know itself.

Well, war, let it be remembered, is not the outgrowth of Christianity. It is its constant disgrace. It is a relic of that barbarism from which, in our vanity and self-complacency, we fancy that we have retired. It is the attempt to settle political and even religious questions by might. It rises in no essential dignity above the struggle which two dogs indulge in for a bone. It is the way in which savage tribes settle a dispute. It is the duel, now pretty

universally under condemnation, undertaken by states. It is brutal, not human. It is the work of barbarous men or savage animals, and not of Christian peoples.

It has been the habit of the world to laugh at peace men and peace congresses, but they, after all, are right. It is, of course, the duty of a nation to defend itself; this we suppose all men will admit. The law of self-preservation is a law universally recognized; but in these days the cases are very few in which arbitration, honestly entered upon with a desire for the preservation of peace, cannot settle any question that may arise between different nations. Even if Christian considerations do not avail for the purpose, the absolute bankruptcy and ruin of the great governments of the world, through the taxes of barbaric war, must ultimately drive them to the settlement of international questions by international arbitration. The nations of the world are now too near together, and too strongly and immediately sympathetic, to permit the warlike and semi-barbaric among them to indulge in the arbitrament of war. We cannot afford war in this country, and we cannot afford to permit others to indulge in it. It is out of place in our civilization.

THE OLD CABINET.

Keats.

SOIL not with dark regret his perfect fame,

Saying, Had he but lived he had done so;

Or, Were his heart not eaten out with woe
John Keats had been a prouder, mightier name.
Take him for what he was and did—nor blame

Blind fate for all he suffered. Dost not know

Souls such as his escape no mortal blow—

No agony of joy, or sorrow, or shame?

"Whose name was writ in water!" What large
laughter

Among the immortals when that word was
brought!

Then, when his fiery spirit rose flaming after,
High toward the topmost heaven of heavens
up-caught,

"All hail! our younger brother!" Shakspeare
said,

And Dante nodded his imperial head.

OUR recent remarks on the birds of our neighbor the barber have called forth the following letter from a reader:

To the *Old Cabinet*.—The "toucan" is a large family, consisting of, I suppose, some fifteen or twenty different species. I am familiar with only a few of these,—those of South America. They all have exceeding large and strong bills. Two of this family are very common in the Andes of north-western South America, one of which is black, green and red, and very, very brilliant; the other is

a larger bird, about the size of our crow, is of a pea-green on the back, changing gradually into yellow underneath and on the breast. Its bill is a yellow green, very large and strong, terminating with a short hook, and edged with teeth like a saw, fitting with neatness into each other when closed. The tongue is long, and they are capable of running it away out of the bill, I suppose to pick insects out from the crevices in the barks of trees. This bird is held in great reverence by the natives, and is known by the name of "Dios te dé" (God will provide). Its flight is high, and when it perches, selects some elevated limb of the highest trees, where it utters its peculiar cry "Dios te dé-te dé," commencing with the bill held upward toward heaven, and dropping it at each note until it points to earth. It says these words quite distinctly in the Spanish language. It has a habit of clapping the bill together with great force, the noise of which resounds to a wonderful distance. The natives do not like to kill it, but love to hear it in their lonely travels over the mountains,—will watch its flight and be delighted if it alights near at hand and assures them that "God will provide."

It impressed me as a peculiar fact that the birds of South America are not songsters in the general sense of the word. Some of the most gorgeous in plumage utter the most dismal, harsh or plaintive sounds imaginable. Those magnificent macaws known as the "guacamayo," when flying overhead cry "k-a-a-a" with a harsh, hoarse voice, unequaled by the dullest of saws going through a board. Señor

Ruiz had one, and I wanted to send it home to New York, but the captain told me that he would not have it on board for any amount of money, and in his exaggerated way said "it would gnaw all the rigging loose, and gnaw the masts down." Their strong beaks are dreadfully destructive. The "turpeal," however, is an exception; and there are some few other beautiful warblers. Señor Ruiz was termed a "curioso," he so dearly loved curious things; he had a turpeal that would imitate the notes of many birds. It might be called the mocking-bird of South America. This one carried the portion of a tune, and would also whistle some of the military bugle calls distinctly and accurately. It was lively, bold, and not easily intimidated by a much larger bird. The colors were orange and black; size a trifle smaller than our robin. He had among the rest a couple of parrots, which lived on a horizontal pole in the "Patio," and were about the "smartest" ones I have known; they would laugh, cry, hold dialogues together, scold and pray. All this would be jumbled up in a most ludicrous manner. Many times I have had a hearty laugh with them. A rain-storm seemed to excite their volubility; on such an occasion they would draw upon their stock of acquirements to the fullest extent. Among the South Americans many interesting parrot anecdotes are told, which would vie with our "fish stories." The Spanish language, on account of its numerous vowels, is more easily pronounced by parrots than English ever could be.

Yours truly,
HORACE BAKER.

The last time I was in at the barber's the cage of the mino bird was hung below that of one of the bull-finches. The bull-finch was singing its waltz. It began by giving a few notes, then stopping and repeating; after that it sang a little farther on into the melody, stopped and repeated; finally it went through with the entire waltz. But in the midst of this pretty performance, the mino bird called out in a deep and husky voice—"Go 'way there!" Whenever the mino bird made this ill-mannered speech—and he made it several times—the bull-finch stopped and looked about in great surprise, but immediately resumed its music. The barber's assistant told me that the mino bird did not like the bull-finch, because he could not imitate the little fellow's song.

The barber's wife passed around the shop and gave each of the birds a strawberry. She stopped and talked to the mino bird, who was delighted with the attention. It laughed, chattered and made strange motions with its head.

I should say that the barber is an Alsatian,—that is, by birth. By adoption and at heart he is one of the most thorough Americans I know. Those who believe in kings and aristocracies, he says, let them go to Europe and live, not as "foreigners," with plenty of money to spend, but as citizens.

WE fear that even musical readers will find it difficult to properly reproduce in sound the first of

the three Japanese melodies printed in this number. When rendered with the delicacy and precision with which Miss Kellogg herself sings it, the song has a peculiar charm. It is to be hoped that some one will be able to supply the words which belong to it,—if, indeed, there are any. Since Miss Kellogg's little paper has been put in type the author of it has read an essay in two parts on "Japanese Music and Musical Instruments," in the June number of "The Leisure Hour," which has just arrived from London. The "Leisure Hour" essay, by Mr. Samuel Mossman, is based upon a German treatise by Dr. Müller, which appeared in the journal of the German Asiatic Society. An introductory letter is given in the "Leisure Hour," by Professor Lyle, of the Imperial University of Yeddo. Professor Lyle says:

"If my ear does not deceive me, the scale they use, as compared with ours, differs in the position of the semitones, or, rather, in not having true semitones, but three-quarter tones instead.

European Scale.

Thus: | | | | | | | |

| | | | | | | |

Chinese Scale.

"This you will understand at a glance, and if you will tune an instrument—say a harp—after this manner, and then play upon it the tunes noted by Mr. McGregor (L.H. 1875, p. 213), I think you will get the true effect of the melodies, which is greatly marred by attempting to reproduce them on our gamut. From the various specimens I have heard, my opinion is that the Egyptians, Turks, Arabs, Hindoos, and Siamese, and Burmese also, use this scale, which gives its peculiar character to all 'Eastern music,'—its half-minor effect having neither the plaintiveness of our minor mode nor the vigor and brilliancy of the major. They lose also the charm of contrast which comes from alternation of modes, and they are deficient also in variety of time, having no triple-time movements."

Professor Lyle remarks incidentally that his impression is that ancient music can be correctly noted on neither the major nor the minor scale, but on a scale intermediate to both.

But to return to Japanese music. Mr. Mossman says:

"Women and girls comprise the great bulk of players, being taught from their childhood to follow music as a profession. But it is not held in any great esteem, especially as the reputation of the women is indifferent, and the males mostly what we would term itinerant musicians. On this account few persons of the upper classes care to acquire a knowledge of music, either vocal or instrumental, yet all grades of society delight in the performance of their national airs by trained players. In this respect they prefer their own simple melodies, played or sung as solos, to the finest European music performed by bands of stringed and wind instruments, or a harmony of many voices. On being interrogated, many expressed their opinion that such were 'abominable,' and when Dr. Miller questioned a distinguished man of rank on the subject, he politely replied that 'European music might please women, children, and common people, but Japanese gentlemen may not endure it.'"

It would appear that the music and musical instruments of Japan are based on those of China.

"The Chinese fiddle is as much inferior to that of the Japanese as it is inferior to the European violin.—one of the most perfect and most powerful instruments that has been invented. Nevertheless, there are data to infer that the principle on which these are constructed originated in China, like those of the compass and gunpowder, with many other supposed inventions of the West that have come from the East."

Mr. Mossman sums up as follows:

"Concerning the character of Chinese and Japanese music and musical instruments, we consider both at their best to be barbarous, as compared with the grandeur and harmony of European instrumental and vocal compositions. At times it is of a plaintive nature and frequently stirring in its strains, but the tunes and songs partake more of a savage than what we would term a civilized character. Yet in these respects they have a charm that suits the ear which prefers a melody on some simple instrument or a song to the grandest orchestral music. We need not go out of our own country to find persons of this taste, who prefer the national airs of Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, to the finest Italian or German concerted pieces. But in that preference the element of nationality exists. May not this be the case among the Japanese and Chinese who prefer their own music and musical instruments to those of Europe? We are of that opinion, and if the subject was investigated on that basis much interesting information might be elucidated. Although our comments on the Japanese and Chinese method of singing in a falsetto voice, accompanied in unison by a tinkling stringed instrument, are not complimentary to the taste of composers, players, and hearers, yet we must admit that the themes of their favorite songs are sometimes of the most charming description."

The article in "Leisure Hours" closes with the poem published by Mr. Stoddard in SCRIBNER for October, 1876, and entitled "The Flown Bird." This is called by Mr. Mossman a "translation." The beautiful refrain "I have forgotten to forget" is Japanese, and so is most of the imagery, but the story is the poet's own.

Miss Kellogg writes with regard to Mr. Mossman's interesting and able paper: "This writer does not do justice to the beauty of their melodies. Either he has been unfortunate, or I have been particularly fortunate in the selections heard. The two given you by me play perfectly on our scale." The third melody is copied literally from M. De Rosny's work.

The White and the Red Rose.

I.

IN Heaven's happy bowers
Blossom two flowers,
One with fiery glow,
And one as white as snow;
While lo! before them stands,
With pale and trembling hands,
A spirit who must choose
One, and one refuse.

II.

Oh, tell me of these flowers
That bloom in Heaven's bowers,
One with fiery glow,
And one as white as snow!
And tell me who is this
Here in heavenly bliss
That trembles and that cries
Like a mortal when he dies!

III.

These blossoms two
Wet with heavenly dew—
The Gentle Heart is one,
And one is Beauty's own;
And the spirit here that stands
With pale and trembling hands—
Before to-morrow's morn
Will be a child new-born,
Will be a mortal maiden
With earthly sorrows laden;
But of these two shining flowers
That bloom in Heaven's bowers,
To-day she still may choose
One, and one refuse.

IV.

Will she pluck the crimson flower
And win Beauty's dower?
Will she choose the better part
And gain the Gentle Heart?
Awhile she weeping waits
Within the heavenly gates—
Alas! the child new-born
Before to-morrow's morn—
Alas! the mortal maiden
With earthly sorrow laden:
Her tears afresh they start,
She hath chosen the Gentle Heart.

V.

And now the spirit goes,
In her breast the snow-white rose.
When hark! a voice that calls
Within those garden walls:
"Thou didst choose the better part,
Thou hast won the Gentle Heart—
Now to thee is given
The red rose of Heaven."

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Blue India China.

Editor of Scribner's Monthly.

DEAR SIR: The article in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for January, on "Blue China *versus* White," has induced me to make some jottings upon the same subject. The household to which I belong has eaten from the blue India china for sixty-seven years, the head of the family, now over ninety-two, having begun his married life with a set of this ware, which

has been in daily use ever since. I think I may therefore be considered competent to give an opinion founded on experience. And, first, I will speak of its durability. When a friend was dining with me, and said how delighted she was to see dishes like those familiar to her childhood, I remarked that this set had been in use over sixty years; "but," said she, "it must be like the Irishman's coat, not a piece of the original left." "On the contrary," I replied,

"though the smaller-sized plates and tea-cups have been often renewed, yet the great body of the dinner set is the same."

In all these years, it has not been stationary in one china closet; bought in Boston, it traveled first to New Hampshire, then back to Massachusetts, then to Maine, and thirty-five years ago to the neighborhood of Boston again. One reason for the durability of this ware is found in the fact that it is subjected to a very high temperature in firing (a degree of heat at which iron melts), so that the dishes are placed in the furnace not on the usual iron tripod but on beds of sand; this adhering to the base of every piece causes the roughness so perceptible, and makes the bottom of an India plate the knife-sharpener of the old-fashioned carver. It is only blue that can stand the furnace *en grand feu*, and it is painted directly on the biscuit, the glaze being made over it, so that the color never changes or wears off. The reader will readily see why this ware bears, without breaking, boiling water and the overheating that Biddy will subject the dinner dishes to. It was a former custom for Thanksgiving and Christmas pies to be baked on Canton china, so well assured was its owner that it would stand the heat of a common oven; but that was before the Irish reign.

In the earlier importations of India china, covered vegetable-dishes were unknown,—like handles to tea-cups, they are an English innovation; small, oblong, six-sided platters, and flat bowls with deep scallops were then used for that purpose, the only covered articles being the two large soup-tureens and their four children (exactly alike, except in size), which were used for sauces and gravies.

I cannot agree with the writer in the January number, when he says that the china produced to-day does not, so far as he can see, differ in the least from that which was made fifty or a hundred years ago. It is quite evident he has not used it for over half a century! When, by chance, a piece imported within the last twenty years comes into my hand, I can tell, without looking, that it is new. To a china-collector, the evidence of touch in distinguishing the old from the modern ware is greater than that of sight. Since the Chinese rebellion and the breaking up of so many of the ancient potteries, the ware has greatly changed; it is far heavier, rougher to the touch, and less delicate in decoration, and the employment of European colors has given us instead of the deep rich blue, a pale, faded hue, far inferior in beauty to the old.

Yet, notwithstanding this deterioration and the high price of India or Canton china, I believe it is still the most economical set a young housekeeper could purchase, as it bears overheating, a great deal of hard usage, and never changes color or shows the scratch of a knife.

Dealers in old articles, like Quigly and Sullivan, in Boston, always have it on hand, where one can generally find the genuine ware of fifty years ago, and Briggs annually imports it for his customers. I differ with the writer in SCRIBNER who thinks that there are tons of it stored in garrets and cellars

near Boston. In the ancient town where I live, every one who has a set uses it and eagerly watches the breaking up of old families to replenish the stock if any is offered at auction, thus obtaining a better article at far less cost; for, if an old dish is neither cracked nor broken, it is far better than any Briggs can offer.

In 1850, there appeared in "Littell's Living Age," "The Story of a common China Plate." No credit was given to the magazine from which it was reprinted, though it was evidently written or translated, and probably published, in England. I have no doubt that the story is essentially Chinese, as in many different styles of blue India plates that I have collected, scenes of this story are depicted; that the whole is ever told on one plate, as in the Liverpool ware, called the "willow pattern," I am inclined to doubt; because, after diligent search for several years, I have been unable to find one.

In my series of these plates, covering a period of one hundred and fifty years, the earliest ones, known by the ancient six-sided form, have very elaborate scroll and butterfly borders, with the mandarin's palace near the water, its walled-in garden, a flock of swallows overhead, but neither bridge nor lovers. The next form shows, by six rounded notches, the gradual transformation of the angular plate to a circle; Koong See and Chang are seated on a highly ornamented rock in the garden, while over them wave the fan-like leaves of the ginkgo-tree; the peach-tree is in full bearing; the gardener's wife approaching in a large boat warns the lovers to fly.

My set of forty pieces is of a soft peculiar blue on a bluish-white ground; the decoration is rude but effective, and the figures are three inches high on the plates. I have never seen any of this pattern out of Philadelphia, where, in the breaking up of old families, a few pieces can occasionally be bought at auction. The china and the forms of the dishes are the canonical India, and I think the ware must have been brought direct to Philadelphia from some port in the China seas, in the latter part of the last century. (I should be glad to receive any further information about this old china.)

On the next plate in the series, still with six notches, Koong See is crossing the bridge with her parasol, watching a little boat containing her lover's message. On later plates the flock of swallows eventually change to the emblematic doves, and three small figures appear crossing the bridge.

The Canton china made during this century has neither doves nor figures; it is the survival in its barest outlines of the story which was crystallized on the Liverpool ware by the art of printing on clay.

Soon after the middle of the last century, several eminent potters experimented with this new idea of printing on earthenware, and the honor of bringing it first to notice is a subject of dispute. That the first printing was done in black all the early specimens attest; it is generally believed that Thomas Turner, at his potteries in Caughley, in Shropshire, England, invented the beautiful dark blue, and, in

1780, completed the first blue printed table service made in England.

I have a blue dish, English shape, with the Caughley mark printed with classical designs in a lovely blue, probably among the early efforts of Turner. The blue printed ware immediately came into favor, and many potteries were established for its manufacture in Liverpool, where, as early as 1756, Sadler & Green had begun to print earthenware tiles, and brought the art into notice.

The "willow pattern" soon became a favorite, and is, as far as I know, the only one of the old styles that obtained a permanent hold in public esteem,—probably from the fact that it is a poor imitation of a higher-priced article.

Thirty or forty years ago its place had been usurped in the American market by the Liverpool ware with printed views of the scenery of our country, and when the story of the "willow pattern plate" was published here, it was very difficult to obtain a plate of it in the neighborhood of Boston, as the older sets had descended to the kitchen and long before been consigned to the dust-heap. I understood at the time that it was still largely made and used in England, and during the centennial year it was imported in considerable quantities. The old ware may be recognized by its bright deep blue, and by the bottom of the plate, which is of a rounded form without a rim to stand on; the modern is a pale, washed-out, ugly blue, and the pattern mechanically exact as is the fashion of the day in English ware.

Very truly yours,
ISABELLA JAMES.

Budding Fruit-Trees.

OWNERS of suburban places, when confined to a limited space of garden, very often find it desirable as well as convenient to have growing on the same tree half a dozen or more sorts of fruit, each ripening at a different date. With one or two large trees of either apples, pears, cherries, or plums, one can have a liberal supply for family use of these different sorts,—extending through the season from midsummer until late in the fall. A plan of this kind properly adjusted would seem far more sensible than to have only a single pear or apple tree, with not more than one variety on either, giving a great abundance for a week or two, and the rest of the season none at all. Among regular fruit-growers it is very common to have six or eight different varieties on the same tree; but it is not often put in practice in private gardens, where such a plan would be so desirable, extending the luxuries of choice fruit over a much longer period.

There are two well-established methods now in very general use among experts in fruit-culture, for changing or multiplying varieties of the same class on the same tree, and both of these are simple and inexpensive. The first of these is known as *grafting*, and is only practised on larger trees, and always in the spring before the foliage is developed. The other method, which is much more rapid, and

quite as sure when properly done, is *budding*, and the time for doing this extends from the middle of July until the first of September. Whenever the bark separates easily from the wood, the buds may be set, with fair chances of success. The outfit for budding consists of some narrow strips of bass matting, such as comes on the inside of coffee-bags, and a pocket-knife with a single blade, with a small piece of ivory fastened in the end of the handle. When the incision is made the ivory is used to raise the bark up on either side, so that the bud may be pressed into place. The buds to be inserted should be cut from young, healthy trees, and always of the present year's growth, those that are most matured being selected. The leaves may then be clipped off the branch of buds, leaving say half an inch of the leaf stalk attached to the bud. Then with a keen-edged knife cut off each bud separately from a half to three-quarters of an inch in length, leaving a thin slice of wood back of the eye or bud. These should be kept moist and protected from the sun or air until set; exposure even for a short time may prove fatal.

When the whole top or any part of it is to be budded over, select the spot for each bud in a smooth part of the branch, not too large, say from one to two inches in diameter. On this part make an incision through the bark in the form of the capital letter T, and raise or separate the bark from the wood with the ivory on the handle of the knife. The bud may then be pressed into place, cutting off square the portion that goes above the cross incision. Then with a strip of the bass matting wrap firmly around the branch above and below the eye, fastening the end of the strip by a slip knot. This completes the operation, which can be successfully done even by a novice in less time than it takes to describe it. But even with failure, the branch is neither injured nor disfigured.

In case the bud "takes" it will appear fresh and plump later in the season, and the following spring the branch above the bud should be cut off, making a clean, smooth cut from the opposite side to the bud. On thrifty pear-trees, it is not unusual for the growth of a single year to attain a length of six or even eight feet of fully matured wood. With ordinary success, by the end of the third season, the top or new head is quite as bulky as the one removed. During this time, with judicious pruning, the trees may be thrown into fruit-bearing; producing the fourth year quite as much fruit as trees of the original varieties of equal size or age. There are numerous instances where the whole of the tops of large trees have been "worked" over, and, in one case, in the sixth year from the time the buds were set, the yield of Bartlett pears was from sixteen to twenty peach-basketfuls of fine, large specimens of fruit. Even leaving out of sight the profit of such an undertaking, there is nothing that will afford the owner of a few fruit-trees more pleasure than to set a few buds and watch their annual growth. After the first successful experiment in budding, one needs no urging to multiply sorts or replace inferior ones with those of better quality.

From the time the bud is set until the branch begins to bear fruit it is constantly an object of interest to the owner.

When once a success is made with fruit, then the operator may extend the art of changing and re-

placing a large variety of ornamental stock, which will lend still more interest to this simple method that is so extensively practiced by modern gardeners, in every department of useful and ornamental gardening.

P. T. Q.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

The "No Name" Series.*

AMERICAN novels, though really produced in great abundance, not long since came to be considered a difficult sort of books to obtain. This was partly, perhaps, because so many American novels are badly written, while English fiction of even the second and third class always has considerable technical merit. But Messrs. Roberts Brothers, in proposing an anonymous series, appear to have thrown out a bait which immediately filled the water with fish. They have secured and published in rapid succession five novels dealing with American life and character in diverse phases, and one ("A Modern Mephistopheles") evidently American in its origin, though dealing with beings of no particular time, place, or country, and belonging only to the ideal locality of romance, abstract and general.

"MERCY PHILBRICK'S CHOICE" is an original and striking story of New England country life, but designed not so much to portray that life for its social aspects as to introduce us to a study of two or three kinds of individuality likely to occur in it. These again are treated in relation to the general theme of truthful living and false living. Mercy's almost excessive scrupulosity and frankness are put in contrast with Stephen White's confined, flaccid spirit, and the ease with which he descends into a course of deception. The discrimination of his weak traits and the noting of the steps by which he passes into a false position and for a time draws Mercy with him, are passages deserving special praise; for these negative forces and operations are among the most difficult to record successfully in a novel. The whole story grows out of this contrast. Stephen is tyrannized over by his jealous invalid mother, and restrained from taking the manly course of marrying Mercy; and this tyranny is due to the same weakness in his character that leads him to declare his love to Mercy, and to hold her for his own, while it is impossible for them to marry. The selfishness of this course is demonstrated by the entrance on the scene of Parson Dorrance, a high-souled man, the general benefactor of his neighborhood, who finds in Mercy the one person who could supply to his long-widowed heart the help it needs. It is clear that he is equally the complementary nature which *she* needed. But Stephen's underhand relation with Mercy, his crafty lien upon her love (to put it legally) frustrates all this. In the end, his

selfishness and weakness react upon him: they make the catastrophe of the story, and leave him to a miserable destiny of life-long emptiness and desolation. An easy objection which will occur to many readers is: "How could she ever have loved such a man in the way she did?" But in depicting just this seeming contradiction, the authoress (?) has shown her familiarity with what she is describing, viz., human nature in the ardent, poetic, feminine form. Perhaps the most serious fault of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" is an intensity of tone and of expression which we feel to be untrue to life, and which certainly cloy upon the natural mind. The book is written throughout in the superlative degree; and the characters address each other in terms which shock the reader by their disregard of ordinary, self-respecting reticence. If it is claimed, in defense, that there are persons in New England who do talk and act in this sentimental manner, we can only say that they or their peculiarities must be subordinated in artistic fiction. Nor can we deny that the story is, with all its originality and force, wanting, otherwise, in loveliness. Even the æsthetic element seems to suffer from a hardness and constraint belonging to the traditional deformity of life in New England. The unnamed author of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice" has the virtue of the "too-much," which is an important virtue and one that should produce, under proper restraint, individual and valuable artistic work.

But that foreign reviewers are mistaken in assuming this to be the most characteristic phase of our eastern American life might readily be disproved by opening the pages of "IS THAT ALL?" the next in the series. Nothing could be more cheerful, wholesome and vivacious than this clever little sketch of an amusing entanglement which took place in a small New England city, the description of which calls Hartford to mind. The characters are here taken from a different class—for it is useless to maintain that we have not in our society divisions that are absolute and clearly definable, though also more subject to change than distinctions abroad. These people exhale the tradition of riches, culture, and gentle breeding, and it is no small benefit to have them so unerringly pictured in the pages of a novel; for the fallacy we have just been combating has had a damaging influence on much of our native fiction. There has been a tendency on the part of our own story-writers, even when they have known the difference between one class and another, to slight the traits of unlikeness so as to make their writing perfectly acceptable to all

* No Name Series. 1. Mercy Philbrick's Choice. 2. Is That All? 3. Kismet. 4. The Great Match, and other Matches. 5. A Modern Mephistopheles. 6. Afterglow. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

readers. "Is That All?" was attributed to Mr. Howells, by the newspapers, but we believe it is now agreed that Miss Harriet W. Preston is the author. She displays more skill in the plot than might have been expected from her "Love in the Nineteenth Century;" but her persons though, as we have said, well drawn, are not as substantial as we should like to have them. They are real in the sense of being probable and accurately observed, yet they are too airy. We see them, but do not *feel* them.

"THE GREAT MATCH," which we will next take up, is just as well studied as "Is That All?" and it also has the very quality of juiciness (so to speak) and solidity in the human beings put before us, which we constantly long for in Miss Preston's book. Even the reader unused to critical measurements must be aware of the contrast between these volumes. It is hardly possible to point it out further than to point out that they are quite unlike in this respect. The people who figure in "The Great Match" are not by any means perfectly drawn, but they affect us with a pleasant and vital *presence*, which calls out our sympathies in the right sort of way. This kind of heartiness in a novelist's representations depends, we suppose, on his or her personal constitution, for it involves humor. Humor the "Great Match" writer has; but "Is That All?" though amusing, appeals to the purely intellectual perception of the ludicrous, and therefore does not display humor. All three of these stories based on New England surroundings are true, and their dissimilarity arises from the separate points of view taken up by the several authors. But we cannot refrain from recognizing the hearty and unaffected enjoyment with which the author of "The Great Match" imbues his tale. He has, moreover, given us an entirely fresh glimpse of life in an American manufacturing town. We have seen criticisms taking this writer to task for letting his people talk slang; but this seems to us an evidence of how far away our newspaper critics have strayed from the healthy instinct which prefers real life to artificial bookishness, in current novels.

We have adopted the masculine pronoun for the "Great Match" author, mainly for variety's sake. One of the most interesting discoveries about the "No Name" novels is that it is impossible to decide positively whether or not any given one is from the hand of a male or a female writer. "Kismet" certainly does not betray what influence presided at the blending of the many-colored strands in its attractive web, whether that of a femininely endowed man, or a masculinely imaginative woman. It is enough that it is an entertaining story, full of the charm that lingers about a land so old, so strange, and so historic as Egypt. There is a tropic warmth of sentiment in its pages, never subsiding into a mere exploiting of aimless emotions; the descriptions are rich; of plot, there is just the right degree for an atmosphere so purely picturesque; and the characters are strongly delineated. But "Kismet" is a story to be read for the pleasure of the hour; it conducts us to no profound conclusions, and its

characters do not profess to stand out as concentrated and overpowering types.

"A MODERN MEPHISTOPHELES," on the contrary, like some modern German frescoes, undertakes to compress within its outlines a significance of perhaps excessive pretensions as to profundity. It has exposed itself to the danger of being more allegorical than symbolic; two things often confounded with each other, but really widely apart. Symbolism offers only a part for the whole, and what it offers may be interpreted with a variety that opens sources of continually new enjoyment; but allegory tends to dryness, by attempting to condense in some unchanging form the utmost that can be found in a given theme or situation. Helwyze, in this strange story, has a hypertrophy of the intellect; he is an incarnation of cold, selfish deviltry, meant to be a humanized Mephistopheles. But he fails to take possession of one's fancy, as Goethe's devil does, because we are not free from a sort of moral responsibility, as we are in the case of the great German portrait of the negative spirit. We are constantly obliged to feel that Helwyze, without being really human, professes to be so. This throws an unmerited disgrace on our whole kind, and excites a desire to get hold of Helwyze and cultivate his moral nature a little, on our own account. Besides, Goethe's Mephisto is not his hero; Helwyze really is the hero here, for the ostensible one, Canaris, is too loose and ignoble a bundle of passions to gain our sympathy. In Helwyze, however, the author has endeavored to illustrate the baneful force of intellectual pride, and to show how this form of evil recoils upon itself. The wrong which the new Mephistopheles attempts to achieve is turned to right by the regenerating force of a pure woman's heart and soul. She dies loving and beloved by Canaris, whom Helwyze had so long enslaved; her love supports Canaris under this loss, but Helwyze is completely crushed by it. "Life before was purgatory," he exclaims; "now it is hell; because I loved her, and I have no hope to follow and find her again." This sentence closes the tragedy, which, in spite of a fervid intensity of passion, does not seem quite to belong to the earth. The writer, nevertheless, deserves credit for a very uncommon vigor in producing and sustaining this supernatural combination; for, although it lies beyond experience and the probable, it is still mad consistent, and, as a whole, intelligible.

Either by accident or by clever arrangement, the books in this series have furnished striking contrasts in their monthly emergence from the press; and the latest, "AFTERGLOW," is at the very antipole from "A Modern Mephistopheles." Like "Kismet," it finds its heroes, heroines and supernumeraries among Americans sojourning in Europe. It has not the hazy effulgence that produces so captivating an effect in the Nile novel, though there is a slight touch of the picturesque here and there; but a certain ease in the handling of the characters recalls that trait of the earlier European-American story. But "Afterglow" differs from "Kismet" in having something of a moral drift. Much of

the characterization is lively, and the mapping out of the plot covers more of changeful surprise and positive incident than any other of the "No Name" books. In some degree it may be called, like "Vanity Fair," "a novel without a hero;" for Mr. Allen Bishop, who begins in the capacity of leading gentleman, is not wholly supreme in interest over the other men, and his successor is most lamentably removed from the scene. It hardly does the author justice, however, to make light of this, and in truth we believe that the majority of readers will find an elevating impulse in the culminating thought—or, rather sentiment—of this novel. The character of Ellen Lorothe, we ought to say, is likely to make a deep and pathetic impression; and the author's habit of separating each person from the mass and enlarging him or her into a typical portrait, recalls a tendency which is perhaps passing too much out of lighter literature.

Thomas De Quincey.

THE most valuable writings of De Quincey are perhaps to be found in the "Opium Eater" and the volume of "Miscellaneous Essays," published in the edition of Messrs. Ticknor and Fields. The latter of these books contains the essays upon "Joan of Arc," "Murder" and "The English Mail-coach." The writer of this notice knew these essays intimately years ago, and finds it interesting to compare the impression which he received from them in youth with that which they make upon him now. The essay upon "Murder" which we used to think vastly amusing and which it has been the custom to call a fine piece of "grim humor," seems now a wordy performance having little merit of any kind. De Quincey had humor, though it sometimes, perhaps usually, ran rather thin. The delusion which led him into believing that the sad twaddle which he was too frequently at the pains to write down, was really humorous, may perhaps have had a physical cause. We can understand that a weak state of the nerves might beguile a man into a kind of false activity of the fancy—for there certainly is a false light of fancy and humor, which to the artist himself is sometimes wonderfully like the true, and whatever might have been the cause of the mistakes in De Quincey's case, he took this for the true light nine times out of ten. There are few authors who have not written in this way. The light which we take for some brilliant yet substantial beacon is only a Jack-o'-lantern, luring us into strange-pitfalls, flying before us into the forests of nonsense and shining diffusely over the ebony morasses. De Quincey was always following Jack-o'-lanterns; his wit is often to be found wandering in the moors and waste places. He was, no doubt, a man of humor; but he did not greatly excel in this vein even at his best. His humorous writing, when compared with that of the great humorists, is easily seen to be of no very great strength.

But when we turn to the essays upon "Joan of Arc" and "The English Mail-coach," we are again

delighted at the same music which delighted us in youth. What a beautiful picture is that of his Fanny, the granddaughter of the mail-coachman, with whom he went down the country on his Oxford vacation. He calls her the "loveliest young woman for face and person that perhaps in my whole life I have beheld." The young scholar saw her when she came in the early morning to meet the coach. He says: "How else, for example, than as a constant watcher for the dawn, and for the London mail, that in summer months entered about daybreak amongst the lawny thickets of Marlborough Forest, couldst thou, sweet Fanny of the Bath Road, have become the glorified inmate of my dreams?" Fanny, it was said, had a hundred and ninety-nine admirers, and De Quincey says that there was probably not one of the number who did not excel himself in personal advantages. How then could he have hoped against such odds? His answer is, that woman is usually aristocratic; and that the fact that he was an Oxonian and a gentleman might have to her taste been an offset to the physical superiorities of his rivals. It has taken but two pages of such description to make this girl and her *entourage* a source of pleasure to the mind, during the fifteen years which have passed since first we read the essay.

On the ride which De Quincey describes in this essay, the coach carried with it the news of a great British victory in Spain. It is not often that De Quincey describes scenes except as connected with his own history, or as they take color from his own feelings. But he draws a dramatic and delightful picture of the coaches as they assembled on parade in Lombard street, which was then the seat of the Post-office. The hour was about eight of a brilliant summer evening in London; coaches were drawn up ready to go to all parts of the kingdom. Contemporaries tell us of the strength and brilliant cleanliness of the carriages and the harness, and of the royal magnificence of the horses, which were groomed with as much vigor as if they belonged to a private gentleman. On the night described by De Quincey, as the coach was to carry into the country the news of a victory, the horses, men, carriages, were all dressed in laurels and flowers, oak-leaves and ribbons. Read De Quincey's eloquent description of the "drawing off" as it was called, or, "the start." "Every moment you hear thunder of lids locked down upon the mail-bags. That sound to each individual mail is the signal for drawing off, which process is the finest part of the entire spectacle. Then came the horses into play. Horses! can these be horses that bound off with the action and gestures of leopards? What stir!—what sea-like ferment!—what a thundering of wheels!—what a trampling of hoofs!—what a sounding of trumpets!—what farewell cheers—what redoubling peals of brotherly congratulation, connecting the name of the particular mail, 'Liverpool for ever!' with the name of the particular victory,—'Badajos for ever!' or, 'Salamanca for ever!'"

This passage will give an idea of the flexibility and music of De Quincey's language, and of those

other gifts which are claimed for him by his enthusiastic biographer, Mr. Page.* We should say that the fault of Mr. Page's book is that the biographer is too fond of telling us how much he admires the subject. Still the book contains a great deal of such material as one wishes to have concerning any author in whom one is interested. Such information has been particularly needed with regard to De Quincey, of whom very little has been known. Considering the great number of literary people whom he knew, but very little concerning him has appeared in the biographic literature of the time. Mr. Page's work supplies the want. It contains an account of his family, which is a very old one in England. De Quincey, when a lad at Frogmore, once had an opportunity to tell George III. of the age of his family; the king asked the boy's name, and grieved De Quincey deeply by deeming him of French extraction. "Please your majesty," said he, "our family has been in England since the Conquest." The king asked how he knew that? The boy replied that his name was to be found in "The Chronicles of Robert of Gloucester."

The biography contains a very interesting portrait of De Quincey, representing him in costume of that age, and has also a great deal of his hitherto unpublished correspondence. These letters and the testimony from other sources which Mr. Page has been able to gather together, give the reader a satisfactory account of De Quincey's character, career, and literary associations.

New English Books.

LONDON, June 5.

Now that the excitement attending the recognition of the fact that Eastern Europe is in a state of war has passed over, the subject rather flags, in a literary point of view. The campaign has, as yet, not been prolific of any sudden changes or great reverses of fortune on either side, but has rather been conducted with the decorous slowness of "marching and countermarching," such as characterized the warfare of the ante-French-Revolutionary times before Napoleon hurled nation against nation like a thunderbolt, in sharp, sudden, and decisive conflict. Almost the only books bearing on the subject of the past month are, "Two Months with General Tcherniaeff in Servia," by P. H. Salusbury, a very naïve account of the experiences of a young volunteer of twenty-one, who joined the Servian army in the absence of more pressing business, saw enough real fighting to disgust him with his fellow-soldiers, and returned with a gold medal and a stock of adventures that will probably make him a provincial lion for some years to come. The other book is of a more durable kind—"Travels in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey in Europe," by G. Muir Mackenzie, and A. P. Irby, with a preface by Right-Honorable W. E. Gladstone. The writers are two of the many English ladies who may be found with a rare de-

votion ministering to the wants and sufferings of the poorer-populations in many regions of Eastern Europe. Bulgaria and Bosnia are the chief scenes of their experience extending over many years, and the tales of wrong and misery that they relate testify to the depth and reality of the movement now in progress,—a movement not to be quelled or quieted by diplomatic jugglery, but one that must be fought out until the power to oppress is taken from irresponsible hands. To this book and to Mr. Evans's "Through Bosnia and the Herzegovina" must be referred all who desire an authentic, unvarnished account of the causes predisposing to the present war.

While suffering from the acknowledged general dullness of business, other branches of literature are kept before the public by a fair supply of books not distinguished, however, by any works of striking eminence. Among theological books is the new volume of the Bampton Lectures for the current year, "Christian Evidences, Viewed in Relation to Modern Thought," by Rev. C. A. Row. 8vo. It will be found to be one of the most important of the series it belongs to, now numbering nearly one hundred volumes. The writer is well known to thinking men by his previous books, "Jesus of the Evangelists, his Historical Character," etc., and "Nature and Extent of Divine Inspiration." To them he owes the distinction of a prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral and the honor of being nominated by the heads of the Oxford colleges to preach, as Bampton Lecturer, the sermons contained in this volume. By some of his predecessors these lectures have been used principally as a peg to hang lengthy notes and dissertations upon. Mr. Row's plan has been different; he is a symmetrical and exact writer, and his works will be found to contain an eminently thorough and well-balanced examination of its important subject. The third volume of "Supernatural Religion, an Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation," completes the work of its anonymous author. The excitement once caused by the audacity of his speculations—though carrying his two previous volumes through six editions—having died away, little notice has been taken of its conclusion. The questions discussed relate to the sources and authenticity of the "Acts of the Apostles," the witness of St. Paul to miracles, and the evidence for the resurrection and ascension. The author may justly lay claim to wide reading and acuteness, but his logic is anything but convincing in the deductions drawn from his premises. A book claiming attention, both as a work of literary history and of theology, is "The Authorship of the 'De Imitatione Christi,' with many Interesting Particulars about the Book," by Samuel Kettlewell, M.A. 8vo, containing a photographic engraving of the "De Imitatione," written by Thomas à Kempis, 1441, and of two other MSS. As is well known, the true authorship of this famous little work has, since its first appearance from the Nuremberg press in 1494, engaged the pens of so many controversialists, that the different books on the subject number over two hundred, and form almost a library of themselves. Mr. Kettlewell is a strenuous partisan of the writer, who is now generally

* Thomas De Quincey: His Life and Writings, with Unpublished Correspondence. By H. A. Page. Two volumes. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

acknowledged to exhibit the best claims to its production, and his summing up of the whole question will probably suffice for the degenerate readers of the present day. Its interest is evident when it is considered that the "Imitation" is the only work except the sacred Scriptures, that every Christian sect and denomination delights to honor, while it has repeatedly employed the translators of every language of Europe and of many other parts of the world. A new posthumous volume of "Sermons on Various Occasions," by Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, bishop of Winchester, will keep alive the memory of a churchman of eminence, whose influence was widely felt in the social as well as professional topics of the day; and the veteran Dr. Pusey has completed, after an interval of nearly twenty years since its commencement, "The Minor Prophets; with a Commentary Explanatory and Practical, and Introduction to the Several Books," forming one volume, 4to. This is one of the works that English biblical students would naturally refer to as ranking with the classical productions of the great Continental divines and scholars. Its merit and value are acknowledged even by those who have no sympathy with the ecclesiastical tendencies of the writer. A painful chapter of history receives elucidation in "The Jews of Spain and Portugal and the Inquisition," by F. D. Mocatta. 12mo.

The cheapest philosophical works are Dr. Caird's "Critical Account of the Philosophy of Kant, with an Historical Introduction," 8vo,—a small but most valuable work in the "Ancient Classics for English Readers" series; "Aristotle," by Sir Alexander Grant, Principal of Edinburgh University, and the completion of the translation of Auguste Comte's treatise upon "Sociology or System of Positive Polity," comprising the "Theory of the Future of Man," translated by Richard Congreve, Fellow of Wadham College, Oxford. To a small but devoted band of followers, this translation of Comte's great work is due. It forms four massive volumes, the previous ones comprising "The General View of Positivism and its Principles," "The Social Status, or, The Abstract and Aim of Human Order," and "The Social Dynamics, or, The General Laws of Human Progress;" the names of the translators, Dr. I. H. Budge, Frederick Harrison, and Professor Beesley, etc., are recognizable for their activity in diffusing the doctrines of their master through the various channels of the contemporary periodical press. Dr. William B. Carpenter's book on "Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc., Historically Considered,"—the substance of his lectures, with preface and appendix,—will, as the production of an eminent man of science, obtain a degree of credence, hardly yielded to the more pretentious "Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism," by the famous D. D. Home.

Historical literature has to show the third volume of "The Life of Napoleon III. from State Records, Unpublished Family Correspondence, and from Personal Testimony," by E. Blanchard Jerrold. The writer's narration has now reached the climax of interest, and his present volume deals with the

presidency, the *coup d'état*, and the establishment of the empire, including Louis Napoleon's marriage with Mlle. Montijo. As the inspiration of this work is acknowledged to be derived from the same source from which came its private and unpublished materials, it necessarily partakes of the nature of an apology, and strict impartiality can hardly be expected from it. The writer, however, maintains a bold front against the impugnors of the nascent empire, and by a critical examination of the usually accepted narratives (especially that of Mr. Kinglake in his "Crimean War") shows how a much better case than is commonly believed may be made out for "the man of December's" conduct. The past, indeed, can only be properly read by aid of the present, and recent events show that France hardly yet has acquired that stable position that allows of an unprejudiced review of the motives and tendencies that have influenced the conduct of its public men. The popular series of "Epochs of History" has received two valuable additions in Mr. Morris's (the editor) clear and comprehensive survey of the English Augustan "Age of Queen Anne," where the literature of the period is not overlooked, and in the Oxford Professor, A. H. Johnston's, "The Normans in Europe," where a tangled skein of events is skillfully unwound and arranged. A curious subject is exhaustively treated in "Numismata Cromwellianæ," or the medallic history of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, by H. W. Henfrey. It forms a handsome quarto volume, with engravings of all the coins, medals, etc., issued during the protectorate. Many of these illustrate important points in the history of the republic, and are also curious as employing the talent of the first of modern medalists, Thomas Simon, who suffered for his professional services to the commonwealth when Charles the Second came in. "Celtic Scotland, a History of Ancient Alban," by W. F. Skene, is a work of a character rarely seen at the present time. The first volume was devoted to the civil history and ethnography of the country, the second (just published) to the rise and varying fortunes of the early church,—the great civilizer of barbarous nations,—and the learning and language that prevailed under its influence. The concluding volume, yet to come, will include the history of the land and the people. The volume now published comprises the life and mission of Columba, and the family of Iona, the Culdees, their origin, etc., and should be read in correction of the rose-colored views of Count Montalembert's "Monks of the West." The ancient history of Britain can never be thoroughly understood without a reference to Mr. Skene's great work.

That important series, "Bohn's Libraries," continues in the exercise of its peculiar functions as a medium for making the best books accessible and generally known, at the lowest possible prices. A lately established branch of it, "The Artist's Library," has brought out several books that will be eagerly sought for by students, as Leonardo da Vinci's "Treatise on Painting," the established translation by the Royal Academician, J. F. Rigaud, with Brown's account of the life and works of Leonardo, and

numerous plates. The old and imperfect editions of this work, necessary for artists, have always been rare, and would command \$5.00 at any time, while the new and elegant one is attainable at less than half this price. There is also an "Illustrated History of Arms and Armor from the Earliest Period to the Present Time," by Auguste Demmin, with nearly 2,000 illustrations, translated by an official of the South Kensington Museum, C. C. Black. In the "Standard Library," one of the old masterpieces of literature is brought forward, Camoëns' "Lusiad, The Discovery of India, an Epic Poem," translated by W. I. Mickle, revised and corrected, in one volume, and other books of equal value are shortly to appear.

An elegant little volume of exceptionally classic style and decoration must not be overlooked, as it fills a place hitherto unoccupied in an important branch of culture,—*"The Mythology of Greece and Rome, with Special Reference to its Use in Art,"* from the German of O. Seeman, edited by G. H. Bianchi, of Cambridge. It is a complete manual of its subject, beautifully illustrated, and altogether desirable. As most of the belle-lettres books of the day are reproduced in American editions, nothing is said of them here. A noble volume, however, is not likely to be reprinted: *"The Mabinogion,"* or tales, romantic traditions, and legendary narratives of Wales, translated from the ancient MS. "Red book of Hergest," and annotated by Lady Charlotte Guest. Her attention was drawn to Welsh literature by her marriage with a gentleman of Wales, and she became one of the first scholars of it. These legends have sterling literary value as presenting

the original source of the great Arthurian cyclus of romance; whence poets of all the modern ages have drawn inspiration, from the "trouvères" of Normandy to the poet laureate of Queen Victoria, who has really "raised the table round again" in strains that Scott only vainly hoped to have accomplished. Lady Guest's volume is one of the most appropriately and beautifully illustrated works of the present day, and should be read by all who would understand *"The Idylls of the King,"* if not on other accounts. Another finely embellished and interesting book is *"Precious Stones and Gems; an Exhaustive Practical Work for the Merchant, Connoisseur or the Private Buyer,"* by G. W. Streeter, one of the great "kings of diamonds" of the day. The diamond, indeed, is the principal subject matter of the book, for though the ruby is a more valuable stone, and a ruby of five carats is worth ten times the price of a diamond of the same weight, yet the commerce in the latter stones is so extensive that it forms ninety per cent. of the whole trade in gems, the colored stones forming only one-tenth of the amount. Though the market has been disorganized by an extraordinary supply recently obtained from South Africa, it seems that increasing wealth and luxury are able to absorb them all, and there has been no fall in the value of fine stones; while the superior size of the South African stones has thrown the old Brazilian diamonds quite into the shade. All who would be masters of this lore will find it in Mr. Streeter's book, as he gives the history, habitat, value and uses for ornament of every precious gem, with abundance of original anecdote connected with them.

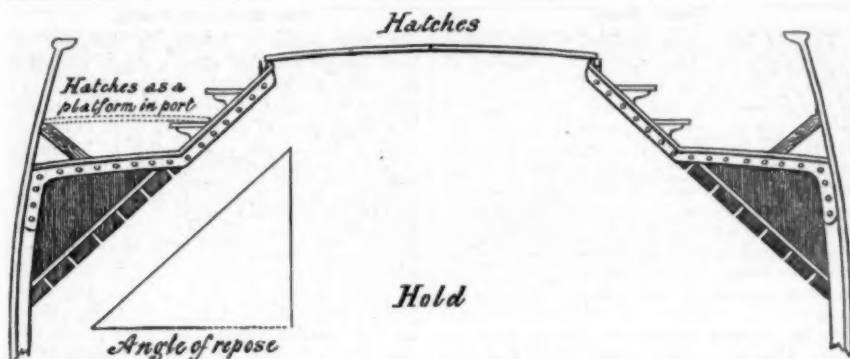
THE WORLD'S WORK.

Self-trimming Colliers.

THE commercial value of a carrier, be it freight-car or ship, depends largely upon the ease and speed with which it can be loaded and dispatched. In loading colliers another element appears in the necessity of trimming the cargo so that the ship will rest on an even keel and to make the loose cargo fit tight, so that it cannot move when the ship rolls in a heavy sea. In loading grain in bulk, in cars, it is also important to spread the load evenly on the floor of the car. To secure rapid loading in colliers, and to save the labor of the men now sent into the hold to trim and level the coal, some steam colliers have been built with a new form of hatchway that enables the cargo to trim itself as it is run into the ship. The flat iron deck is opened at the usual places nearly the whole width of the deck, and about this opening is built a hatchway raised above the deck and having sloping sides. Below the deck the angle between the ship's sides and the deck is boarded up so that the coal cannot run into the corner. Outside the sloping sides of the hatchway are steps for the convenience of the crew, and

in port the hatch covers are laid on these and a ledge on the railing and thus make a convenient raised temporary deck. The accompanying cut exhibits a sectional outline of the deck and hatchway at the boarding below.

The slope of the sides of the hatchway, and the angle of the boarding below the deck, are alike, and both are adjusted so as slightly to exceed the angle of repose in the coal. The angle of repose (the slope of a heap of coal at rest) should be the angle for the finest quality of coal used, and then the ship will be safe with any quality. In loading the ship the first ton or two may be injured by the fall from the spout to the bottom of the hold; but as soon as a heap is formed, the rest of the coal slides in easily, and the whole cargo is stowed and trimmed without any hand labor except to level off the top when the hatch covers are put on. This mode of construction is equally available in wooden ships and barges, and is adapted to all kinds of goods in bulk. The angle of repose for different materials is readily found, and the shape of the hatchway and the inner boarding may be made according to the character of the cargo. For loading grain cars from elevators a new form



of delivery-pipe has been introduced. It is a flexible pipe, or elbow, that may be turned in the car, and send the load to the ends and corners of the car, and thus save the labor of leveling by hand.

Improvements in Organ Building.

In making wooden open-flue pipes for organs, a new method of constructing and grouping the pipes and a supplementary system of tuning has been brought into practical use that is worthy attention. In place of a row of pipes, each standing alone in its rank or register, an octave, or more, of the register is grouped together, all the pipes being cut from one solid block of wood. For the smaller pipes, the front and back walls and the sides of the pipes are of a continuous piece of wood. For larger pipes, say from middle C upward one octave, the front and back of the set or block of pipes are composed of single thin pieces of board, and the sides of the pipes are formed by inserting vertical strips between the front and back, giving two strips to each pipe and thus leaving a hollow space between each pipe. The wind-ways for a block of pipes constructed in this manner may be made by inserting horizontal strips between the front and back, and thus bringing all the wind-channels for the pipes to one end of the block together, or the foot of each pipe may rest on the wind-chest, as in the usual method of construction. The tuning is secured by cutting down the front and back of each pipe at the top. At the front, a thin sheet of metal is secured in guides over this opening, and by sliding this up and down the pipe is altered in length and is thus easily tuned. At the back of each set or block of pipes is placed a horizontal plate designed to extend over all the openings at the backs of the pipes. This slides freely up and down, and when it is raised, the pitch of every pipe in that block is lowered in exactly the same proportion. The set of pipes in a rank is supplied with this arrangement, and by means of suitable machinery all these plates may be moved at once by turning a lever at the organ-desk, and by lowering or raising the plates the entire rank is raised or lowered in pitch at the same time and in the same proportion. As each pipe is of a different length, one end of a block of pipes must be much longer

than the other, and this difference may appear above or below. If it is below, the tops of all the pipes will be on a level, and the tuning-bar at the back will be horizontal. If the pipes rest on the wind-chest the tuning-bar will follow the slope of the pipes, but, in either case, all the bars in a rank will move together with a uniform motion. This ingenious and interesting method of construction is designed to furnish a compact and solid set of pipes for a reed-organ, when all the pipes must be securely in place so that the organ can be packed for transportation, and to supplement and enrich the reed-organ tone. In this case another bellows must be added to the organ, as the usual exhaust-bellows is not available. The tone of pipes made in this way is full and strong and resembles the common "Clairibel" stop in pipe-organs, and in a reed-organ such a register adds greatly to the power of the instrument and gives an extra stop of a pleasing character. This method of making pipes out of single blocks or pieces might also be applied to other open stops, either flue or reed, in wood or metal, and this system of adjusting the tuning of a whole rank at once might find a use in pipe-organs constructed in the usual manner.

New Method of Making Mats and Rugs.

FELT is often employed for various forms of carpetings, and by a new process this material may be made up into a new style of door and carriage rug. A piece of felt of suitable thickness is cut into strips five to eight millimeters (from $\frac{3}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ in.) wide, and as long as the mat is wide. These are laid side by side on edge, and holes are made through them, and through these holes cords or fine wires are passed and the strips are then drawn tightly together and fastened in place at each end of the wires. This gives a fabric as thick as the strips are wide, and of a light, flexible and elastic character. The strips may be in various colors, and may be disposed in any desired pattern. These mats are reported to be strong and durable and able to resist heat, cold, dust and severe usage. The color keeps well, because in dyeing the felt, before the strips are cut, a uniform color may be obtained, and when finished the mats have a good face on either side.

Double Boats.

THIS old form of boat, modified to meet modern requirements, has been revived in a number of yachts in our eastern waters. The boat consists of two distinct hulls each exactly alike and placed side by side and securely joined by a deck that covers both and all the space between. The hulls are long and narrow with deep straight bows and very short stern-posts, the keel rising quickly at stern. Each hull may have a center-board or not as seems desirable, and the deck-frames for each extend over the space between the hulls. Extra timbers, braced by knees at the ends, are also put in, so that as far as possible the two hulls are united by one deck over all. Cabins are placed in each hull, and thus all the deck between the hulls is clear and open. The deck is square at the end and flush with the stern of each hull, and at the bows it is brought to a point, and at the end of this projection is placed the bowsprit. The masts are placed on a line with the center of the deck, and to furnish a step for the foot of the masts an iron frame extends from the hulls on either side below the deck and, if necessary, below the water. The standing rigging is brought to the outer side of each hull, and the single rudder is placed on a stern-post placed between the two hulls. When afloat such a boat as this is designed to rest high out of water, and to give a clear, dry deck. The advantages claimed for this class of yachts are, steadiness in the water under a side-wind, increased space on deck and increased speed. The steadiness of the boat admits of lofty masts and a very large spread of canvas favorable to high speed with increased safety. Two ocean steamers for the English Channel service, the "Castalia," and the "Express," built upon this plan, are now in active service. The paddle-wheels are placed in the center between the hulls, and the steamers are in favor on account of their steadiness, great capacity and light draft. This form of boat might also be useful in river barges where capacity and light draft are needed.

New Method of Dyeing.

A NEW system of printing in dye-stuffs has been brought out, that offers a simple method of decorating fabrics cheaply and quickly, and in a manner that admits of great variety in the pattern in a single piece of cloth. The fabric to be decorated is first dipped in a solution of bichromate of potash, which renders it sensitive to light. While still wet it is spread out in a strong light, and figures cut out of metal or paper or natural objects—leaves, flowers, etc.—are laid upon it in any desired pattern. The actinic effect of the light takes place whenever the cloth is exposed and the bichromate of potash renders the cloth more or less water-proof. Where the cloth is shaded by the patterns the salt remains soluble, and after remaining a short time in the light the patterns are removed, and before the light has time for further action the fabric is put in water and the soluble parts of the bichromate are washed out. On soaking the fabric in logwood or other dye-stuffs the salts remaining in the cloth act as a mordant and the fabric takes the dye. The other portions where the bichromate was not affected and has been washed out, the dye is rejected and the cloth retains its original color. In this manner the pattern is produced in color on a white ground (if the cloth is white), and the pattern may be varied by arranging the figures as desired when exposed to the sun.

Watch-Making.

IN watch-making a new method of securing adjustment is announced. All the works of the watch, except the mainspring, are placed upon a circular frame supported at the center, and by means of a geared rim round the inside of the case this frame is turned entirely round once in two hours. This arrangement gives the works a circular motion round a common center independent of their own proper movement and secures a balance of all the parts by constantly changing their relative positions.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



Where ignorance is bliss &c. &c.

Da Capo.

SHORT and sweet, and we've come to the end of it,—
Our poor little love lying cold:
Shall no sonnet, then, ever be penned of it?

Nor the joys and the pains of it told?
How fair was its face in the morning,
How close its caresses at noon,
How its evening grew chill without warning,
Unpleasantly soon!



I can't say just how we began it,
In a blush, or a smile, or a sigh;
Fate took but an instant to plan it;
It needs but a moment to die.
Yet I think I recall the occasion
When the flowers you had dropped at your feet
I restored. The Familiar Quotation
Was—"Sweets to the sweet."

Oh, their delicate perfume has haunted
My senses a whole season through:
If there was one soft charm that you wanted
The violets lent it to you.
I whispered you, life was but lonely:
A cue which you graciously took;
And your eyes learned a look for me only—
A very nice look.

We were idle, and played for a moment
At a game that now neither will press:
I cared not to find out what No meant;
Nor your mouth to grow yielding with Yes.
Love is done with and dead; if there lingers
A faint and indefinite ghost,
It is laid with this kiss on your fingers—
A jest at the most.

'Tis a commonplace, stale situation,
Now the curtain comes down from above
On the end of our little flirtation—
A travesty-romance; for Love,
If he climbed in disguise to your lattice,
Fell dead of the first kisses' pain,
But one thing is left us now: that is—
Begin it again.

H. C. BUNNER.

Breaking the News.

O, LOVE, at fate never bicker more,
For the stars o'er us shall flicker, more
Bright than when
In the moonlit glen

We sat 'neath the grand old sycamore,
And murmured in the twilight's mellow charm,
Words that now start to fire my spirit calm.

Naught, dear, but love, shall weary us;
Pray drown that look so serious,
Let thy warm cheeks glow
And thy blushes flow

To those passionate eyes imperious;
And eclipse the tender, envied flowers that rest
Tremulous on that snowy, innocent breast.

O, chaste and fair Miss Mallory
'Neath heaven's bejeweled gallery,
Pray let me tell
That all is well,

Your father's pleased with my salary,
And I'm the happiest mortal, dear, on earth.
A diamond ring? I wonder what one's worth?
R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

The First Client.

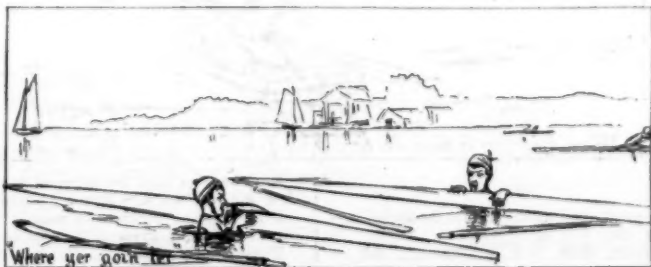
[A LEGAL DITTY TO BE SUNG WITHOUT CHORUS TO THE AIR
OF "THE KING'S OLD COURTIERE."]

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

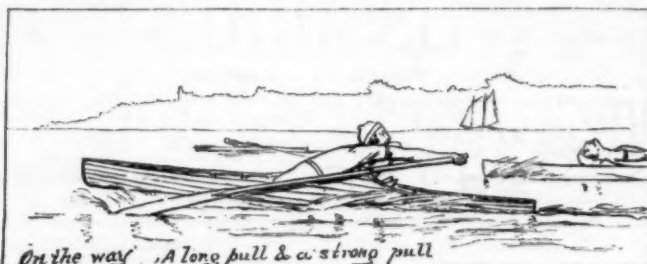
JOHN SMITH, a young attorney, just admitted to
the bar,
Was solemn and sagacious as—as young attorneys
are;
And a frown of deep abstraction held the seizin
of his face—
The result of contemplation of the rule in Shelley's
Case.

One day in term-time Mr. Smith was sitting in the
Court,
When some good men and true of the body of the
county did on their oath report,
That heretofore, to wit: upon the second day of
May,

A. D. 1877, about the hour of noon, in the county
and state aforesaid, one Joseph Scroggs, late of
said county, did then and there feloniously take,
steal and carry away



Where yer goin' ter



One bay horse, of the value of fifty dollars, more or less

(The same then and there being of the property, goods and chattels of one Hezekiah Hess); Contrary to the statute in such case expressly made And provided; and against the peace and dignity of the state wherein the venue had been laid.

The prisoner, Joseph Scroggs, was then arraigned upon this charge,

And plead not guilty, and of this he threw himself upon the country at large;

And said Joseph being poor, the Court did graciously appoint

Mr. Smith to defend him—much on the same principle that obtains in every charity hospital, where a young medical student is often set to rectify a serious injury to an organ or a joint.

The witnesses seemed prejudiced against poor Mr. Scroggs;

And the district attorney made a thrilling speech, in which he told the jury that if they didn't find for the state he reckoned he'd have to "walk their logs";

Then Mr. Smith arose and made his speech for the defense,

Wherein he quoted Shakspeare, Blackstone, Chitty, Archbold, Joaquin Miller, Story, Kent, Tupper, Smedes and Marshall, and many other writers, and everybody said they "never heered sich a bust of eloquence."

And he said: "On *this* hypothesis, my client must go free;

And: "Again, on *this* hypothesis, it's morally impossible that he could be guilty, don't you see?"

And: "Then, on *this* hypothesis, you really can't convict; "

And so on, with forty-six more hypotheses, upon none of which, Mr. Smith ably demonstrated, could Scroggs be derelict.

But the jury, never stirring from the box wherein they sat,

Returned a verdict of "guilty;" and his honor straightway sentenced Scroggs to a three-year term in the penitentiary, and a heavy fine, and the costs on top of that;

And the prisoner, in wild delight, got up and danced and sung;

And when they asked him the reason of this strange behavior, he said; "It's because I got off so easy—for if there'd ha' been a few more of them darned *hypothesises*, I should certainly have been hung!"

Getting to the Point.

[First Attempt.]

"MISS LELLE, I've bought the nicest little cottage—

The snuggest nook, just big enough for two;

But ere I fit it up I'd like to ask you

If you—if you—

I mean, if you would paper pink or blue."

[Second Attempt.]

"I really think I'm getting rather ancient—

Was twenty-eight upon the first of May—

So I've resolved, that is, if *you* will help me,

To find—to find—

Something to keep my hair from turning gray."

[Third Attempt.]

"What would you say, if I—if I should tell you

That there is no one half so dear to me

In all the wide, wide world, or e'en in heaven,

As is—as is—

In these hot days, as is first-class iced tea."

[Last Attempt.]

"About this oak and vine affair, I'm thinking

I'd really like the vine—no, oak to act,

Provided some sweet girl, or *you* for instance,

Would act—would act—"

(*She.*) "The vine?"

(*He.*) "That's it!"

(*She.*) "I'd try."

(*He.*) "In fact?"

(*She.*) "In fact."

QUIPPLE YARROW.

